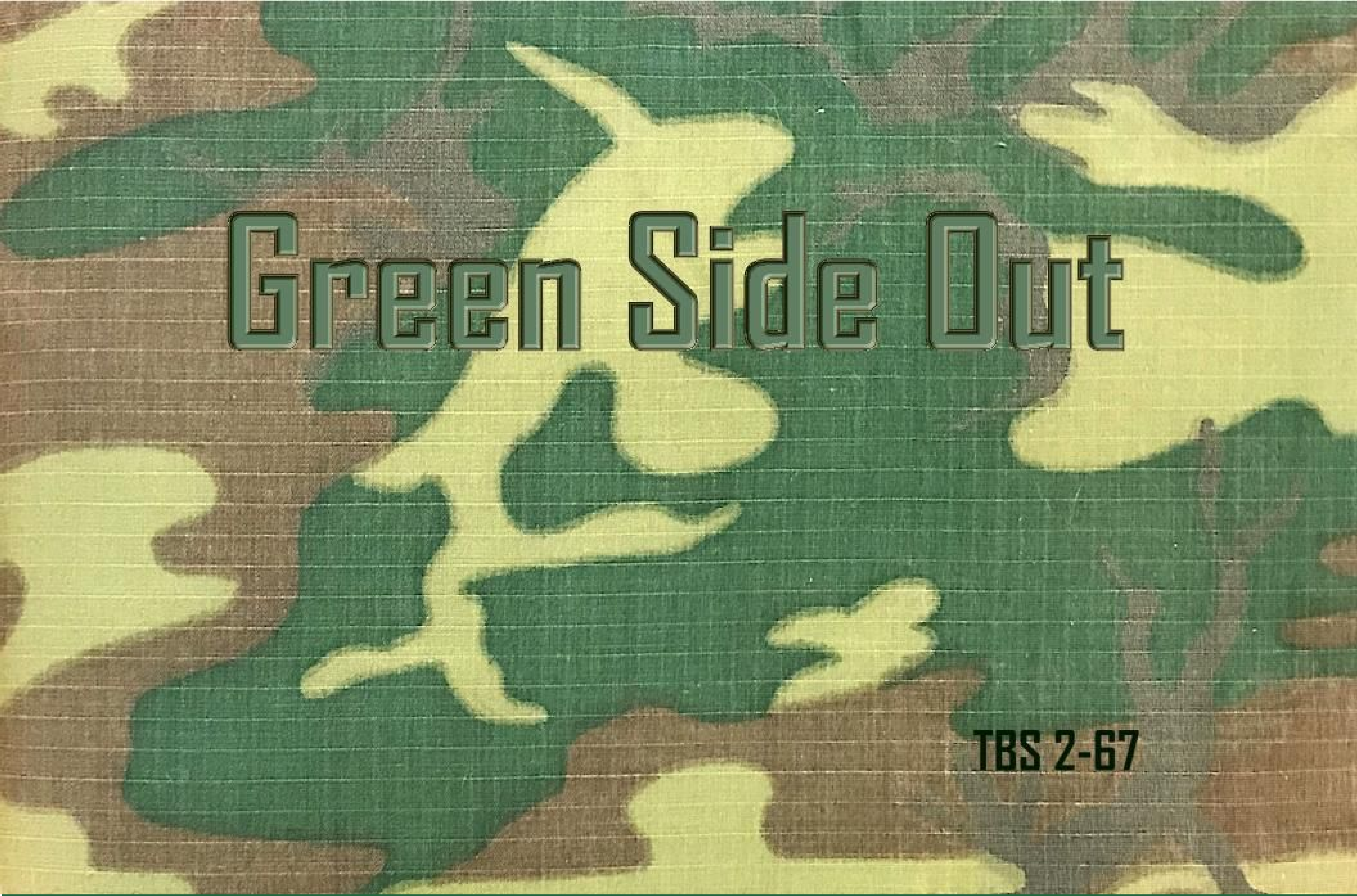


Green Side Out

TBS 2-67

August 1966 - January 1967

CRUISEBOOK

TBS CLASS 2-67
CHARLIE COMPANY

Quantico Virginia

1966 To 2019

First Edition
August, 2020
Updated 27 Sept, 2020

About the Title

The term "Green Side Out" (and its complement "Brown Side Out") originated back in the "Old Corps" when our camouflaged utilities, shelter halves, Camouflage Nets, and other 782 gear had a green (jungle) pattern on one side, and a brown (desert) pattern on the other side. SOP's, Op Orders, other written and/or verbal guidance, and sometimes even common sense dictated which "side" was to face outward

It was a term frequently use by troops and junior officers, often in exasperation when "The Word" was changed (as we know frequently happens)...as in "Green Side Out...No, Brown Side Out...No, belay that, Green Side Out"...etc. This also had significance when a vehicle had to be repainted, or when a camouflage net had to be re-done (i.e. from 70% green-30% brown to the opposite pattern. This was manual labor back in the day.)

Now we are issued (or buy) a separate entire wardrobe for operations in jungle or desert terrain, packs and other 782 gear are reissued or painted over, cammy paint comes in different colored tubes, vehicles and rolling stock get a new rapid paint job and decals...or just "skinned" with new appliques..."Green Side (Brown Side) Out" has lost its practical and colloquial meaning.

For our group, TBS Class 2-67, it identified with the location many of us were heading for, and the jungle/rice paddy war we were about to join...and the color of the camouflaged utilities, poncho liners, etc. that we were (eventually) issued, and that became a signature icon of our Corps for years to come.

"Green Side Out, Brown Side Out, Run in Circles, Scream and Shout" ...or so the story goes.

CHARLIE COMPANY
MARINE OFFICER BASIC CLASS 2-67
SEMPER FIDELIS

Operation Order TBS 2-67

Situation S-1
Mission M-1
Execution E-1
    First Platoon 1-1
    Second Platoon 2-1
    Company (-) R-1
    Third Platoon 3-1
    Fourth Platoon 4-1
Admin/Logistics A-1
Command and Communications C-1

Click on the BLUE TITLE to go to that section

The Situation

1. This was originally planned to be a bound and printed cruisebook...a coffee-table snapshot of our TBS Class 2-67 through the years, beginning with our initial training as Marine Officers and following the military and civilian careers that emerged.

Early on, however, it became apparent that in order to include all the material our classmates contributed, the number of pages needed would exceed our modest printing and distribution budget, and we did not intend to edit any of the contributions to "fit the budget". Because there is no page "limit" when dealing with "publishing" over the internet, together with the ease of distributing it to a much wider audience (families, friends, etc.), recasting it into an on-line format made sense. For those who prefer a hard copy of their own, we have made a provision for sending you the printable files. Don't fret about the cruisebook publication money that was included in your reunion fee. It was well spent on helping Marines and Sailors in need.

2. TBS Class 2-67 (Charlie Company) started out like just about every other basic school class at Quantico during the war years...albeit with a shortened and more combat-focused training program. Being a late summer TBS class, the "demographics" included large inputs of newly-minted lieutenants from the NROTC and Naval Academy programs, as well as smaller numbers from the PLC and a dozen or so relatively senior 2nd. and 1st Lieutenants from the PLC-law programs. For a few weeks it included a "fifth" platoon made up of Midshipmen who had joined TBS prior to their official 2 September 1966 commissioning date. Among us there was one direct transfer from the USAF, a 1965 Naval Academy graduate who had just completed a one year Fulbright Scholarship, and several Marines from enlisted direct commissioning programs.

Unique to this time frame and to only a few other TBS classes were our twelve Vietnamese Marine Corps Officers fresh from English language training in Texas. Several of these brought to us their prior combat experience in a war we would soon be a part of. A breakdown of the class make up by commissioning source is included in the materials that follow.

3. Our Staff Platoon Commanders included two senior 1st Lieutenants (Buse and Fagan) and two Captains (Byers and Brickley); three had Infantry (0302) MOS's and one was a Naval Aviator. Major Johnson was the Company Commander. The XO was Major Guy Squillace, A Korean War and Reservoir Vet. Four of these officers had prior combat

The Situation

experience, as did many of the officers in the Training Department.

TBS 2-67 started training on 3 September, 1966 and graduated on 20 January, 1967.

From this crucible emerged 210 Marine Officers, some bound directly for duty in Vietnam, and a large majority headed off to schools for further training in Artillery, Communications, Engineers, Armor, Law, Supply and Logistics, Flight Training, and other specialties. For almost all of us it was not a question of "if" we were going to Vietnam, it was a simply a question of "when".

4. The 50+ years since we left Basic School have produced our share of standouts...both in the Corps and out. What these short personal stories show, however, is that we have applied the leadership skills and experience gained in our time in Corps, however brief or long, towards making our world a safer and better place for our fellow man.

5. We lost many close friends and comrades along the way, initially as a result of combat or in training-related accidents, and in later years due to ill health and other causes. And, as our first TBS Class reunion in May 2019 showed, even though we have been apart and scattered around the globe these many years, we haven't lost the bonds of friendship and mutual respect that were formed in our time together at TBS.

6. Those of us on the small team that put the final touches on this "book" had it relatively easy...It was you, our TBS classmates that devoted the time to write and rewrite their biographies and remembrances, to dig through drawers and footlockers for old pictures and orders, and who helped immeasurably in generating a roster of our class and in making numerous "internet patrols" to locate (more than) a few of our distant and well-camouflaged classmates.

7. Finally, we'd be remiss if we didn't acknowledge the help and guidance we got from Andy Vaart and others from Bravo Company, TBS 1-67 who preceeded us at Quantico, and who produced a beautiful printed cruisebook for their company. Their book was the inspiration and model for our's.

So read on, enjoy, and yes it is too late to make any more changes...but this is only Version 1!

Semper Fidelis

The "Charlie Company Clerks"

SMEAC

The Mission

Our Mission is to:

1. Remember and honor the sacrifices of our sixteen brothers who were Killed In Action.
2. Remember and honor those brothers who died during or after their honorable service to our country.
3. Strengthen the bonds of brotherhood and Esprit D' Corps among all our TBS Classmates.
4. Acknowledge and pay tribute to the wives, widows, parents, siblings and close friends of Classmates living, and those no longer with us.
5. Use the experience and leadership skills we've gained for the betterment of our Country, our Community, and our Corps .

Classmate Tom Gay gave the invocation at our TBS reunion banquet dinner

O God among us, Creator and ruler of the universe: When we were young men and oh so impressionable you brought us together as young Marine officers and brothers in service to our country. With these bonds of service and brotherhood that have now transcended the decades, you have given us a glimpse of your never ending love for us and for all creation.

In those younger days when we were yet clay---and indeed over the years---our service as Marines shaped our lives in ways unimagined and even, at times, unrecognized. Together we trained, we learned, we marched, we ran, we discovered new physical limits and new emotional limits. We laughed, we celebrated, and through all of this we became leaders of Marines. We were assigned our MOS, and then you sent us forward into the world filled with faith in our abilities, infused with hope for the future, and fortified by the bond of love and Esprit de Corps we shared.

Faith, hope, love.

Over these 52 years we have been husbands and fathers and grandfathers. In our careers we have excelled and we have faltered. We have served our communities as coaches and churchmen, as business and civic leaders, as mentors and teachers, and as counselors and encouragers. On all of these divergent paths we have traveled the continents, and we have returned to our familiar homes.
We have known unbounded love, experienced joy and disappointment, and suffered grief. And now, this evening, those bonds of brotherhood first formed when we were young Marine officers have brought us together again. What we understood only dimly then, we see more clearly now.

Faith, hope, love,

These three abide; and the greatest of these is love.

Bless now this meal, and bless this class we call Charlie Co. 2-67.

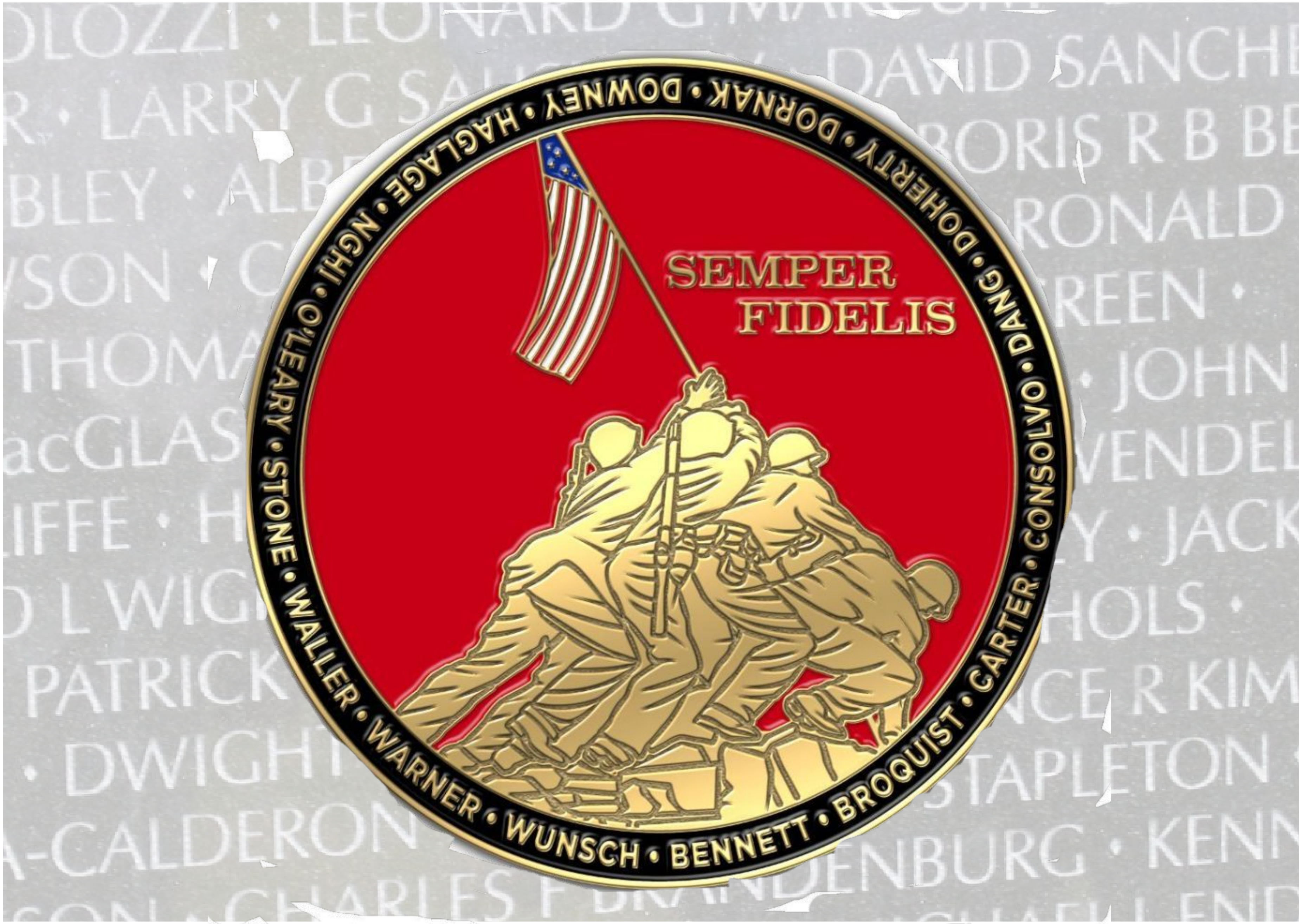
In thy holy name we pray. Amen

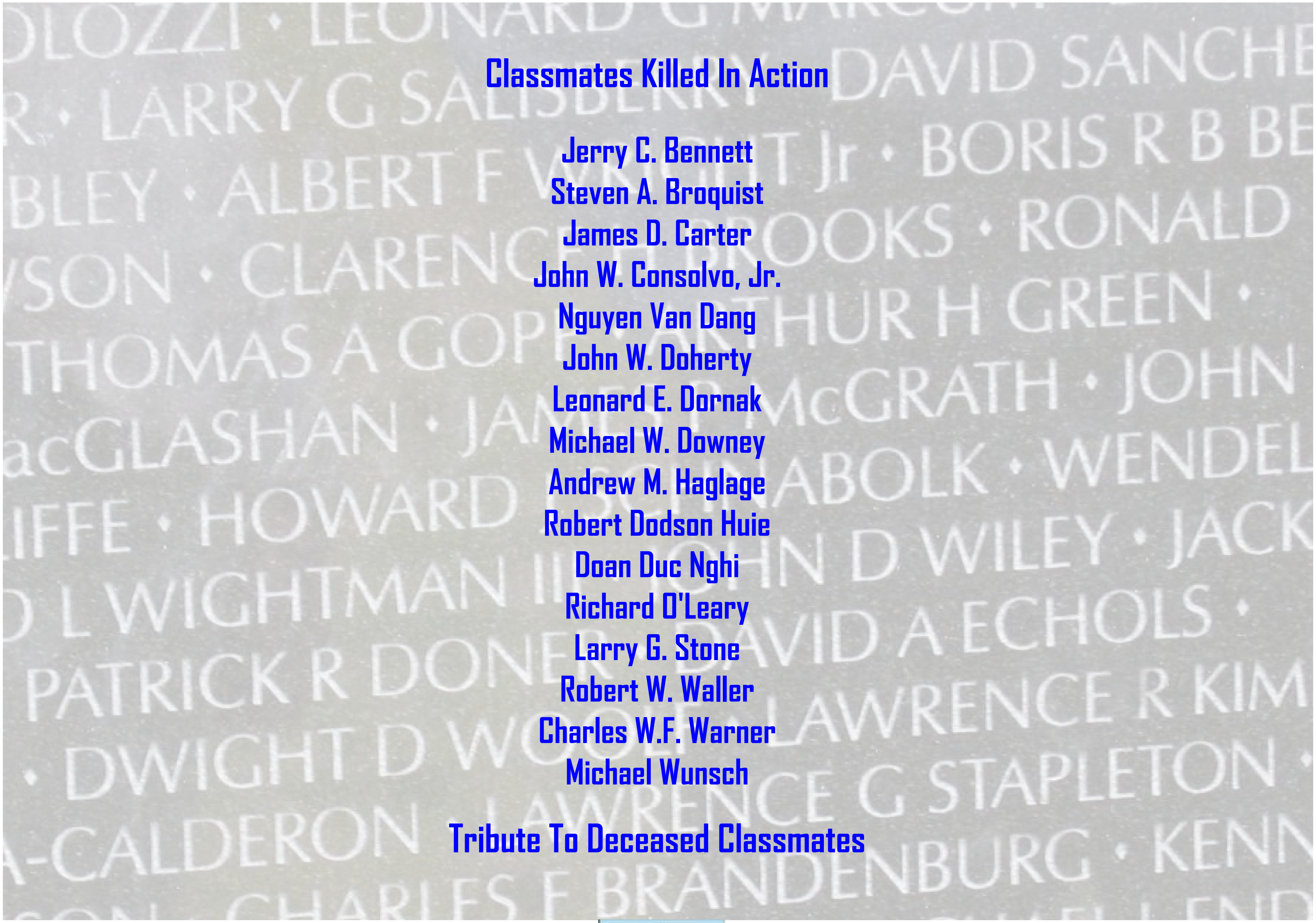
L. Tom Gay 5/16/19

If this link is active you can listen to Tom's Invocation by clicking here.

SMEAC

Memorial Section TBS 2-67


SEMPER
FIDELIS
DOWNEY • DORNAK • DOHERTY • DANG • CONSOLVO • CARTER • BROQUIST • BENNETT • WUNSCH • WARNER • WALLER • STONE • O'LEARY • NGHI • HAGLAGE •



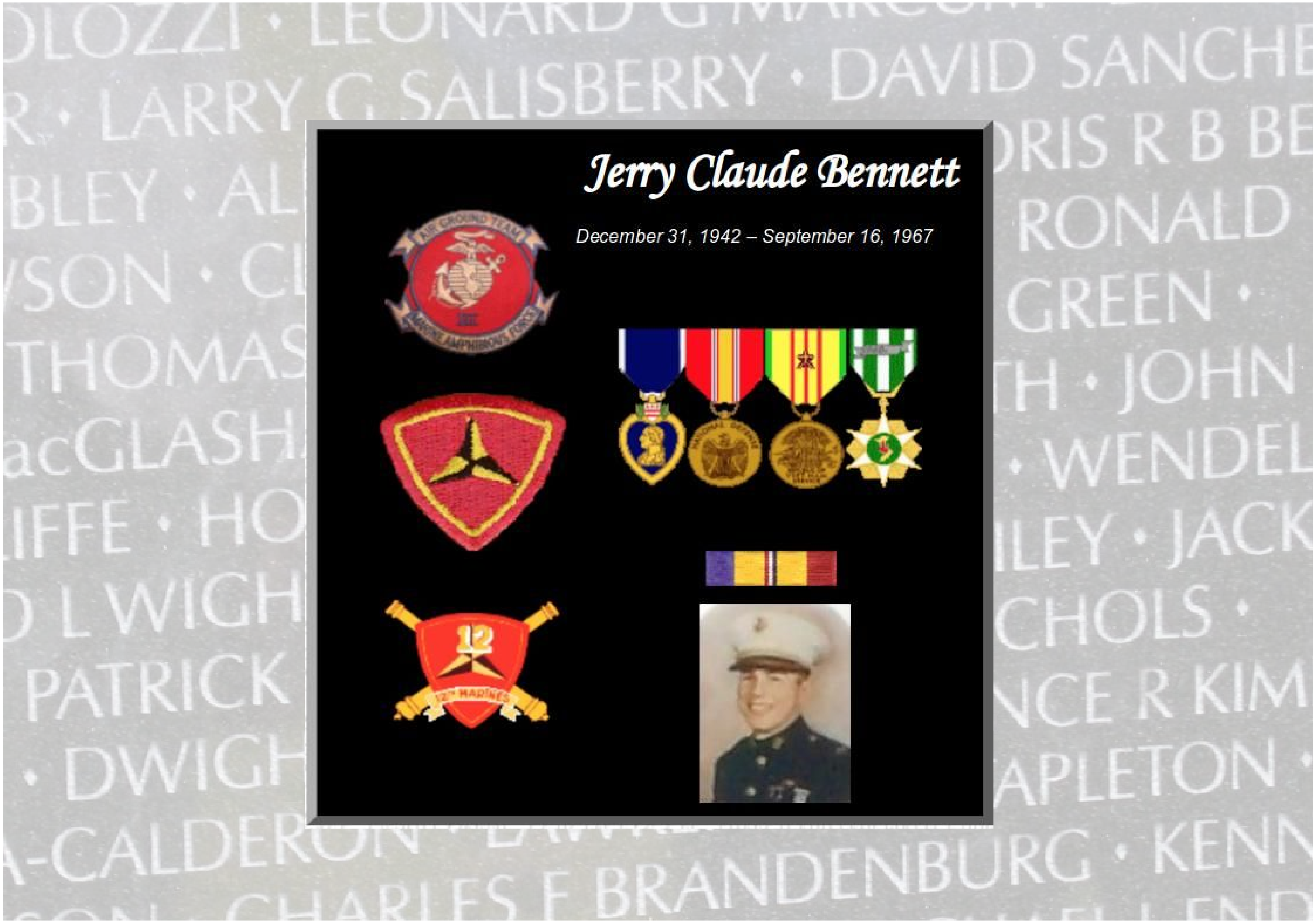
Classmates Killed In Action

Jerry C. Bennett
Steven A. Broquist
James D. Carter
John W. Consolvo, Jr.
Nguyen Van Dang
John W. Doherty
Leonard E. Dornak
Michael W. Downey
Andrew M. Haglage
Robert Dodson Huie
Doan Duc Nghi
Richard O'Leary
Larry G. Stone
Robert W. Waller
Charles W.F. Warner
Michael Wunsch

Tribute To Deceased Classmates

SMEAC

Jerry Claude Bennett



Jerry Claude Bennett

December 31, 1942 – September 16, 1967

AIR GROUND TEAM
III
MARINE AMPHIBIOUS FORCE
12
12th MARINES

Jerry Claude Bennett

Jerry C Bennett

The Following was on the "Leave a Memory" website

Jerry C. Bennett
Frederick, Oklahoma, USA
U.S. Marine Corps
Captain, F Btry, 2nd Bn, 12th Marines, 3rd Mardiv, III MAF
9/16/1967, Quang Tri Province, South Vietnam

Sir,

I happened to find your website by accident while conducting research for a memorial project I am putting together for a family member, Captain Jerry Claude Bennett of Frederick Oklahoma. Capt Bennett was an Artillery Officer with Foxtrot 2/12, 3rd Marine Division in 1966-67. While assigned to Mike Company, 3rd Battalion 9th Marines at Con Thien, he along with another young Marine, PFC Robert L. Gable of Kylerton Pa, his radio operator, were killed by an NVA 106mm recoiless rocket shell while they were manning OP-1. A third Marine, LCPL Harry Hutchinson, who was on watch with Bennett and Gable was wounded by the back blast from the same shell. Hutch's picture was taken by the famous war correspondent David Douglas Duncan, while he was being treated in the Doc's hooch. The picture appeared in one of the Oct 1967 editions of LIFE magazine.

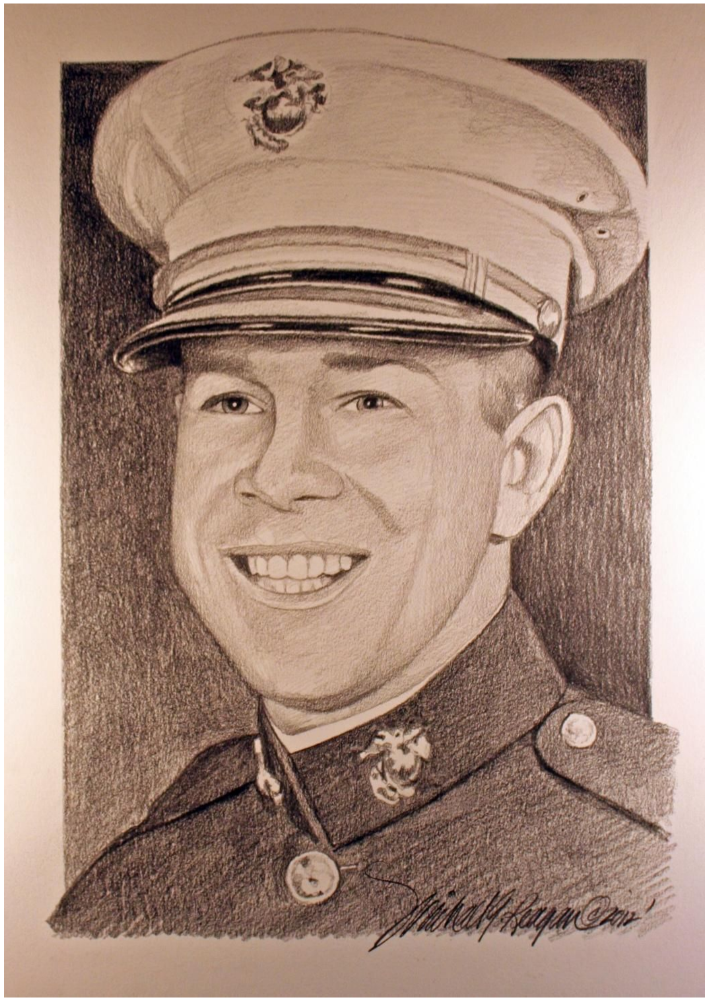
A few months back I became obsessed with the idea of finding out as much information about Capt Bennett as I could and decided to put together a memorial book as a gift to his surviving family, especially one of his older brother's (my Father in Law). The hardest part has been keeping this project a secret from him. Jerry was born and raised in Frederick Oklahoma, a small town in the Southwest part of the state not far from the Texas border. Jerry came from a large family, mostly all boys, and being the middle child in a lower middle class family, well things were tough, but after talking with some of his brothers, I think that just made Jerry want to succeed in life even harder. Jerry graduated from Frederick High School and went to college at Southeastern Oklahoma State College, where after 4 years, he graduated with a degree in Business management. I'm pretty sure that out of a sense of patriotism, Jerry first enlisted in the Marines, but applied to become a Marine officer.

After the usual military red tape, he was selected for, and attended the 39th Officer Candidate Class at MCB Quantico Virginia. After he graduated from OCS, he came back home to Oklahoma and attended the Basic Artillery Officers course at nearby Ft Sill. Like most young people in the service, he soon had orders to Vietnam. If I read his records correctly, shortly after arriving in country, he was assigned to Foxtrot 2/12 in early 1966, and served as an Artillery Forward Observer for several Marine rifle companies out in the "bush" in Quang Tri province area. He was wounded in the leg by shrapnel in June 1967. and decorated with a Purple Heart medal on 12 Sept, 1967. Four days later, he was Killed in Action.

The last picture the family has of Jerry is of him receiving the medal along with two other marines. I have enclosed a picture of Jerry in his Marine Dress Blue uniform. It is a bit faded, and I pray that it will be sufficient for you to work with. I refuse to let Jerry's memory fade. I have looked in amazement at the drawings you have done of all those wonderful people,

Jerry Claude Bennett

and I hope you will find time in your busy schedule to draw Jerry. My father in law looks at the picture in a shadow box I had built for him every day. He is extremely proud of his little brother. I am extremely proud of Jerry, even though I never met the man, he has become an integral part of my life. I am also very proud of what you are doing for the veterans and their families with your drawings of their loved ones. People who have never served in the military can only stop and wonder why we have such a strong bond, no matter what service we, or when we served. No one can ever take that away from us and for that, I am extremely grateful. It would be an honor and privilege to present my father in law a drawing of Jerry to him. Memories fade, but brothers live on forever.



Jerry Claude Bennett, USMC
Portrait From "Leave a Memory" Website

Tributes from various Internet Sites

From: BARRY SHARPE
okiebear24@yahoo.com
Married to his oldest neice
1213, E., RIDGECREST RD, ALTUS, OK., 73521, USA
PROUD WARRIOR

Dear Jerry, I never got the honor of meeting you, but I had the honor of marrying your Neice Carla, Terry's, oldest daughter. Thru the years I have learned so much about you from your brothers and Carla. Even though she was young Carla still has fond memories of you. A friend sent us some mails from several people who knew you, and I felt compelled to Honor you and your memory by telling you we are proud of you and no matter how long you will always be in our hearts.

From one warrior to another, "Rest in Peace, Marine."Jun 25, 2007 Diane H.bluebery@dotnet.com respecting, a fallen hero You will always be in the hearts of those who knew you. Happy Birthday brave warrior. Rest in Peace. God Bless.Dec 31, 2006

Ray Harton
mc2316774@aol.com
Fellow Marine

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers, for he today, that sheds his blood, with me, shall always, be my brother." (William Shakespeare) "Rest in Peace." You have not, been forgotten. Semper Fi, Marine.

Cpl., Harton, USMC., Ret., Vietnam, 1967, 5th, Marines.

Saturday, September 16, 2000

Kimberly Kimmel-Ober
kimabmitz@earthlink.net
admirer
Encinitas, California, United States, of America

For 1LT/02 Jerry Bennett and all those who knew him and loved him, I just want to say thank you for your dedication and sacrifice! Please know that you have not been forgotten and always will hold a special place in my heart! It would have been nice to have known you as a person and I greatly appreciate your service! I just wish you did not have to pay so high a price! You forever will be a hero in my eyes!Thursday, January 03, 2002

Jerry Richardson
richag81@bigplanet.com
Friend and College Classmate
2701 Lincoln Drive Arlington, TX 76006 USA

Michael, I just finished reading your comments about Jerry Bennett. Thank you so much. And thank for serving our country so heroically. I attended Northwestern State College in Alva, Oklahoma with Jerry, who we nicknamed "Frederick" after his hometown. We didn't have many classes together but spent a lot of time *shooting snooker in the Student Union, and sipping cool ones and playing shuffleboard at the Knotty Pine Tavern. In fact my father thought the "Pine" was the library. Don't know where he got that idea, but it always brought laughter from Jerry when we'd talk about dad's concern with my time management. The last time I saw Jerry was in early '67. He was on leave and had driven to Alva from Frederick to watch a basketball game. I can remember like it was yesterday. I can still see Jerry setting between me and my wife Karen. Karen Ehrlich and I had married in June of '66. Jerry was quite a tease and I'm sure he told her some lies about me and tried to talk her into running off with him. You know a handsome Marine and all, and an officer no less.*

I think of Jerry often, in fact I'm looking at his senior picture in our 1965 college yearbook. I have to admit he was a handsome rascal with devious smile. I bet he was dashing in his Dress Blues. Michael, I'm so glad you had a chance to know Jerry. I know I am glad I knew him. He was a faithful friend and a great warrior. Thank you again for giving me another memory of my friend "Frederick". I miss him but haven't forgotten him.

Jerry Richardson

May 15, 2003.

Michael Ryerson

michaelryerson@sbcglobal.net

Houston, Tx.,

Lieutenant Bennett, Someone showed me how to do this and I've, been back several times. Bob Barclay mentioned you in his tribute to Doc. Doherty. It brought back a flood of memories. So many years have passed, but I remembered that my mother had a picture of us getting Purple Hearts at Charlie Two in August. Then I noticed your home town and wondered how big Frederick could be; how many Bennetts would live there and I sent out a little letter to them all. "Are you related to Lt. Jerry Bennett who died in Vietnam in 1967? I have a picture of him taken in August of that year. It may be the last picture taken of him. If you are related I'd like to send you a copy."

I only got one answer back. In very halting scrawl, your older brother Cecil wrote to say how important it would be to have that picture; that he only had one picture of you from before Vietnam. I had a copy made and sent it to him with a letter. Here's what I said January 22, 2003.

"Dear Mr. Bennett, Here's the picture. I'm sorry it's not more. And I'm sorry I didn't know Lieutenant Bennett longer. We worked together for several months during the late spring and summer of 1967. I was about halfway through my second tour in Vietnam. I had been a forward observer and he was a young new forward observer, looking, for some advice. We talked about the work, how to do it, how to be effective, but we also talked about good food and sleeping late in a clean bed. Normal stuff. Jerry had an old football and he and I would play catch every chance we'd get. I could throw a pretty tight spiral and so could he. We'd try to make each other back down by throwing real hard. He never did. I think this picture was taken in August of 67. We were at a position called Charlie Two. Right behind us if we walked to the ridge right there over my left shoulder, we would see Con Thien about four thousand meters to the north.

We were in and out of Charlie Two all the time. This particular morning, we had both come back through the wire at about the same time and someone told us to get cleaned up and put on clean uniforms. They didn't tell us why. At about 10 am. a helicopter landed on the road and this full colonel stepped out and pinned these Purple Hearts on us. That's me shaking his hand and Jerry is on the left looking stern. I don't remember who the young guy in the glasses was. We had operated around Con Thien for a while before we actually had to go in and spend some time at the firebase. Jerry went in first and I was with a unit operating just to the east in the field. About a month later when I was sitting in a helicopter about to fly into Con Thien, Jerry ran up to the door of the chopper and yelled at me to stay away from an old French bunker on the north face. He was real serious. He had come a long ways across our position to tell me that. I stayed out of that old concrete bunker. This was a bad area in 1967. There were a lot of casualties. Lt. Doherty who also knew Jerry, was killed in July. That morning, the 2nd, we took 85 KIAs. in less than an hour. In September, Con Thien took a thousand rounds of artillery every day the whole month. When Lieutenant Bennett was killed it was all a blur. So many guys had been killed, I was losing track. But when the word came down about Jerry most of my friends just left me alone for a while. He was a fine man, but of course you know that. I'm happy to be able to give you this picture and to tell you that he had friends there. I've been to the memorial in Washington and found Jerry's name. I've told my son who he was and what kind of a man he was. Vietnam changed us all. After all these years please accept my deepest sympathy. I miss him too.

Sincerely, Mike

January 23, 2003

Hand Salute to this Marine Hero Lieut Jerry Claude Bennett! Semper Fi RIP!

JOHN O'DONNELL

MARINE VETERAN

HONORING ONE OF THE BEST, A MARINE

THIS MAN HAS GIVEN OF HIMSELF EVERTHING HE COULD, SO THAT HIS BROTHER MARINES AND THE PEOPLE BACK HOME COULD LIVE A MORE PEACEFUL LIFE. THIS GIFT OF HIS LIFE SHOWS THE GREATNESS OF THIS HERO. HERO'S DON'T WEAR A CAPE OR MASK NO! THEY WEAR MARINE GREEN. HERO'S COME IN DIFFERENT SHAPE'S AND SIZE'S. AS EACH DAY PASSES,WE MUST TAKE THE TIME TO REMEMBER WHAT THIS HERO GAVE UP! SO THAT WE COULD LIVE IN A FREE SOCIETY. THANK YOU ! SEMPER FI! HERO YOU ARE NOT FORGOTTEN. DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU ARE A 2YR, 3YR, 4YR, ENLISTMENT OR A DRAFTEE OR RESERVIST, OFFICER OR ENLISTED. YOU HAVE EARNED THE TITLE OF UNITED STATES MARINE! A NATION CRIES OUT FOR THE LOSS OF ONE OF ITS SON'S. I AM HONORED TO WRITE ON HIS MEMORIAL

Sep 16, 2014

Diane H.

bluebery@dotnet.com

respecting a fallen hero

Jerry Claude Bennett

You will, always be in the hearts, of those who, knew you. Happy Birthday, brave warrior. Rest in Peace. God Bless.

Dec 31, 2006

Robert Lopez
ppddispatchdl@ci.petersburg.ak.us
Fellow Marine & Vietnam Veteran
Petersburg, Alaska

Saepe Expertus, Semper Fidelis, Fratres Aeterni...

Often Tested, Always Faithful, Brothers Forever...

Dec 31, 2009

stanley geho
sgt6468@yahoo.com
friend
2150, logsdon st., North Port, fl., 34287, USA
a great, okahoma gentlemen

i was cpl. geho then. jerry was our fo... we would talk, about our families. he would talk, about his girl friend and about getting married. i believe he even showed me a card he got from her. i have thought a lot about him in over 38 yrs. he really made an impression on me. i was with mike co. i spoke to his older brother cecil today. (12/18/05). in closing, i would like to say there is no better man or gentleman than jerry. God bless you and semper fi, stan.

Sunday, December 18, 2005

POSTED ON 4.24.2019

POSTED BY: WKILLIAN@SMJUHSD.ORG

ATTACK ON FSB C-2 – SEPTEMBER 16, 1967

Fire Support Base Charlie Two (FSB C-2) was part of the defense of the Vietnamese DMZ, located about three miles southeast of Con Thien in Quang Tri Province, RVN. The base was established to protect the land route to Con Thien, and particularly the C-2 bridge immediately north of the base. At approximately 2:18 AM on September 16, 1967, a barrage of enemy small arms, 60mm and 82mm mortar, and artillery fire began to hit FSB C-2. The small arms fire reportedly emanated from the north and northwest. Enemy soldiers were observed moving into the perimeter wire carrying satchel charges. The Marines at C-2 returned fire with available weapons, including small arms and artillery defensive fire. The enemy barrage lightened up at 3:15 AM, then began anew about fifteen minutes later with the incoming artillery and mortars hitting outside the perimeter. By 3:35 AM, all incoming fire ceased. Four Marines from F Battery, 2nd Battalion, 12th Marines, 3rd Marine Division were killed during the attack. They included 1LT Jerry C. Bennett, PFC Robert L. Gable, PFC Frederick Hirschmann III, and 2LT William G. Jerro. [Taken from coffeltdatabase.org]

POSTED ON 10.25.2017 POSTED BY: RICHARD FREELAND

VISIT FROM JERRY AT SWSC AT WEATHERFORD OKLAHOMA

I still remember Jerry and friends staying the weekend with me and Floyd at Weatherford during college. The last time I saw Jerry.

Jerry Claude Bennett

POSTED ON 6.7.2017 POSTED BY: DEE

REMEMBERING

I still have my high school year book you signed in 1966. Think of you often and wonder what might have been.

POSTED ON 3.27.2008 POSTED BY: ROBERT W. STEWART

REMEMBERING A BROTHER

1stLt Bennett was a member of Fox 2/12, a 105 mm howitzer battery dedicated to 3/9 and located at C-2 on this date, and was TAD to Mike 3/9 as the Arty Forward Observer, when KIA at Con Thien on 16 Sep 67 from a blast by a 106 recoiless rifle fired by the NVA. Lt Bennett's radio operator, a LCpl Gable, was also KIA at the same moment. And, Cpl Harry A. Hutchinson, the enlisted Forward Observer from Fox 2/12, was knocked out by this same 106 RR blast and is pictured on the gurney inside the Corpsmen's bunker in the Life Magazine article on Con Thien published a few months subsequent thereto.

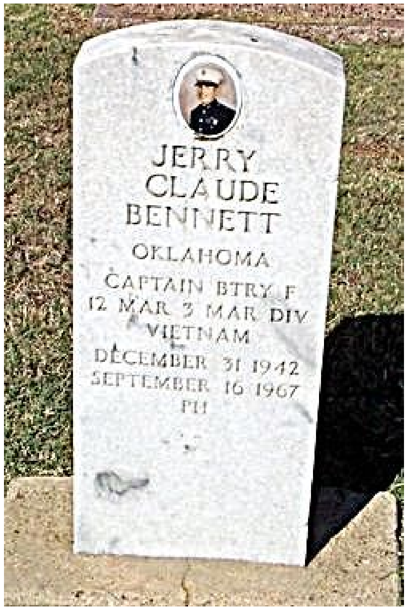
POSTED ON 7.19.2004 POSTED BY: BILL COWAN, USMC (RET)

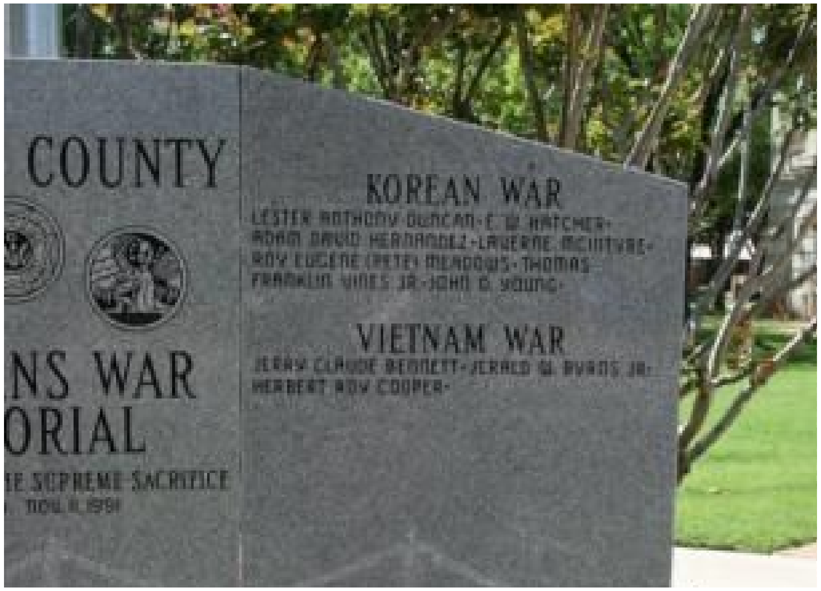
A MAN'S MAN

A great Marine, a wonderful person, a tribute to his nation in all respects. At home with God, remembered by all who knew him.

HAGLAGE • DOWNEY • DORNAK • DOHERTY • DANG • CONSOLVO • CARTER • BROQUIST • BENNETT • WUNSCH • WARNER • WALLER • STONE • O'LEARY • NGHI
SEMPER
FIDELIS

Jerry Claude Bennett

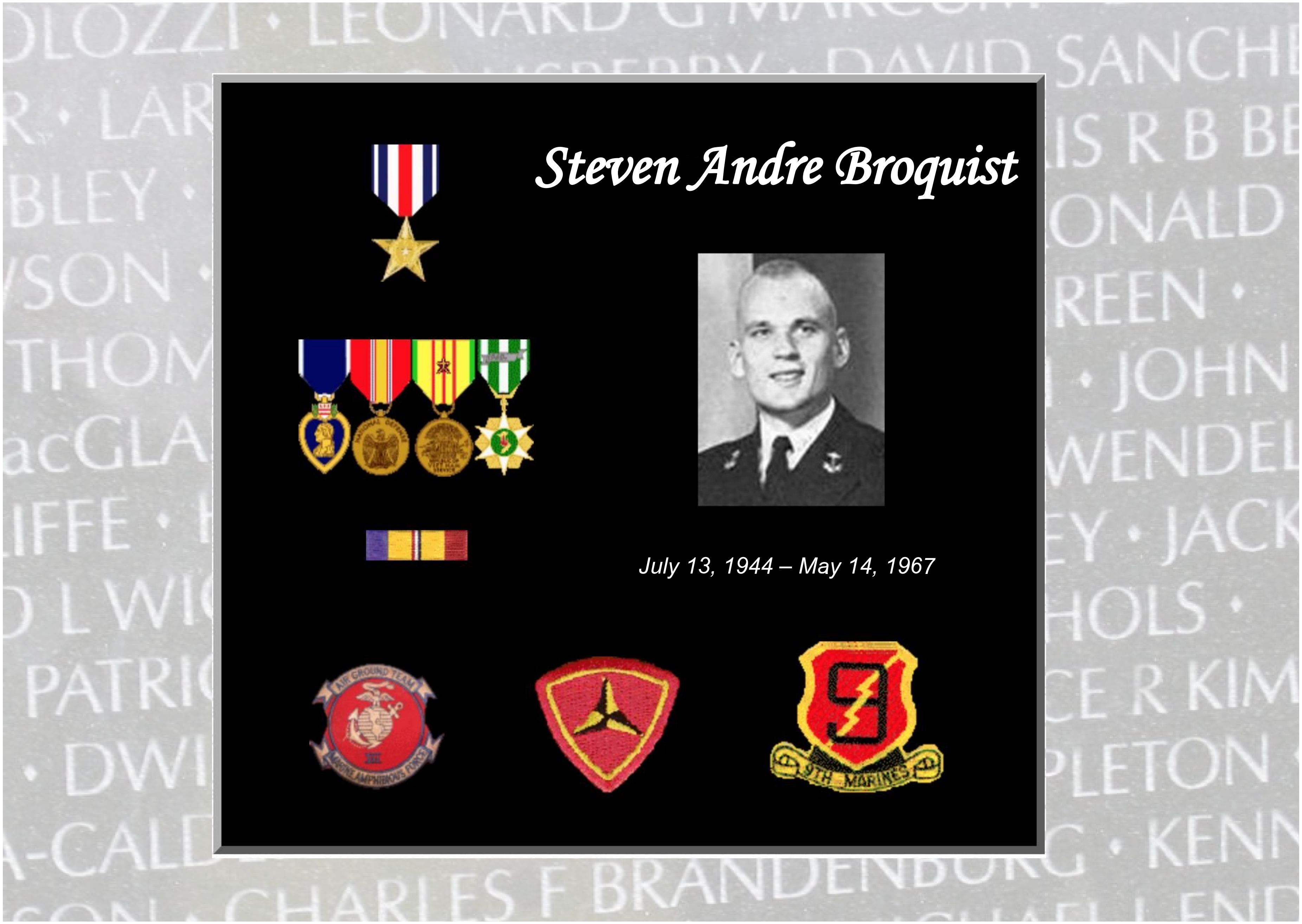

JERRY
CLAUDE
BENNETT
OKLAHOMA
CAPTAIN BTRY F
12 MAR 3 MAR DIV
VIETNAM
DECEMBER 31 1942
SEPTEMBER 16 1967
PH


COUNTY
NS WAR
ORIAL
E SUPREME SACRIFICE
NOV. 11, 1991
KOREAN WAR
LESTER ANTHONY DUNCAN · E. W. HATCHER ·
ADAM DAVID HERNANDEZ · LAVERNE MCINTYRE ·
ROY EUGENE (PETE) MEADOWS · THOMAS
FRANKLIN VINES JR. · JOHN D. YOUNG ·
VIETNAM WAR
JERRY CLAUDE BENNETT · JERALD W. EVANS JR. ·
HERBERT ROY COOPER ·

WORLD WAR I
WORLD WAR II
TILLMAN COUNTY
VETERANS WAR
MEMORIAL
KOREAN WAR
VIETNAM WAR

This Page Saved for Additional Tributes

Steven Andre Broquist


AIR GROUND TEAM
III
MARINE AMPHIBIOUS FORCE
9TH MARINES

Steven Andre Broquist

July 13, 1944 – May 14, 1967

Steven Andre Broquist

A Note from The Virtual Wall

On 13 May 1967 the 1st Bn, 9th Marines began a sweep in the area of Phu An, near Cam Lo. At about 4 PM the lead company was heavily engaged by an equal number of NVA troops. Fighting continued until nightfall, when the enemy disengaged. At daybreak on the 14th a running battle began, with the Marines pursuing the NVA and the NVA using heavy mortar fire to discourage the pursuit. Neither side won the advantage on the 14th; the Marines could not bring the NVA to bay and the NVA could not escape their pursuers. The stalemate continued through the 15th, with the NVA moving toward sanctuary in the Demilitarized Zone and the Marines using firepower to block their passage. A final exchange of fires occurred on the 16th, but the remaining NVA forces were able to successfully disengage and elude the Marines.

When the fighting stopped, 1/9 had lost 31 men over the four-day period:

25 Oct 2005

I didn't know Steve personally, but he and my father were inseparable as kids. Over the years I've heard numerous stories about Steve and what a great guy he was.

I felt that his name should be recognized here and hopefully a family member or other friends will see this and chime in.

We're sorry that Steve isn't here with us today but at least we know that he'll never be forgotten.

"Lt. Broquist was killed in hostile action in Quang Tri, South Vietnam. He served as battalion commander of the University of Illinois Naval ROTC and was commissioned at graduation in June, 1966. He completed officers training at Quantico, Virginia and arrived in South Vietnam March 8."- taken from Alumni Association archives -

Josh Hellmer

POSTED ON 7.29.2019

POSTED BY: Roland Robertson

Rest in peace, brother Marine

As NROTC midshipmen, Steve Broquist and I served in the same Marine Corps OCS platoon during the summer of 1965 in Quantico, VA. We also shared the same rack: he had the bottom bunk and I occupied the top. I remember him as a physically fit officer candidate, a born leader, and a friend. During our training, we once faced off with pugil sticks. Steve easily won the match by nearly knocking me out. I still recall the sadness I felt many decades ago when I read his name among the KIA in the Marine Corps GAZETTE. Roland G. Robertson

POSTED ON 5.14.2018

POSTED BY: A US Marine, Vietnam

Silver Star Citation

Steven Andre Broquist
DATE OF BIRTH: July 13, 1944
PLACE OF BIRTH: Nyack, New York
HOME OF RECORD: Champaign, Illinois
Silver Star: Awarded for actions during Vietnam War
Service: Marine Corps
Rank: Second Lieutenant
Battalion: 1st Battalion, 9th Marines
Division: 3d Marine Division (Rein.), FMF.

Steven Andre Broquist

The President of the United States of America takes pride in presenting the Silver Star (Posthumously) to Second Lieutenant Steven Andre Broquist (MCSN: 0-94500), United States Marine Corps, for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action while serving as a Platoon Commander with Company D, First Battalion, Ninth Marines, in Quang Tin Province, Republic of Vietnam, on 14 May 1967.

During a sweep and destroy mission, Second Lieutenant Broquist was moving through extremely thick vegetation with his platoon when it was taken under heavy machine gun and automatic weapons fire from all sides by a large force of North Vietnamese. Second Lieutenant Broquist deployed his men and immediately returned fire and pressed the attack. Casualties mounted within the platoon from enemy automatic weapons, small arms fire, and grenades but he skillfully maneuvered his forces, killing many of the enemy during this encounter.

Moving from position to position to righten any weak spots in his perimeter, Second Lieutenant Broquist directed one of his platoon corpsmen to the wounded Marines and immediately assisted the wounded to safer areas. Observing that one of his platoon corpsmen was seriously wounded, he unhesitatingly moved to that position under heavy fire.

While personally evacuating the wounded Corpsman, Second Lieutenant Broquist was critically wounded. Disregarding his own personal wounds, he continued to direct the fire of his men until the enemy was routed. Even though exposed to great danger at all times, he exhibited aggressive and inspiring leadership to all who depended upon him. As a result of his professional abilities and stirring example, the enemy forces were completely routed. After evacuation, he failed to respond to medical treatment and succumbed to his wounds.

By his daring actions and loyal devotion to duty, thirteen of the enemy were killed. Second Lieutenant Broquist reflected great credit upon himself and the Marine Corps and upheld the highest traditions of the Marine Corps and of the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country.

POSTED ON 5.15.2015

POSTED BY: Gary M Kerswick

Semper Fi

it was 48 years ago since that day on May 14, 1967. It was an honor to serve with such a great platoon leader. Your Marines had the greatest respect for you and would follow you anywhere.

POSTED ON 11.7.2012

POSTED BY: Kathleen Daily Wachowiak

My good friend

Steve was my next door neighbor, my friend, my confidant, also my high school crush. I kept in touch every Christmas with his parents until his dad died 2 years ago. Steve was an admirable young man and good friend. You are missed my friend.

POSTED ON 9.6.2010

POSTED BY: Roger Crozier

Honorable man

Steve was a good friend of mine in high school and the best man at my wedding. He was a man of high honor and character. I am glad I knew him.

Steven Andre Broquist

We Remember

Steven is buried at Camp Butler Nat Cem. Springfield, IL

POSTED ON 11.21.1999

Steven Broquist, a 1966 UI graduate, was killed in action Sunday in South Vietnam. Broquist, a Marine lieutenant, died of gunshot wounds in the chest he received in battle.

In his senior year, Broquist was battalion commander in the Naval ROTC. He also received the award of being the most outstanding ROTC man with a Marine option. One of the men who worked with Broquist in the NROTC program, Major Joseph Paratore, said "Steve was one of the most outstanding young men I have worked with." Broquist volunteered for action in Vietnam. Although we never really discussed it, I think it was more or less understood that he had no qualms about going, said Paratore. "He did it out of duty; he knew what we were fighting for and he wasn't going to let anyone else do his part." Broquist was president of his fraternity, Beta Sigma Psi, for one semester during his senior year. "He was the kind of guy who is just in everything, a true fraternity man," said Ardell Nease, the present president of Beta Sigma Psi. "He was always there to give you help and encouragement when you needed it. The guys in the house were inspired by his example." Besides being active in house athletics, Broquist was also on the University cross country track team. The Broquist family lives at 1112 Lincolnshire Drive, Champaign. Harry Broquist, Steven s father, is professor of biological chemistry at the University.

Family Members

POSTED BY: Jim Cathcart

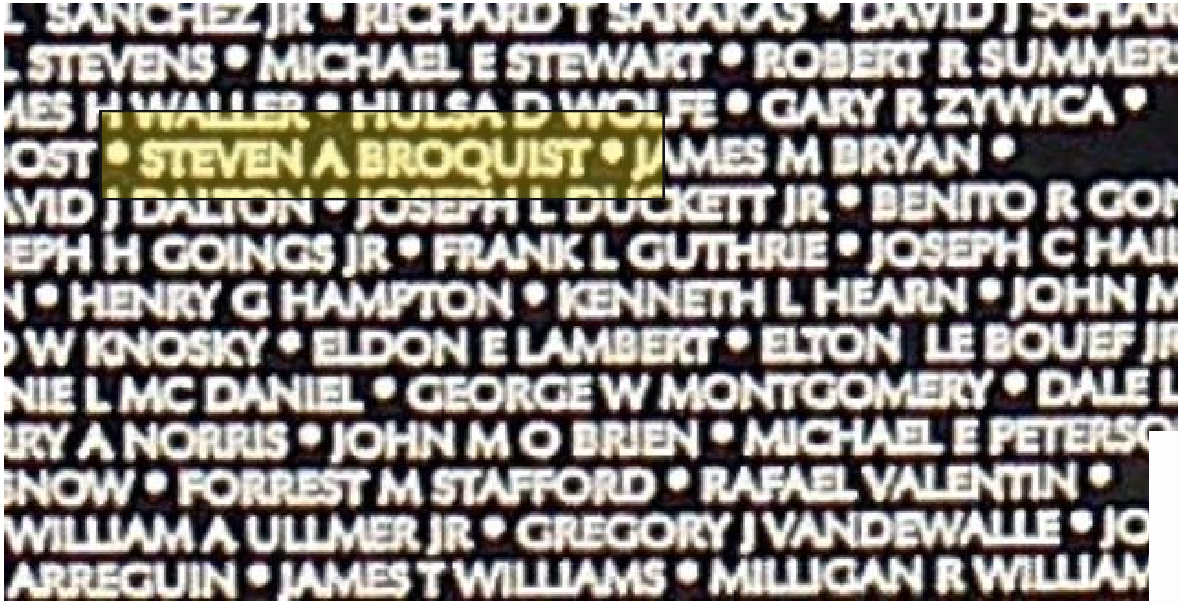
My Memories of Steve

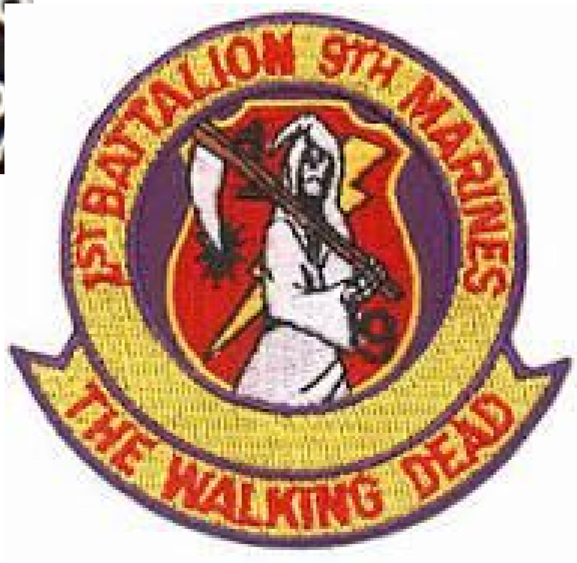
I could not leave this site knowing that there were no remembrances posted for Steve. Steve and I were in the same basic school platoon "C" company 2/67. He was a outgoing, good looking young man with a flair for leadership and was someone we ranked very highly in our peer evaluations. He was the student patrol leader for the final training patrol at TBS - known as the "black patrol" for the length, arduousness, and difficulty. Under Steve's leadership we were successfully through with the problem early int he evening and back at the BOQ drinking beer as we heard the sound of firefights in the distance as our

Steven Andre Broquist

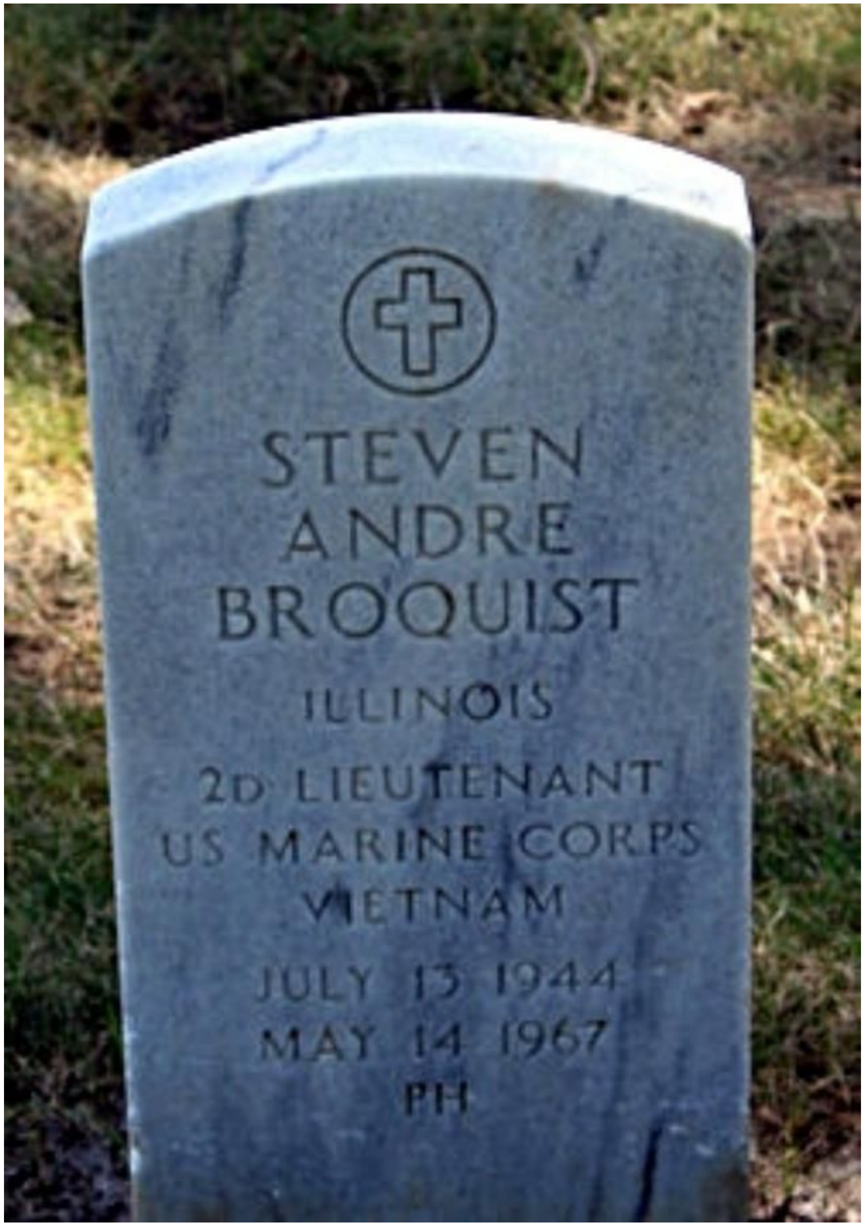
classmates fell afoul of the agressors and floundered into the night.
Semper Fi, Steve.

Jim Cathcart

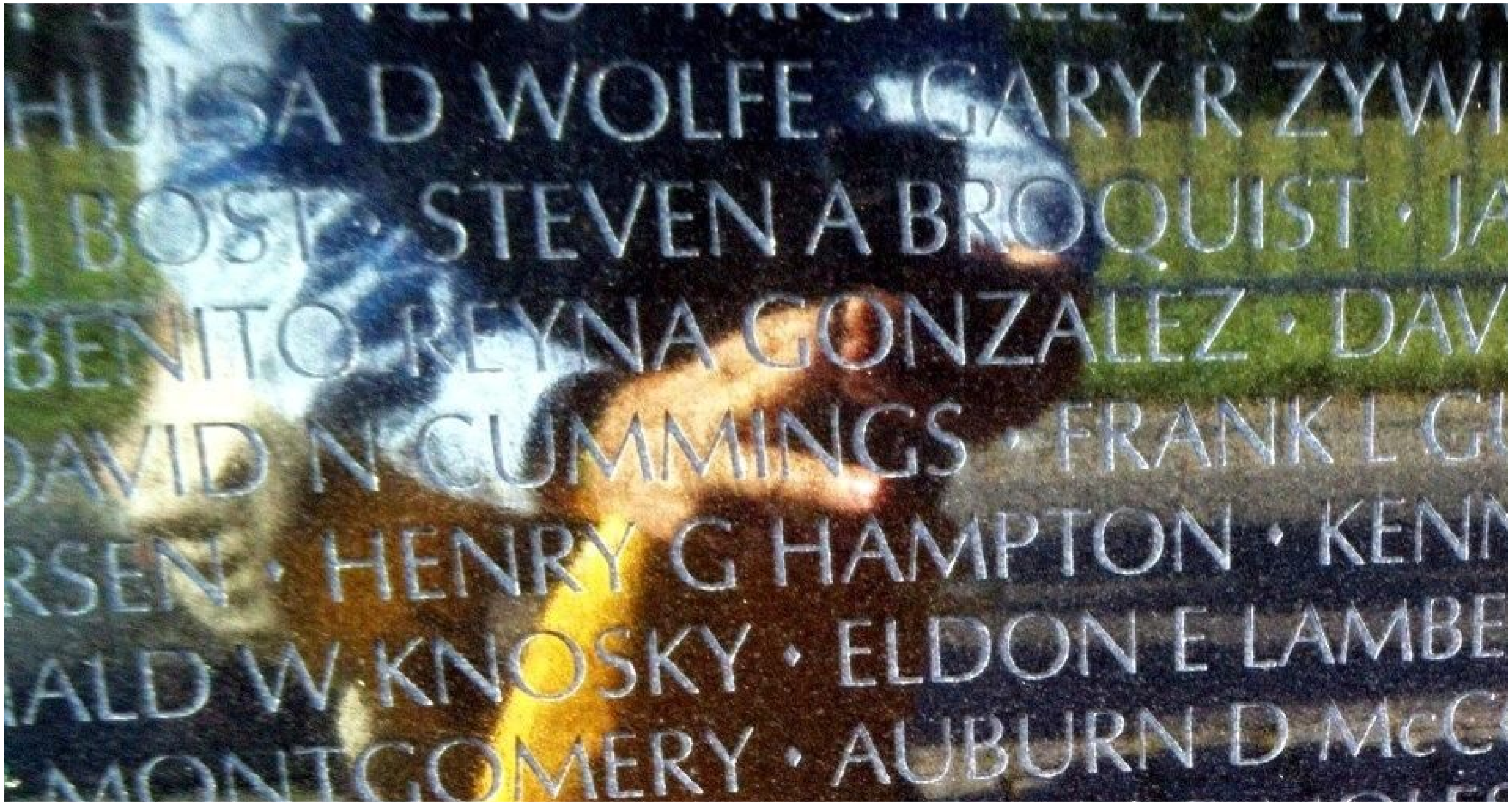

STEVENS • MICHAEL E STEWART • ROBERT R SUMMER
H WALLER • HULSA D WOLFE • GARY R ZYWICA •
• STEVEN A BROQUIST • JAMES M BRYAN •
DAVID J DALTON • JOSEPH L DUCKETT JR • BENITO R GO
EPH H GOINGS JR • FRANK L GUTHRIE • JOSEPH C HAI
• HENRY G HAMPTON • KENNETH L HEARN • JOHN M
W KNOSKY • ELDON E LAMBERT • ELTON LE BOUEF JR
NIE L MC DANIEL • GEORGE W MONTGOMERY • DALE L
RY A NORRIS • JOHN M O BRIEN • MICHAEL E PETERS
NOW • FORREST M STAFFORD • RAFAEL VALENTIN •
WILLIAM A ULLMER JR • GREGORY J VANDEWALLE • JO
ARREGUIN • JAMES T WILLIAMS • MILLIGAN R WILLIAM


1ST BATTALION 9TH MARINES
THE WALKING DEAD

Steven Andre Broquist


STEVEN
ANDRE
BROQUIST
ILLINOIS
2D LIEUTENANT
US MARINE CORPS
VIETNAM
JULY 13 1944
MAY 14 1967
PH

Steven Andre Broquist



HULSA D WOLFE • GARY R ZYWI
J BOST • STEVEN A BROQUIST • JA
BENITO REYNA GONZALEZ • DAV
DAVID N CUMMINGS • FRANK L G
RSEN • HENRY G HAMPTON • KENN
ALD W KNOSKY • ELDON E LAMBE
MONTGOMERY • AUBURN D McC

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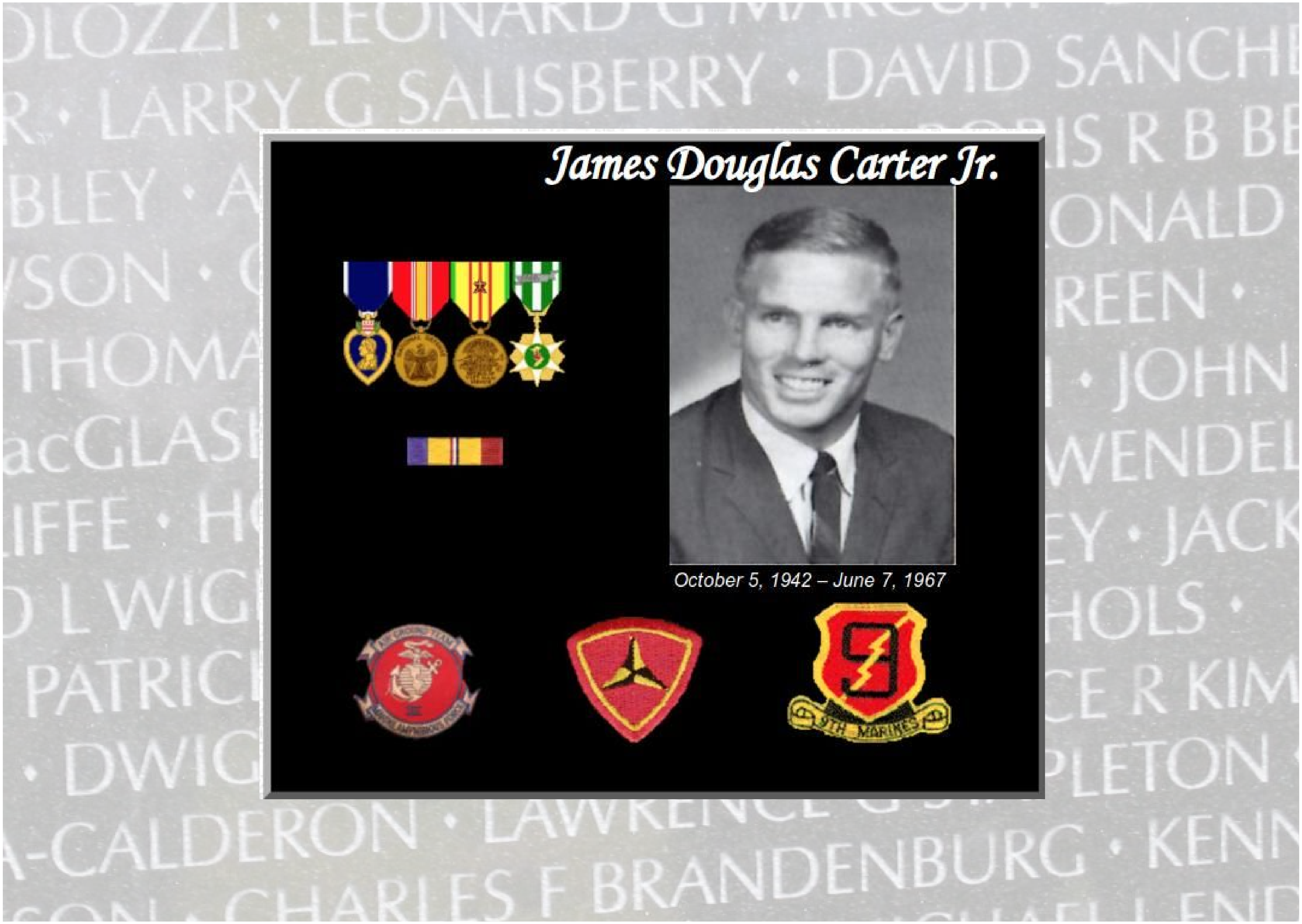
James D. Carter, Jr.



James Douglas Carter Jr.

October 5, 1942 – June 7, 1967

9TH MARINES

JD Carter, Jr.

Extracts from The Hill Fights and other documents:

…While Lieutenant King and his men coped with their situation on the south side of Hill 861, the other two platoons of Company B on the northern side of the hill had an even more trying ordeal. First Platoon, led by Second Lieutenant James D. Carter Jr., and 3d Platoon, led by Staff Sergeant Reyes, began their sweep at around 0530, moving uphill in the direction of Hill 861. It was not long before the nature of the terrain separated the two units by a distance of a few hundred meters. Soon, a Marine near the rear of the 1st Platoon column, in 3d Squad, passed word up the column that he had spotted five enemy soldiers, one of them being carried on a stretcher. Lieutenant Carter ordered the platoon to halt, as the NVA soldiers had not yet noticed the Marines and were approaching. At a range of about 50 meters, one of the enemy soldiers spotted a Marine and began firing. First Platoon returned fire, and then eight or nine men moved forward to investigate. They found two dead NVA soldiers; however, another enemy soldier who was not yet dead threw a grenade, killing Corporal James G. Pomerleau, the leader of 1st Squad.

About this time in the morning, Captain Sayers contacted Lieutenant Carter and Staff Sergeant Reyes and ordered a change of mission. Because of the NVA contact made by Lieutenant King's 2d Platoon on Hill 861, Sayers thought he had an opportunity to strike the enemy from two opposite directions. He ordered 1st and 3d Platoons to abandon their sweep of the cave complex and instead advance southeast directly toward the summit of Hill 861. After advancing some 300 meters from the site of its last contact, 1st Platoon was crossing an open area, when they received intense machinegun and small arms fire from the right flank. As Marines dove for cover and attempted to return fire, the heroism of one man, Lance Corporal Dana C. Darnell, stood out. Darnell was an ammunition carrier for the 60mm mortar section. The gunner for Darnell's section was knocked unconscious before he could set up the mortar. Without time to set it up properly, Darnell placed the base of the tube in a helmet between his legs and steadied it with his bare hands. As the rounds quickly heated the tube, another Marine urinated on it so that Darnell would not burn his hands. Darnell expended all his ammunition, but the other mortarmen in the column could not bring their rounds to him due to the heavy fire and lack of cover. Darnell, therefore, went to them. At least three times, Darnell ran across open terrain under intense enemy fire to gather mortar rounds and bring them back to his tube so that he could fire them.

More men were wounded or killed when Lieutenant Carter ordered the Marines to move, two at a time, out of the open area to cover. Darnell dragged two wounded comrades to safety until an enemy mortar round blew dirt and gravel into his eyes, temporarily blinding him. Instead of allowing himself to be evacuated, he used precious drinking water from his canteen to cleanse his eyes, and within an hour was back assisting the wounded. For these actions, Darnell was posthumously awarded the Navy Cross, as he would be killed in action two days later.

At the same time that 1st Platoon was caught in the open and Lance Corporal Darnell was responding *with mortar fire, 3d Platoon, about 400 meters behind 1st Platoon, was also hit and six of its Marines were wounded. Later, the platoon would suffer more casualties when an F-4 mistook it for an NVA unit and dropped a pair of 250-pound bombs, killing six Marines and wounding a dozen more. Both Carter's and Reyes's platoons were now burdened, indeed almost immobilized, by the duty to care for their own wounded and dead. There were so many bodies to carry that the men were exhausted as they tried to reach suitable landing zones for helicopters to pick them up. The helicopters received such heavy mortar attacks as they landed that only three men could be evacuated before Carter had to "wave them off." He moved the platoon to another site that he thought would be safer, but the results were nearly identical. Third Platoon's experience was very similar, particularly as Staff Sergeant Reyes tried to evacuate his casualties. That night, both platoons dug in with most of their wounded and dead still with them.*

The Bravo CO, Captain Sayers, and his 2d Platoon departed the base in two helicopters to join the rest his company. The helicopters were able to evacuate a few of the more critically wounded from the 1st Platoon and then the 3d Platoon positions before heavy incoming fire drove them off. At least some of this burden was lifted, but Company B Marines still had a number of wounded and dead bodies to carry with them. Much of that day, 25 April, was spent trying to get helicopters in to evacuate the casualties. Around late afternoon, the three platoons of Company B started moving up Hill 861 in hopes of eventually linking up with Company K/3/3 the next day. They had moved about 800 meters before the thick fog and darkness forced Sayers's men to halt at around 2130. The fog was so thick, remembered Staff Sergeant Burns, that "I couldn't have seen Ho Chi Minh himself if he had been walking right behind me."

Company B, therefore, set up defensive perimeters and ambush locations for the night. At around 0500 the next morning, the enemy began a heavy bombardment of the Khe Sanh base with recoilless rifles, 82mm mortars, and rockets. These weapons were located on the eastern slope of Hill 881S, perhaps only 400 meters away from Company B. They were close enough that the Company B Marines could see the muzzle blast of the recoilless rifles through the fog and could hear the mortars. Captain Sayers called in an artillery fire mission, and adjusted the rounds by sound. Thanks to holes in the fog and the use of 105mm illumination rounds from the howitzers, the Marines were able to verify the destruction of the recoilless rifles, and the fire ceased. Fortunately, the fog seemed to have decreased the accuracy of the enemy fire on the Khe Sanh base, as most of the 100 rounds landed just outside the perimeter. Staff Sergeant Burns, for one, concluded that Captain Sayers's fire mission "probably saved a few lives." It certainly reassured the Marines of Company B.

While Company B had been regrouping on the twenty-fifth and evacuating casualties on the north side of Hill 861, those remaining in B/1/9 walked back into Khe Sanh. Trucks were available for the move, but the remnants of B/1/9 chose to walk. It was a matter of pride after 4 days of constant enemy contact.

2Lt James D. Carter, Jr., wounded with shrapnel in his upper arm and cheek on the hospital ship, USS SANCTUARY, later wrote Capt Sayers: "...to lose young men, their tremendous will to live, and their ability and courage under fire would be hard to match.. It's surprising any of us got out of there alive considering the odds- that's hard charging Marines for you, though."

Supporting arms for 26th of April consisted of 1076 rounds of artillery and 20 air SORTIEs delivering 58,000 pounds ordnance.

In a single day of fighting, Company B had lost 12 Marines killed, 17 wounded, and 2 missing. Confirmed enemy losses were five NVA dead; also one NVA soldier was captured when he wandered too close to the lines of 3d Platoon. A large proportion of the American casualties had been suffered as the Marines tried to load their wounded comrades onto helicopters. The NVA had perfected their tactic of targeting likely landing zones with mortar fire, timing it so that the rounds impacted just as the helicopters touched down. For the Marines, it was a cultural impossibility to leave their 28 wounded behind or to delay their evacuation and they felt nearly as strongly about their dead. The NVA took advantage of this Marine tradition and of the fact that helicopters were virtually the only way to evacuate casualties from the rugged terrain around Khe Sanh.

TO THE FAMILY OF LT CARTER

My name is Carlos Rodriguez and I was Bravo Co Sr. Hospital Corpsman and I knew Lt Carter. We were in Con Thien together. It’s been 50 years and he was a good Marine and good soldier. I still remember him. If you would like to contact me email at carlosnakay0046@gmail.com

POSTED ON 3.1.2015 POSTED BY: KEN GORDON

HERE'S TO YOU, JIMMY CARTER

Plainview (Texas) High School and then Texas Tech. Those were good times! I was honored to know you and proud to be called your friend.

POSTED ON 8.1.2007 POSTED BY: ROSS BLANCHARD

SEMPER FI

It took me 40 years to muster the courage to go to the wall. You were a great friend. I did my best to get even.

POSTED ON 8.27.2004 POSTED BY: SCOTT CARTER, JIMMY'S SON

Thank you for the rememberance's. Actually, I was born March 31st. and Jimmy came home to see me on April 7th. for 3 days before he was shipped out. I love you Dad and wish you where hear.

POSTED ON 8.2.2000 POSTED BY: JIM CATHCART

SEMPER FI

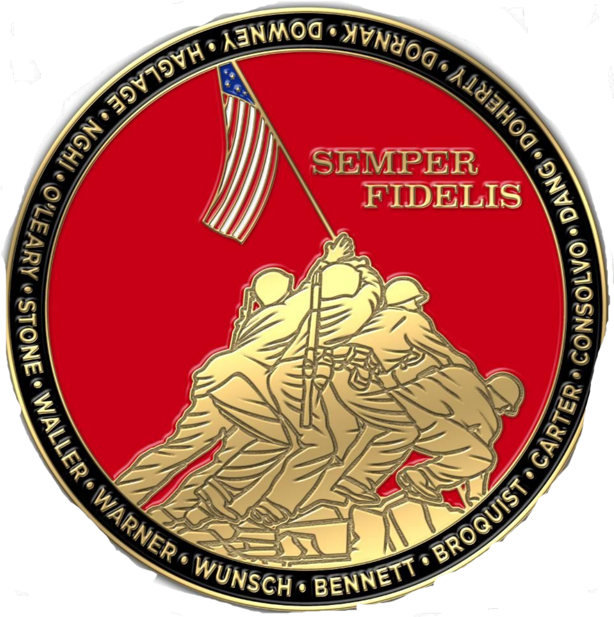
Jim, or "J.D." as we knew him in Charlie Company, Basic Class 2/67, was a soft-talkin', downright funny Texan who was enormously popular among his fellow officers. He loved his wife and the fact that his son never got to meet him is just another in a long line of tragedies. I hope that Scott has discovered what a fine man, loyal friend, and dependable comrade his dad was.

POSTED ON 6.24.1999 POSTED BY: KEN GORDON

James D. Carter, Jr.

SEMPER FI

James D. "Jimmy" Carter, was Plainview's 2nd war casualty on 7 June 1967 when he was killed during a fire fight (near Con Thien). Jimmy had been previously wounded, but had recovered and returned to duty. Jimmy was a 1960 PHS graduate and a 1964 Texas Tech graduate [Pi Kappa Alpha]. He lettered in football, basketball and baseball, and he was the nicest guy you could ever hope to have as a friend. Jimmy was survived by his wife, Janice; his son Scott, whom he never saw; his mother, father and brother. Other survivors include us -- because we miss him.


SEMPER
FIDELIS
DOWNEY • DORNAK • DOHERTY • DANG • CONSOLVO • CARTER • BROQUIST • BENNETT • WUNSCH • WARNER • WALLER • STONE • OLEARY • NGHI • HAGLAGE

EXIT
Carter

James D. Carter, Jr.

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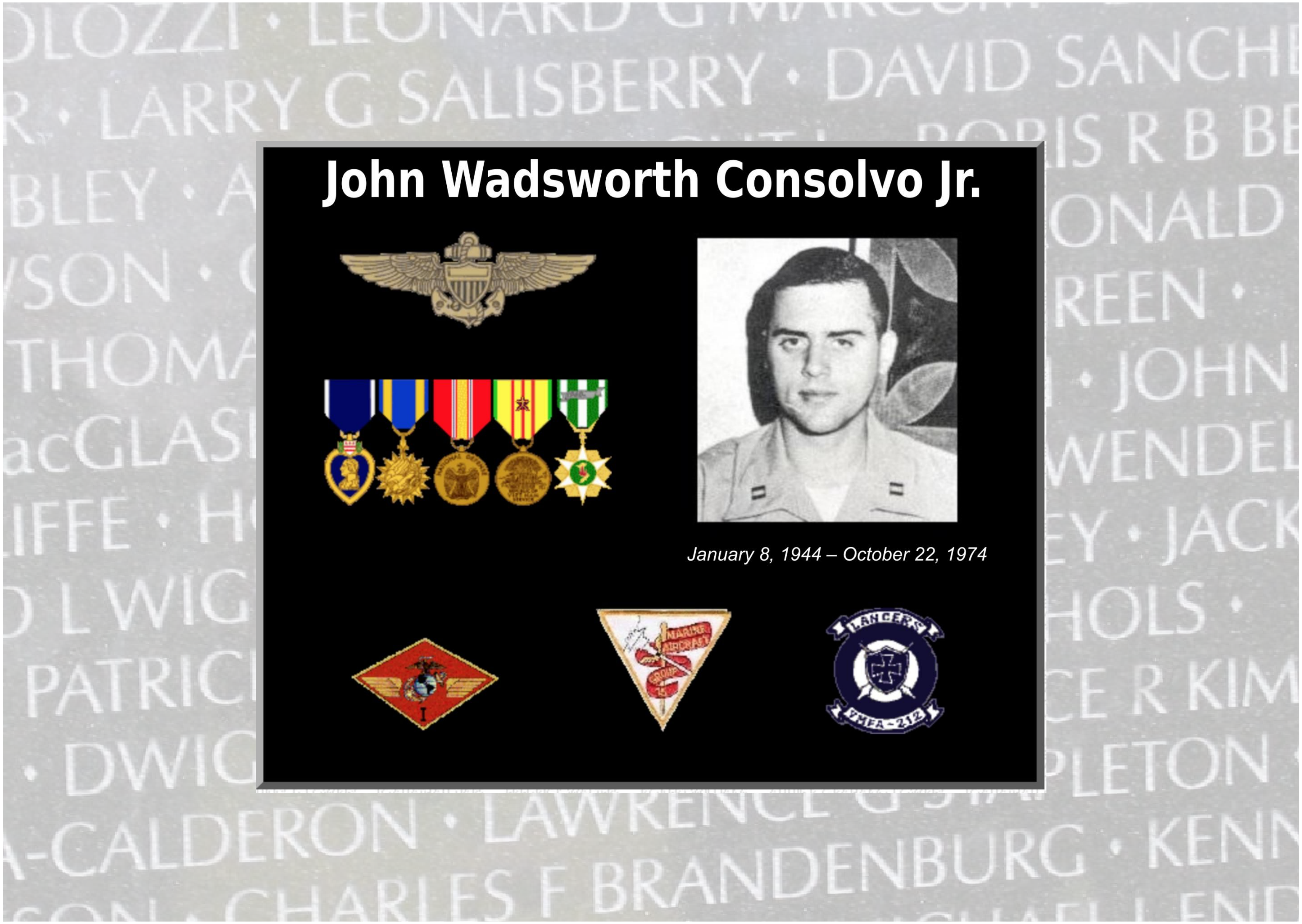
John "Jack" Consolvo


MARINE AIRCRAFT GROUP 15
LANCERS
VMFA-212

John Wadsworth Consolvo Jr.

January 8, 1944 – October 22, 1974

John "Jack" Consolvo

Jack Consolvo graduated from Auburn High School, Auburn, Alabama, in 1961. He graduated from Sullivan's Prep School in Washington, DC in 1962, ranking number one in his class.

He entered the U.S. Naval Academy in 1962, graduated in 1966 and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps. Following Basic Training with TBS Class 2-67 at Quantico Virginia, Jack reported to Pensacola Florida for flight training. He had further training at Meridian, Mississippi and Beeville, Texas, and he was designated a Naval Aviator in July, 1968. His first duty station was at El Toro, Marine Corps Air Station in California. Jack then served six months in Marine Fighter/Attack Squadron 542, Da Nang, Vietnam from July 1969 to Jan. 1970, flying over 150 combat missions. From Jan. 1970 to July 1970, he served as Air Liaison Officer with Division of Air Offices Hdqrs. First Marine Division, Vietnam.

Jack then joined Marine Fighter Attack Squadron 212 at the Kaneohe Marine Corps Air Station, Honolulu, Hawaii in August 1970. The squadron was deployed back to Da Nang Vietnam in April 1972.

Loss Account from Task Force Omega:

On 7 May 1972, Capt. John W. "Jack" Consolvo, Jr., pilot and COW3 James J. "Jim" Castonguay, Radar Intercept Officer comprised the crew of the lead F4J aircraft (serial #155576), call sign "Bootleg 5 - 01" in a flight of 2 that was conducting an afternoon strike mission. In addition to their 20mm centerline cannons, both strike aircraft were armed with 12 MK-82 500-pound bombs. Other aircraft participating in this day's mission included King 26, the Airborne Battlefield Command and Control Center (ABCCC); and Seafox 01, the Forward Air Controller (FAC) that was referred to as a "fast FAC" because it was also an F4.

Targets included surface-to-air missiles (SAM) and anti-aircraft artillery (AAA) sites as well as enemy convoys and other lucrative targets of opportunity found in their sector. The target area was described as the DMZ, Quang Tri Province, South Vietnam, which bordered the DMZ to the south; and Quang Binh Province, North Vietnam, which bordered it to the north.

Bootleg 5 flight departed DaNang Airbase shortly after 1400 hours and rendezvoused with Seafox 01 over the South China Sea just east of Quang Tri City, South Vietnam. After receiving current weather and mission data from King 26, the flight proceeded inland to the target area located 9 to 10 miles north of the DMZ in a forested high threat area that was laced with primary and secondary roads and trails running in different directions that were protected by both AAA and SAM sites. Further, it was infested with large concentrations of NVA troops who used this sector to stage and then transport men and material into the active war zone.

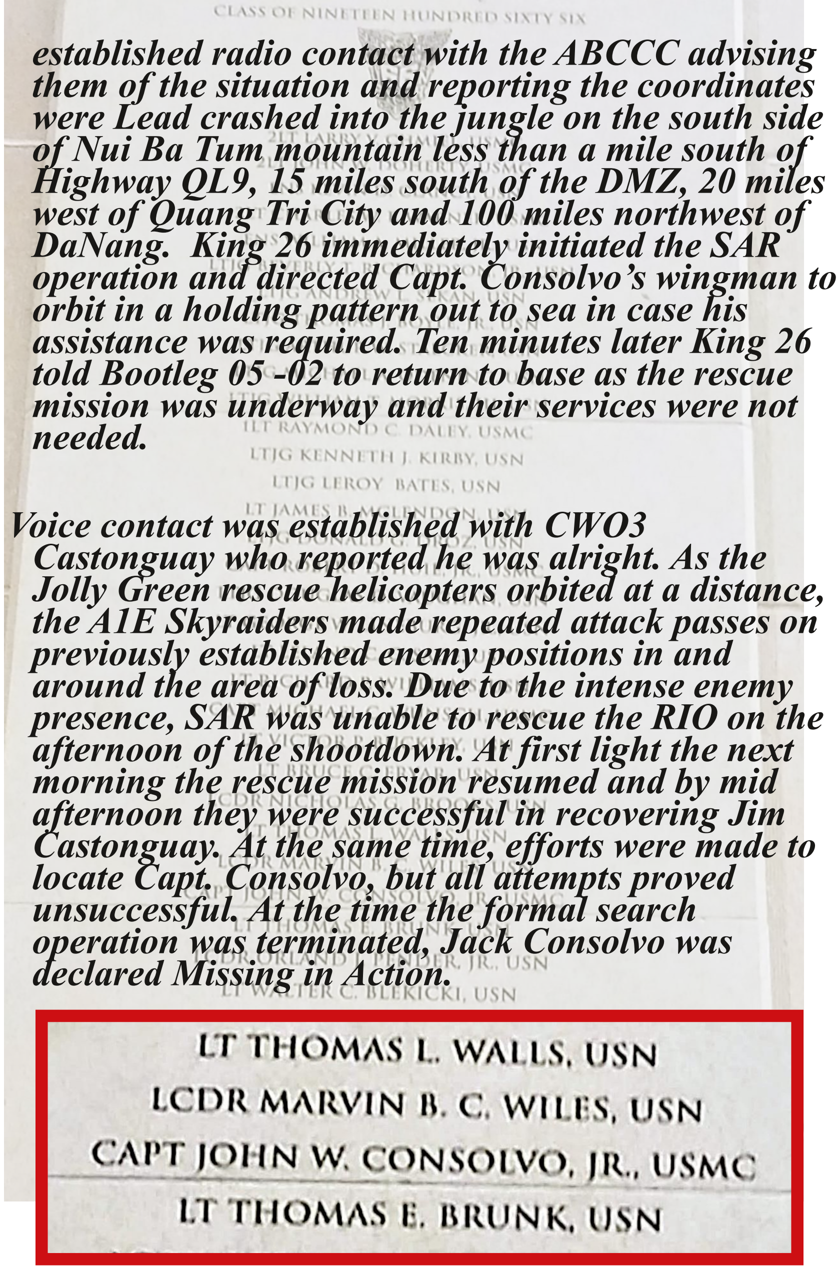
At approximately 1415 hours, Seafox 01 located, *identified and marked with smoke a convoy of trucks transporting SA-7 missiles on flatbed trailers traveling along Highway 101, just west of the major road junction with Highways 1035 and 1011. It was also located approximately 4 miles north of the DMZ, 11 miles due west of Vinh Linh, North Vietnam and 114 miles northwest of DaNang, South Vietnam.*

The FAC directed Capt. Consolvo to make his approach to the target from east to west because of the relatively safe bailout area immediately to the west. On his first pass on the target, Jack Consolvo did not drop any ordnance because he felt he was not properly aligned with it. His wingman followed in trail and dropped 6 MK-82 bombs.

Capt. Consolvo came around for his second pass and while he was pulling off target; his wingman realized Lead had been hit by the intense and accurate ground fire. Jack Consolvo acknowledged that fact and reported he had a fire warning light on the left engine. Bootleg 5 – 02 aborted its second attack run to follow Lead out of the target area. At the same time, they notified King 26 and Seafox 01 of the situation as well as to alert search and rescue (SAR) stand by in case their services were needed.

Bootleg 5 – 02 kept Lead in sight both visually and on radar as the flight turned due south and reached an altitude of 15,000 feet. The FAC pulled up in trail behind Capt. Consolvo and told him to shut down his left engine because it was on fire. Lead acknowledged Seafox 01. As he shut the engine down, the FAC told them to eject because they were still on fire. At the same time Capt. Consolvo yelled, "Get out! Get out!" as his controls froze and he lost control of the aircraft.

Bootleg 05 – 02 also saw the Phantom impact the ground, but did not see either crewmen eject from the crippled jet. He



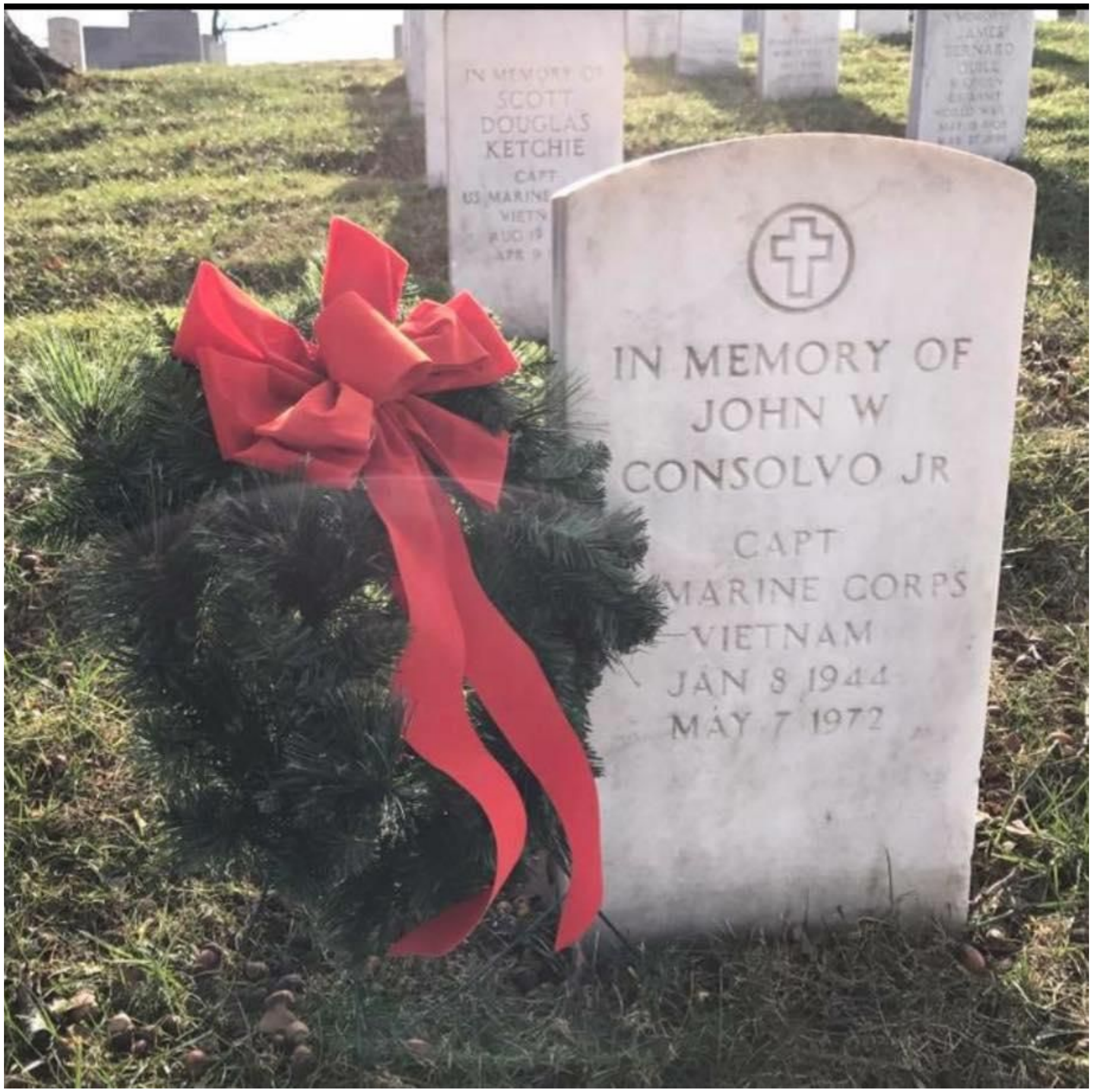
established radio contact with the ABCCC advising them of the situation and reporting the coordinates were Lead crashed into the jungle on the south side of Nui Ba Tum mountain less than a mile south of Highway QL9, 15 miles south of the DMZ, 20 miles west of Quang Tri City and 100 miles northwest of DaNang. King 26 immediately initiated the SAR operation and directed Capt. Consolvo's wingman to orbit in a holding pattern out to sea in case his assistance was required. Ten minutes later King 26 told Bootleg 05 -02 to return to base as the rescue mission was underway and their services were not needed.

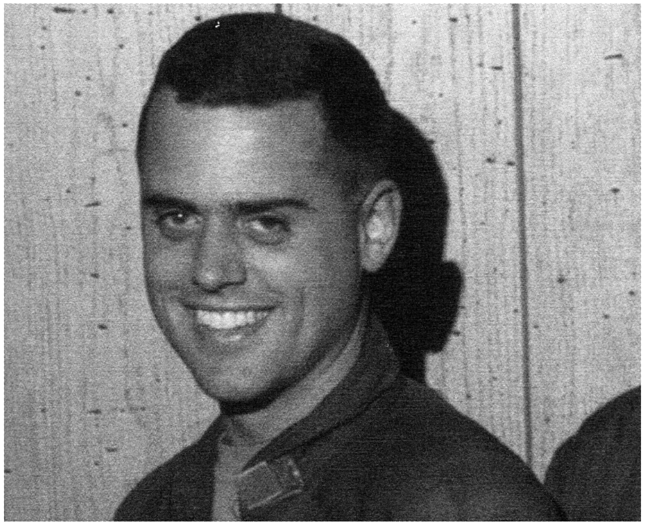
Voice contact was established with CWO3 Castonguay who reported he was alright. As the Jolly Green rescue helicopters orbited at a distance, the A1E Skyraiders made repeated attack passes on previously established enemy positions in and around the area of loss. Due to the intense enemy presence, SAR was unable to rescue the RIO on the afternoon of the shootdown. At first light the next morning the rescue mission resumed and by mid afternoon they were successful in recovering Jim Castonguay. At the same time, efforts were made to locate Capt. Consolvo, but all attempts proved unsuccessful. At the time the formal search operation was terminated, Jack Consolvo was declared Missing in Action.

CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTY SIX
LT THOMAS L. WALLS, USN
LCDR MARVIN B. C. WILES, USN
CAPT JOHN W. CONSOLVO, JR., USMC
LT THOMAS E. BRUNK, USN

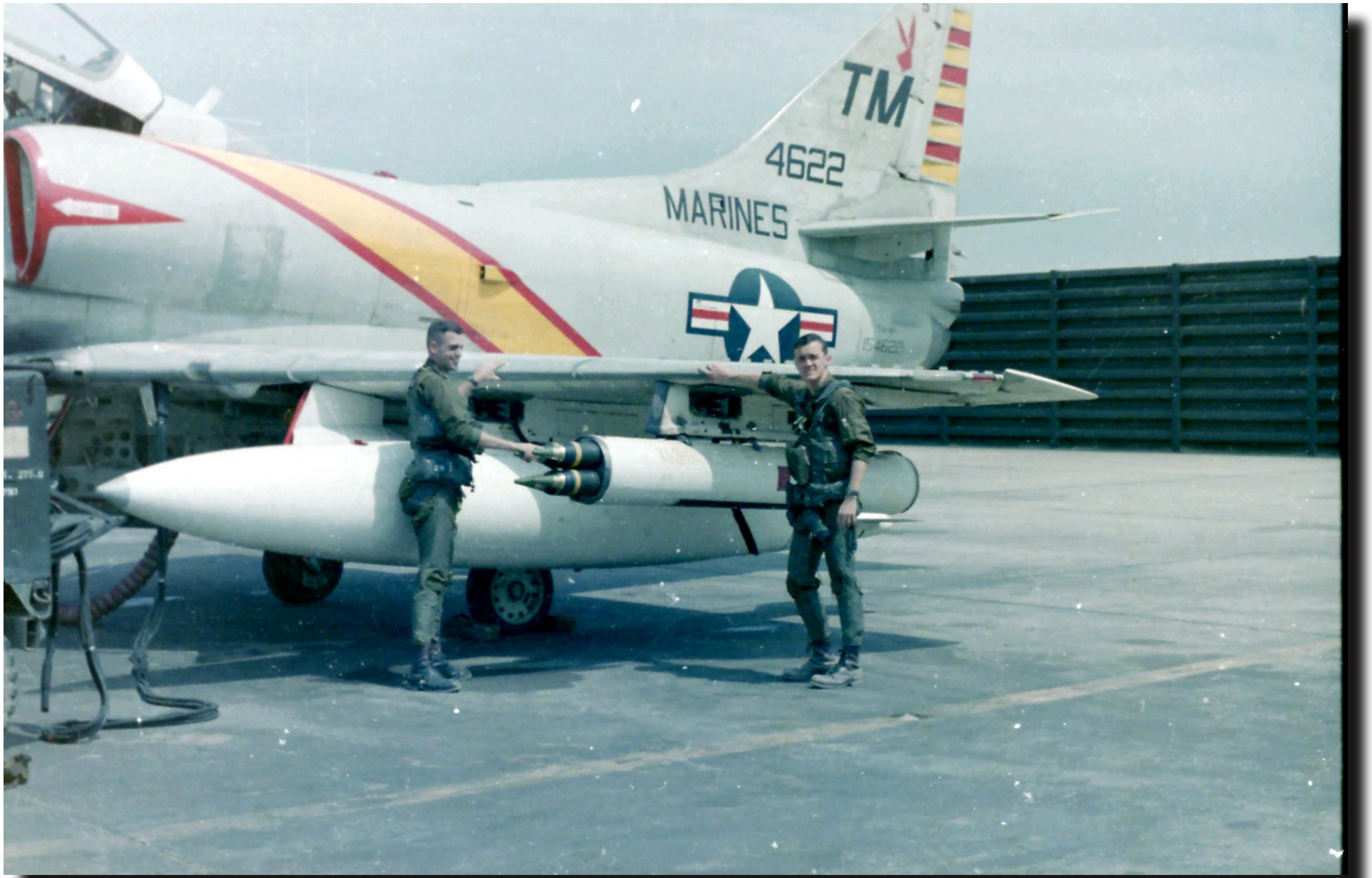
Jack Consolvo*
End — 150 — Sr.

John "Jack" Consolvo


IN MEMORY OF
JOHN W
CONSOLVO JR
CAPT
MARINE CORPS
VIETNAM
JAN 8 1944
MAY 7 1972
IN MEMORY OF
SCOTT
DOUGLAS
KETCHIE
CAPT
US MARINE



John "Jack" Consolvo



"Capt. Consolvo was a true patriot who had a warrior spirit that was complimented by his gentle personality. He was respectful of combat flying and very methodical and measured in his actions in the cockpit which made him a tremendous asset to his crewmates. His desire to fly and fight for freedom was very much evident to those who flew with him."   From Tom Nelson, his friend and fellow aviator.

Nguyen Van Dang

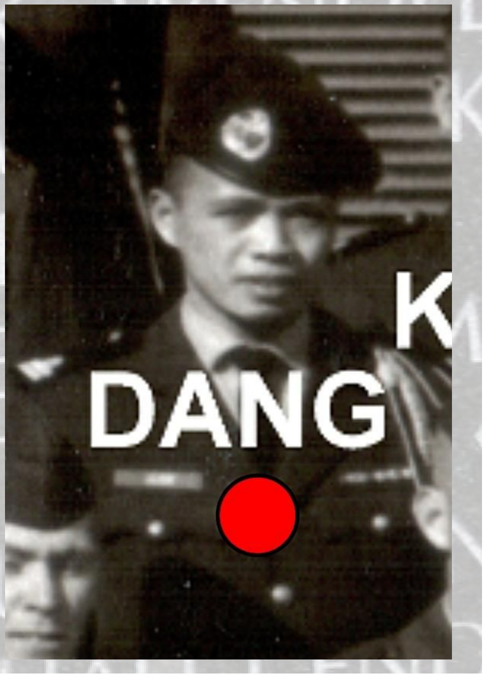
Dang Nguyen Van

June 1969

DANH-DỰ TỔ-QUỐC
THỦY-QUÂN LỤC-CHIẾN

Of the ten Vietnamese Marine Officers that were in our TBS Class, two were Killed In Action, Nguyen Van Dang and Doan Duc Nghi. We recognize their sacrifice here with scant photos and no information on their service or the circumstances of their deaths. It is our hope that one day we will be able to add more information to their memorial pages.

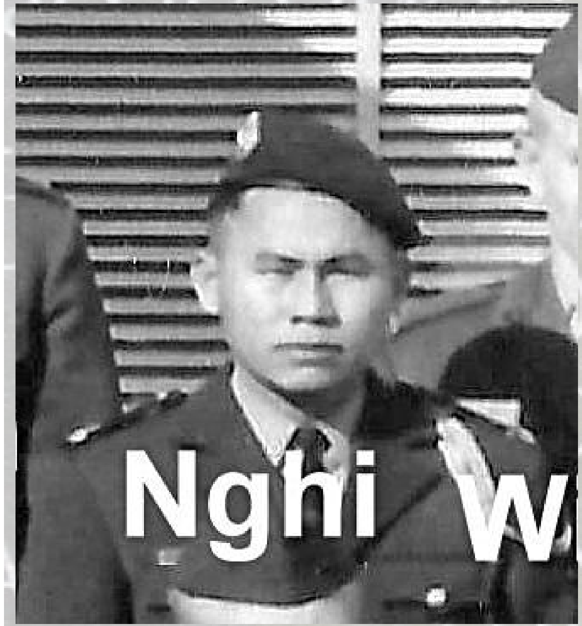
Semper Fidelis



Doan Duc Nghi

Of the ten Vietnamese Marine Officers that were in our TBS Class, two were Killed In Action, Nguyen Van Dang and Doan Duc Nghi. We recognize their sacrifice here with scant photos and no information on their service or the circumstances of their deaths. It is our hope that one day we will be able to add more information to their memorial pages.

Semper Fidelis

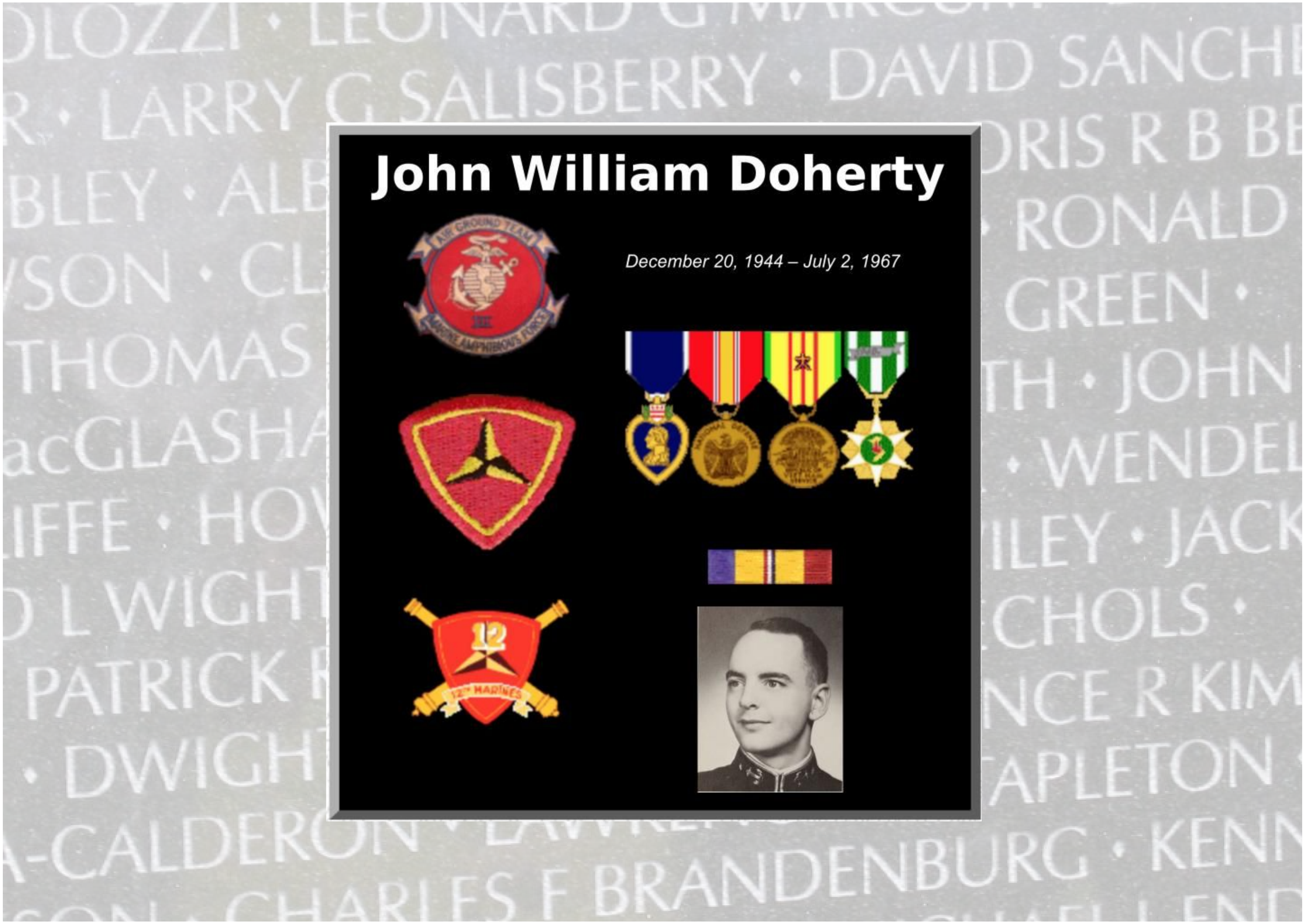


Nghi Doan Duc

April 1972

DANH-DỰ TỔ-QUỐC
THỦY-QUÂN LỤC-CHIẾN

John "Doc" Doherty



John William Doherty

December 20, 1944 – July 2, 1967

AIR GROUND TEAM
III MARINE AMPHIBIOUS FORCE
12
12th MARINES

JOHN WILLIAM DOHERTY

From the 1966 Lucky Bag:

"Doc" arrived at USNA via the Peddie School in his home state, New Jersey.

Right from the start it seemed that everyone was looking for "Doc" when it came time to find out an answer to one of those numberless professional questions. His copy of Janes was widely known throughout the old first wing. His reputation followed him and many a plebe could be found looking for "Mr. Doherty" for an answer.

His ability was not limited, by any means, to the area of professional questions. Many a classmate sought help from "Doc" when it came time for those ever-present P-works in Bull, Weapons, and Navigation. A consistent member of the Superintendent's List and one who took advantage of the Overload Program to its fullest, "Doc" has proved beyond question his academic capability.

Each fall and spring would find "Doc" plying the waters of the Chesapeake in those stout little craft, the YP's, as a member of the YP Squadron. His winters were occupied by Company cross-country and football coupled with an avid passion for wrestling.

Youngster Cruise saw "Doc" with his beloved surface ships. But, as with many, second class summer introduced him to Naval Aviation, a subject for which he developed a keen interest. Either way, surface or air, "Doc" will make an outstanding contribution to the Navy. He was also a member of the 6th Company staff (Fall).

From the November 1967 issue of Shipmate

2nd Lt. John W. Doherty, USMC, was killed in action at Quang Tri, Vietnam, on 2 July. Services were held at St. James Church in Red Bank, N. J., on the 18th, with interment in the family plot at the Gate of Heaven Cemetery, Valhalla, N. Y.

Lt. Doherty, who was born in New Jersey, was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1966. He was a member of the Fourth Company and, after reorganization of the Brigade, served with the Sixth Company, including a term as company sub-commander. He trained with the Y.P. Squadron for two years; was on the Superintendent's List for several terms, and acted as Company representative to the Newman Club.

Following graduation, Lt. Doherty volunteered for and completed training at the Paratroop School at Fort Benning, Ga. Upon completing the Marine Officers' Basic School at Quantico in January of this year, he received the Col. William H. Lemly Award for the highest honors in his class in academic subjects. He then had artillery training at Fort Sill, Okla., and in April was assigned to the 12th Marine Regiment in Vietnam. At the time of his death he was serving as an Artillery Forward Observer with Company B, 2nd Battalion of the Ninth Marine Regiment in the vicinity of the Demilitarized Zone.

He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul E.

John "Doc" Doherty

Doherty of Red Bank, N. J.; two brothers, Paul E. Doherty, Jr. of Red Bank and Corp. Richard T. Doherty, USMC, of Camp Lejeune, N. C ; two sisters, Mrs. Joseph P . Sullivan of New York and Mrs. Martin Kotch of Syracuse, NY.

•

Bob Barclay

bobb@barclayhvac.com,

November 30, 2001

"Doc." Doherty, Jerry Bennett and I were in the same Marine officer's class at Quantico and in the same artillery class at Ft. Sill, OK. We went to Vietnam together and were assigned to 2nd, Battalion, 12th, Marines at Chu Lai. We were all to be assigned as forward observers with different 105mm batteries of the 12th Marines. When called before the colonel for this assignment, the colonel said that he had three batteries. Delta battery at Khe Sanh, Fox battery at Con Thien and Echo battery at Chu Lai. He added that it was up to the three of us to decide who went where. We all reached for coins and flipped for Delta Battery at Khe Sanh. Doc Doherty won. It was now left to Jerry and I to flip for Fox battery at Con Thien. We flipped and I lost again. Jerry chose Con Thien and I was shipped to Echo battery at Chu Lai. One month later Jerry Bennett was killed by a hit on his bunker by an 85mm recoiless rifle. One month after Jerry, Doc Doherty was with Bravo Company 1/9 as a forward observer and was killed while being overrun by a North Vietnamese battalion. I miss my friends to this day and feel guilty that I lost the toss twice. God grant you peace for your ultimate sacrifice. Semper Fi!

•

From Honor States

Operation Buffalo (2–14 July 1967) was an operation of the Vietnam War that took place in the southern half of the Demilitarized Zone, around Con Thien.

On the morning of 2 July, Alpha and Bravo Companies, 1st Battalion 9th Marines made their way up north on Highway 561 and secured a crossroad as their first objective.

As they went further north between Gia Binh and An Kha, near a place called "The Market Place", they made contact with the elements of the NVA 90th Regiment when sniper fire began to break out, enemy fire intensified as efforts were made by the 3rd Platoon to suppress it.

The NVA used flamethrowers in combat for the first time setting fire to hedgerows along Highway 561 forcing the Marines out into the open, exposing them to artillery, mortar and small arms fire, causing heavy casualties on A and B Companies and prevented them from linking up. B Company Headquarters was wiped out when a single NVA artillery round exploded within the command group. The company commander, Capt. Sterling K. Coates, two platoon leaders, the radio operator, forward observer and several others were killed. John was that forward observer.

•

From Wall of Faces:

JIM CREUTZ writes:

Your spirit endures. Doc, I think of you often, and the magic times in high school with Jimmy B. and Kenny C., as kids who thought war was fun. It wasn't. Thank *you for the good times, and thank you for your conviction that it was important to go there and serve. Would that we could have shared company and family memories as old men. (4/29/02)*

•

From Wall of Faces:

Bill Weathers **writes:**

Doc Doherty was the first upperclassman to befriend me when I was a plebe at the Naval Academy. He had the respect of all who knew him. This comment is just to express the gratitude of so many of us for his service and sacrifice. (May 26, 2012)

•

Bob Lewis writes:

No way around it, all our Charlie Company losses grate; but isn't it the case some are closer to home than others. Just human nature. Lt. John "Doc" Doherty falls into that category for me. It comes with a unique chain of circumstances.

We were classmates at the Peddie school in Heightstown, NJ. It's a small prep school that traditionally puts four or five students in the Naval Academy every year. Our year, Doc and Howie Clark headed to Annapolis and I opted for NROTC at Ole Miss (after perusing the Academy's math curriculum). The first surprise came four years latter when all three of us had opted to be Marines. Second was when Doc and I ended up together in Company C. And so it went.

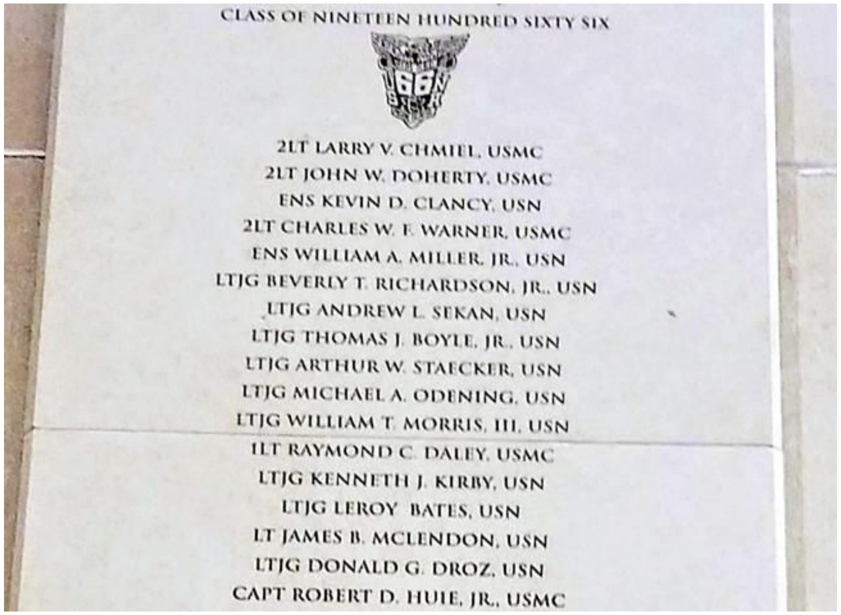
We both got sent to the 3rd Division. We both ended up along the DMZ. I had reservations at Con Tien, but Doc had to settle for less commodious accommodations further east in Leatherneck Square. But we were so close I could have hit him with a slingshot.

And then he was killed. Worst day for casualties in the war swept him away. The connection severed.

There wasn't, as I recollect, any particular recognition for him at the moment. But a fine tribute was to follow. At least to all us it will seem that way: His younger brother left college and enlisted in the Marines. Any kind thing we might think to say about Doc Doherty will forever be topped by that.

Bob Lewis, Ocean Springs, MS

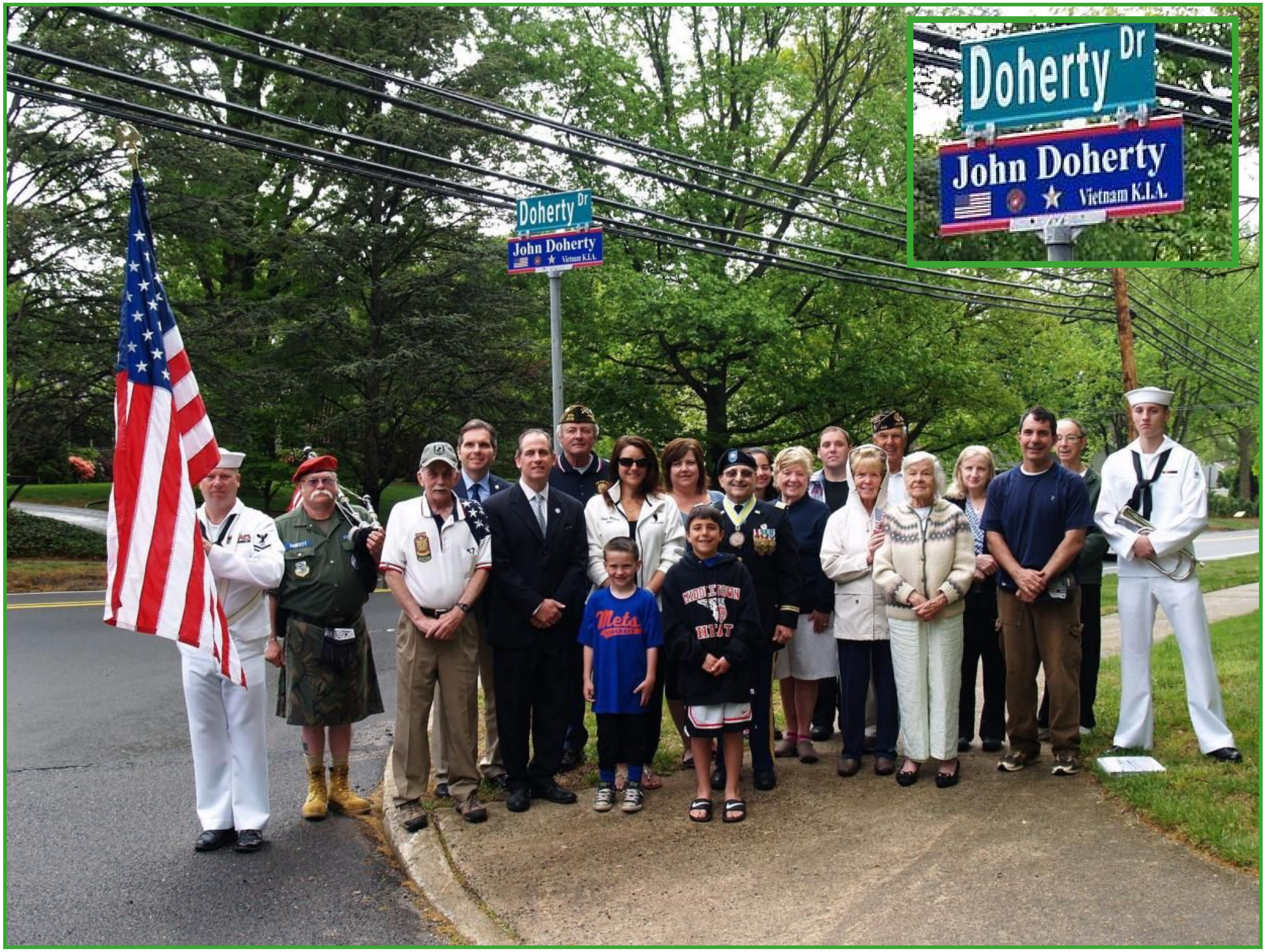
Doc was from Red Bank, New Jersey



CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTY SIX

2LT LARRY V. CHMIEL, USMC
2LT JOHN W. DOHERTY, USMC
ENS KEVIN D. CLANCY, USN
2LT CHARLES W. F. WARNER, USMC
ENS WILLIAM A. MILLER, JR., USN
LTJG BEVERLY T. RICHARDSON, JR., USN
LTJG ANDREW L. SEKAN, USN
LTJG THOMAS J. BOYLE, JR., USN
LTJG ARTHUR W. STAECKER, USN
LTJG MICHAEL A. ODENING, USN
LTJG WILLIAM T. MORRIS, III, USN
1LT RAYMOND C. DALEY, USMC
LTJG KENNETH J. KIRBY, USN
LTJG LEROY BATES, USN
LT JAMES B. MCLENDON, USN
LTJG DONALD G. DROZ, USN
CAPT ROBERT D. HUIE, JR., USMC

John "Doc" Doherty

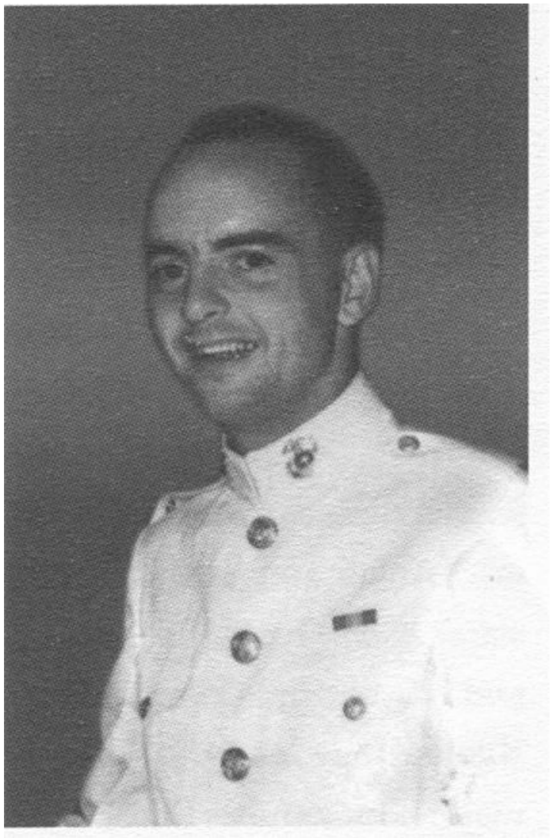

Doherty Dr
John Doherty
Vietnam K.I.A.
Mets
Middletown Heat

John "Doc" Doherty

2nd Lt. "Doc" Doherty, USMC, was born in New Jersey. Doc trained with the Y.P. Squadron for two years, was on the Superintendent's List several terms, and was the Company rep to Newman Club. A classmate whom you wanted to introduce to your sister. Doc was kind, gentle, had a great sense of humor, and was always ready to listen. When issues arose, he offered a wise suggestion to help work through the issue. Expoused virtues of Navy Line but selected the Marine Corps. There was no doubt he would be a superb Marine and a thoughtful, caring officer.

Doc volunteered for training at Paratroop School, Ft. Benning upon completing Marine Officer's Basic School at Quantico. Jan. 1967, he received the Col. William H. Lemly Award for highest academic honors in his class. After artillery training, he was assigned to 12th Marine Regiment in Vietnam. John was killed in action while on a patrol with the Marine Forces at Quang Tri, Vietnam 2 July, 1967 (Actually Con Thien. wgm). He was serving as Artillery Forward Observer with Company B, 1st Battalion of Ninth Marine Regiment in the vicinity of the DMZ.

Services held at St. James Church, Red Bank, NJ, with interment in family plot at Gate of Heaven Cemetery, Valhalla, NY. Survived by his parents, Judge and Mrs. Paul E. Doherty of Red Bank, two brothers Paul E. Doherty, Jr. of Red Bank and Cpl. Richard T. Doherty, USMC of Camp Lejeune, NC, and two sisters, Mrs Joseph P. Sullivan of New York and Mrs. Martin Kotch of Syracuse.



(Extracted from Class of '66 40th Reunion Yearbook)

John "Doc" Doherty

The following tributes to Doc Doherty were provided in response to the following request:

"I came across your website and the recent publication “Green Side Out” while looking for information on my Godfather 2LT John William Doherty. John died when I was almost 3, so I never really knew him. He was a close friend of my parents, who were quite traumatized by his death and never really spoke about him out of deep sadness.

I would very much appreciate your forwarding this to anyone who might be willing to share their memories of his time in the Marines or USNA.

Thanks,
Peter O’Brien
Carlsbad, CA"

***

Dear Peter,

I was a TBS classmate of your godfather's. I was not also a USNA classmate, as were a majority of his fellow lieutenants in Company C, TBS. I was, however, his classmate at the Peddie School. So my memories of him were earlier than any other Marine's. In Doc's senior year at Peddie ('62) I attended as a post-grad student. It was a small school (his senior class was just less that 100 students), so even if not close, we all knew each other, even if not well. Your godfather was the sort of fellow who never had enemies. That is what I remember about him first. He had his own goals and direction, but never used others to achieve either. He wasn't particularly a leader in the areas that high schoolers are attracted to, in that he didn't play quarterback nor did he play lead saxophone in the band. What he did do, however, is to grind his way toward Annapolis and when I say grind, that is what it was for most who succeeded in getting there. It was highly competitive and to stand out you had to stand tall in many areas, not just be a hero in one. Doc worked hard and his resulting appointment seemed unsurprising to me. The only surprise was that I manage to get selected for a NROTC scholarship at Ole Miss. So the two of us began college as midshipmen, only at different schools.

Then low and behold my first day at TBS Quantico I turn the corner and run right into Doc. He hadn't changed. He wanted to be a ground combat (infantry/arty/ tanks) officer and since assignment was on merit, Doc was again grinding out the curriculum. There wasn't much choice in that company because most lieutenants were his academy classmates and so no dummies. The rest were NROTC or lawyers. I pretty much chased coeds at Mary Washington college; John worked hard and got an assignment he wanted. So we weren't out gallivanting weekends together, but we lived no more that 6 or 7 doors apart. I'd slouch down late afternoon and shoot the breeze regularly. Though Annapolis wasn't shard, our common intersection at the Peddie school kept us comfortably together.

We ended up in the same same Marine Division in Vietnam, up on the DMZ. Doc went to artillery school en-route so he got there a bit after me. I was at Con Thien; Doc was just a few miles east of there when he was killed. There was no instant news back then, just grapevine, so it took months for me to learn Doc had been killed. At the time I was busy, really busy, so I didn't send condolences home as I should have done.

I do have a commemorative medal to send to Doc's brother and a short history/reflection of 1967. I've got to get his address from Peddie. I'll see if I can't send you something too.

My thoughts on Doc: Nobody aims to get killed. Nobody. But few people ever worked as hard to put themselves in a venue that constitutes harm's way with greater determination than did Doc. He was easily attracted to the hard choice. If safe meant easy he wasn't interested. What set him apart was an iron determination that hid behind a warm smile. He wasn't the sort of fellow that expected every one to match his determination, so a smile did set comfortably on his face. But when you knew him, you knew how much he demanded of himself.

It does no good at all to question what good ultimately came of his circumstances up on the DMZ, when you understand that no one could have stood stood in his way to being there. Fate snatched him off that small hill side; his determination put him there.

Remember him accordingly.

Respectfully,
Col Bob Lewis, Marines (ret.)

***

I knew Doc at both Peddie (for a couple of years) and at Canoe U.)...although not well at either location. When Peddie decided to honor Doc (and I think some others) I sent the school, via email, everything I knew, or thought I knew, about the circumstances of his death...which was next to nothing. As a platoon commander with 9th ESB at the time, my Marines were just kind of bouncing around within III MAF in a direct support role from one infantry unit to the next. I think we were @ Union II north of Tam Ky when I got word of Doc's death.

...I remember him as being a quiet, friendly, laid-back kind of guy -- not the kind of guy I would have expected to see later at Annapolis or in the Corps.....but, then again, I didn't really know him well enough to make that judgment.

...Sorry I can't add much for Mr. O'Brien, other than to say that Doc was a Hell of a guy, loved by everyone who did know him, and died before his time......but for his country. Buck Thompson

***

Hi Peter, My room was across the hall from John in Basic School and then we were at Fort Sill together. While in Vietnam Nam, I wrote John a letter. A month or two later, I received a letter from his

mother telling me that he had been killed in action. She also referred to an article in Time magazine about his being killed.
John was a great person and very intelligent. Hope this helps you out a little.
Semper Fi,
Bill Bau

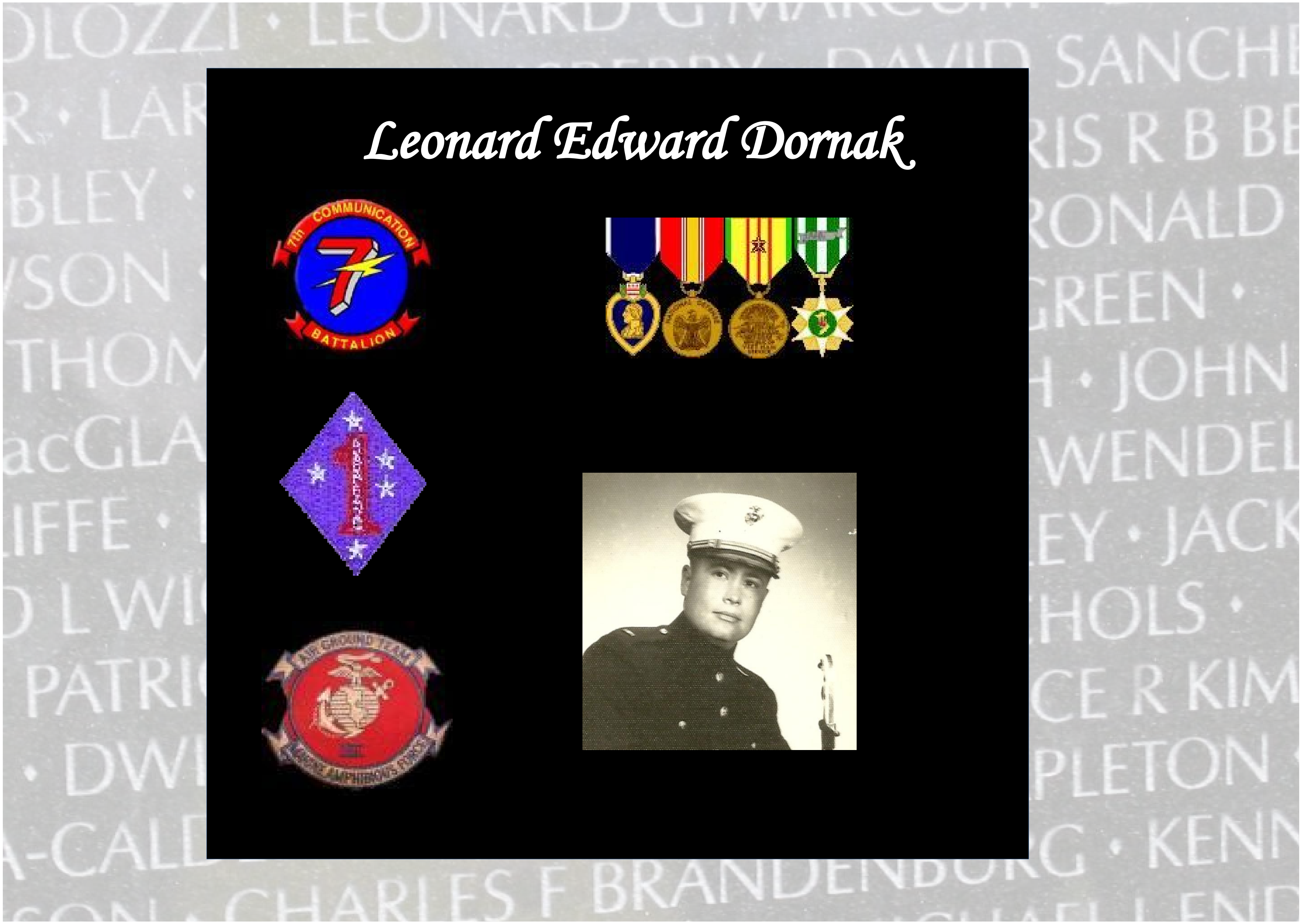
***

He was 6th company USNA. We went through artillery school together. He went straight to Nam and I went by way of Air Observer School. Ironically and sadly, when I arrived in country on 4 July, I replaced Doc who was KIA near Con Thien on 2 July. I replaced him in D/2/12. He was assigned as an FO with 2/9 when they were overrun near Con Thien the first week of July, '67. The battery commander who was killed on our first day on Con Thien was Ed Brown, USNA class of 1958.
Semper Fi,
Chuck Tebrich

***

John "Doc" Doherty (very early KIA) – one of the best guys ever! Skip Stephenson

Leonard Edward Dornak



Leonard Edward Dornak

7th COMMUNICATION
BATTALION
AIR GROUND TEAM
III
MARINE AMPHIBIOUS FORCE

Leonard Edward Dornak

POSTED ON 4.21.2020

POSTED BY: Marco Felix

CPL Marco Felix

LT. Dornak was my Commanding Officer in Vietnam I don't know if we were in Phu Bai or Dong Ha. He had invited me to fly with him to DaNang since I was on emergency leave I decided to wait for a C 130 plane. I mentioned to him that I felt more comfortable on a plane. Rest in Peace Sir we stood with you all the way. SEMPER Fidelis.

POSTED ON 1.19.2013

POSTED BY: Tom Downey

You are not forgotten, Marine.

Leonard and I were in the same platoon at Marine OCS during the summer of 1965 at Marine Corps Base, Quantico, VA. In the attached photo, he is 'front-and-center,' holding the platoon's sign.

POSTED ON 7.12.2012

POSTED BY: Mike Prendergast

An Edsman Remembered

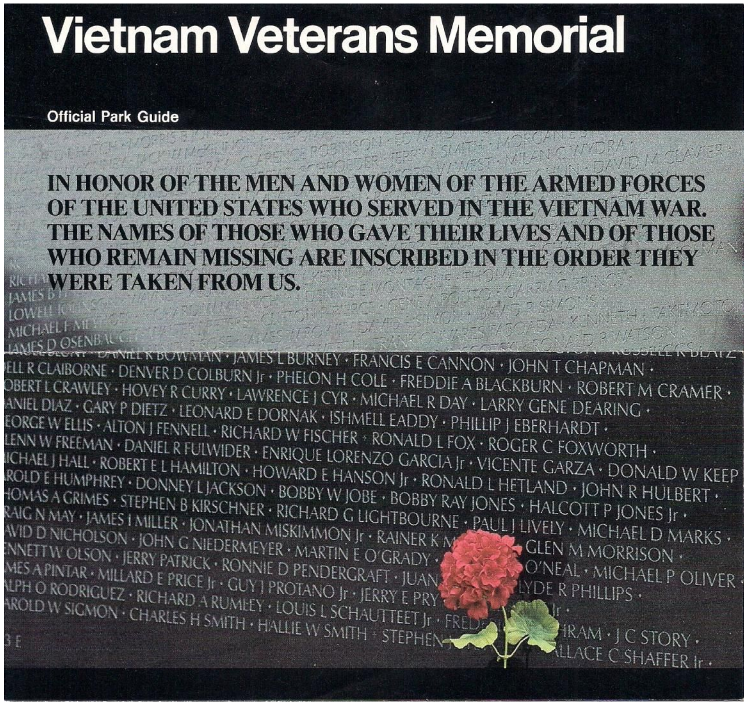
Lt. Dornak was a graduate of St. Edward's University, Class of 1966, in Austin, TX. He recieved a B.S. in Business Administration. I remember him as a fierce competitor in intramural sports while a student at St. Ed's. It's no surprise that he chose to serve as an officer in the Marine Corps. This Edsman will not forget his sacrifice. He is commemorated, along with other fallen alumni, on a plaque in the Campus Chapel. Semper Fi MLPSEU '62

War Story: (note: This account by CH-53 Pilot Peter Starn has been edited to make it shorter and appropriate for the intended audience. The entire account can be accessed at the link at the end of the article)
The MAG-16 Command Chronology for 8 Jan reads: "At 1915H one HMH-463 CH-53A (YH-37 Bureau Number 153710) was declared overdue and missing after disappearing during an IFR flight. Search and rescue operations commenced." On the 9th and 10th, "The search for the missing CH-53A aircraft continued with negative sightings and search operations hampered by inclement weather." On the 11th, "The wreckage of the missing CH-53A aircraft was sighted by search aircraft at coord. YD234260, no apparent survivors. Adverse weather conditions precluded a search of the crash site until 19 Jan when a recon team was inserted. The aircraft suffered severe burn damage and there was no possibility of survivors." In the casualties (hostile) section, the names of the five crew members are listed and the place is described at 18 miles S Dong Ha, RVN. Ray Kelley's request for details on Fred Schram's plane crash definitely gave me goose bumps in terms of a 30-year flashback. I have been to the mass grave site at Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery outside of St. Louis several times and I have spent time both at the grave marker for Fred's crash, as well as at the grave marker for Bill Dietz and Lou Tessier's crash. This area of the cemetery is reserved for mass graves, primarily crashes from

World War II, Korea and Vietnam.

As you may recall, I grew up in St. Louis and my folks retired to Columbia, Missouri. So when I flew into St. Louis to visit them periodically, while they were still living, prior to starting the several hour drive to Columbia, I sometimes took a detour to the Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery to spend some time in quiet revere before I went on to visit my folks. Each time that experience provoked for me a lot of the same reactions that I have when I visit the Vietnam War Memorial in Washington. (...Parts omitted for brevity). The story unfolded something like this. Fred and his co-pilot, John Chapman, were flying a reasonably routine logistics flight. As I recall, they had had a mission flying out of Dong Ha for the day with resupplies to the Demilitarized Zone and/or Khe Sahn. In the afternoon, at the end of their mission, they were returning to Danang from Dong Ha and were requested to take a load of passengers from Dong Ha to Phu Bai. It was monsoon season and the weather was overcast with the ceiling at approximately 1,000 feet. ... Fred took off at 16:40 (local time) and flew the route for which they had been cleared.

As you and I know, a number of crashes occurred in Vietnam where the effort to find the wreckage was fairly limited, if the crash site location was not readily ascertainable. ... However, in the case of Fred's crash, with the SAR flights grounded, a force of recon Marines and a Marine engineering company made efforts, on the 9th and 10th of January, to find Fred's crash site from the ground . This amount of effort was unusual. We were later told that the reason for this extraordinary effort was not due to the large number of people who were on board the helicopter, but instead was due to the fact that one of the people on board was the G2 officer for the Third Marine Amphibious Force, a bird colonel, who had a fire proof attaché case with him which contained all of the defensive maps for the entire DMZ (Demilitarized Zone), including the locations for all of the defensive mine fields. ... By the way, I understand the recon Marines recovered the Colonel's attaché case with the maps intact. To my knowledge, in terms of fatalities, Fred's crash remains the worst helicopter tragedy in the history of the world. photograph from the July 22, 1968 St. Louis Post Dispatch of the burial ceremony and report of the air crash. If they would like to have a copy, I would be happy to send them one or answer any other questions they might have, although I think the foregoing pretty well sets forth most of what I know and recall. If you succeed in getting a copy of the official accident report, I'd be very interested in seeing it. Semper Fi 13 Feb 1998, Peter Starn



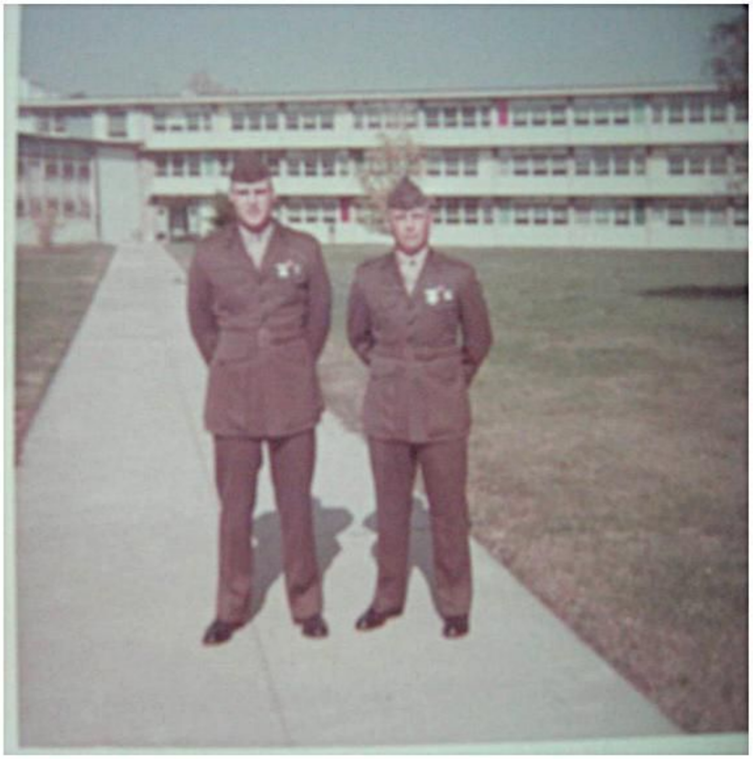
Vietnam Veterans Memorial

Official Park Guide

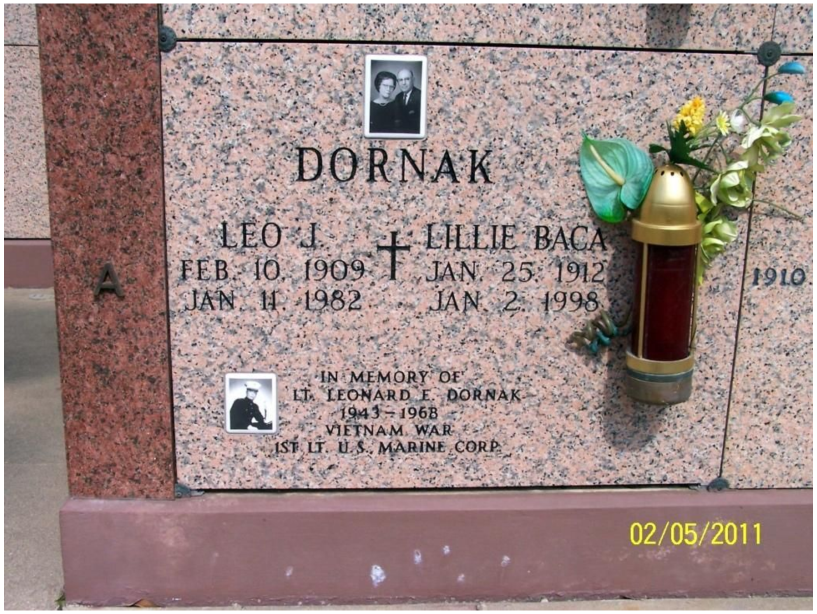
IN HONOR OF THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES WHO SERVED IN THE VIETNAM WAR. THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES AND OF THOSE WHO REMAIN MISSING ARE INSCRIBED IN THE ORDER THEY WERE TAKEN FROM US.

JAMES D OSENBA
DANIEL R BOWMAN · JAMES L BURNEY · FRANCIS E CANNON · JOHN T CHAPMAN ·
ELL R CLAIBORNE · DENVER D COLBURN Jr · PHELON H COLE · FREDDIE A BLACKBURN · ROBERT M CRAMER ·
OBERT L CRAWLEY · HOVEY R CURRY · LAWRENCE J CYR · MICHAEL R DAY · LARRY GENE DEARING ·
ANIEL DIAZ · GARY P DIETZ · LEONARD E DORNAK · ISHMELL EADDY · PHILLIP J EBERHARDT ·
EORGE W ELLIS · ALTON J FENNELL · RICHARD W FISCHER · RONALD L FOX · ROGER C FOXWORTH ·
LENN W FREEMAN · DANIEL R FULWIDER · ENRIQUE LORENZO GARCIA Jr · VICENTE GARZA · DONALD W KEEP
ICHAEL J HALL · ROBERT E L HAMILTON · HOWARD E HANSON Jr · RONALD L HETLAND · JOHN R HULBERT ·
AROLD E HUMPHREY · DONNEY L JACKSON · BOBBY W JOBE · BOBBY RAY JONES · HALCOTT P JONES Jr ·
HOMAS A GRIMES · STEPHEN B KIRSCHNER · RICHARD G LIGHTBOURNE · PAUL J LIVELY · MICHAEL D MARKS ·
RAIG N MAY · JAMES I MILLER · JONATHAN MISKIMMON Jr · RAINER K M · GLEN M MORRISON ·
AVID D NICHOLSON · JOHN G NIEDERMEYER · MARTIN E O'GRADY · O'NEAL · MICHAEL P OLIVER ·
ENNETT W OLSON · JERRY PATRICK · RONNIE D PENDERGRAFT · JUAN · LYDE R PHILLIPS ·
MES A PINTAR · MILLARD E PRICE Jr · GUY J PROTANO Jr · JERRY E PRY · Jr ·
ALPH O RODRIGUEZ · RICHARD A RUMLEY · LOUIS L SCHAUTTEET Jr · FRED · HRAM · J C STORY ·
AROLD W SIGMON · CHARLES H SMITH · HALLIE W SMITH · STEPHEN · ALLACE C SHAFFER Jr ·
3 E

Leonard Edward Dornak

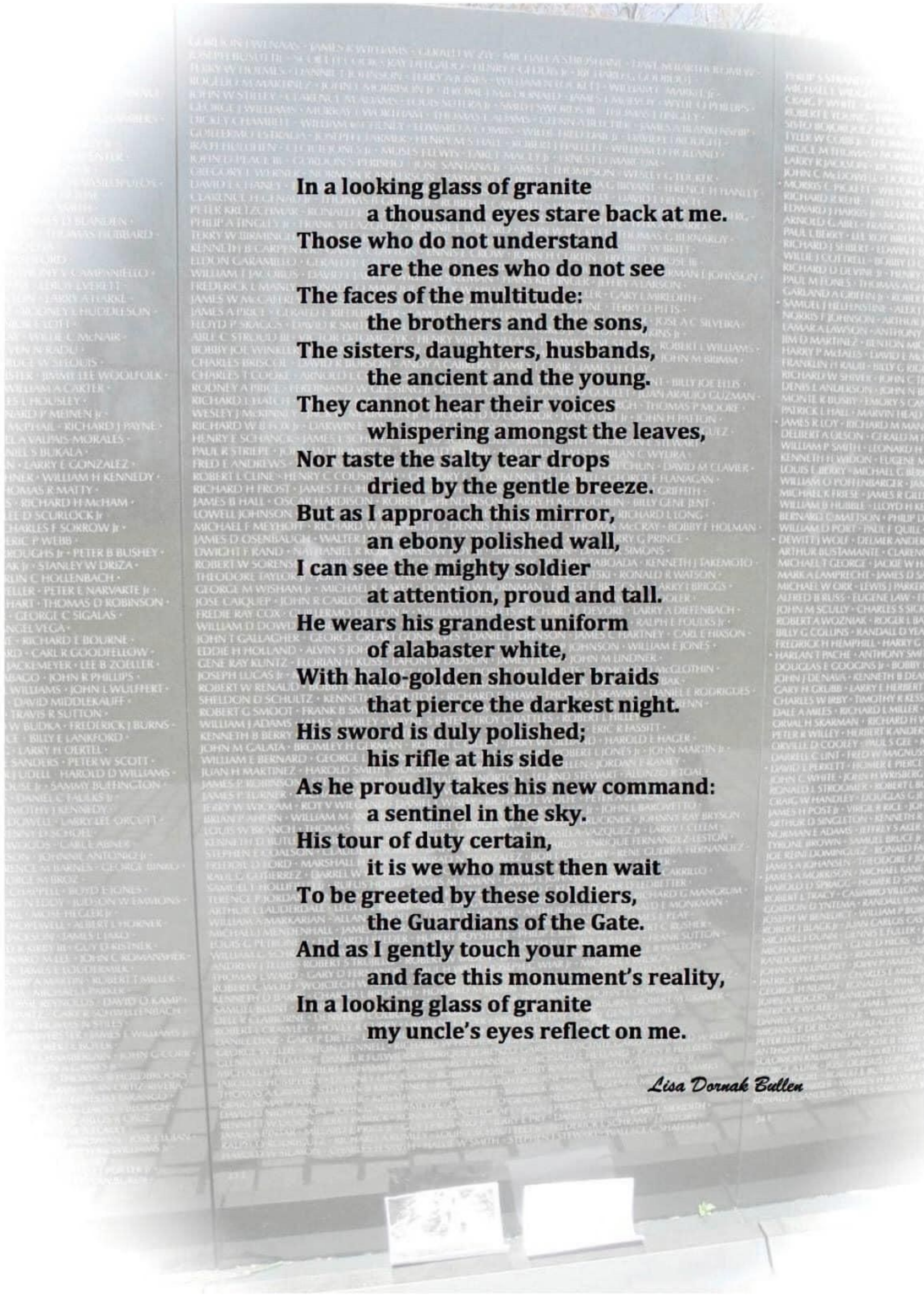


Belatti and Dornak


DORNAK
LEO J.
FEB. 10, 1909
JAN. 11, 1982
LILLIE BACA
JAN. 25, 1912
JAN. 2, 1998
A
1910
IN MEMORY OF
LT. LEONARD E. DORNAK
1943 – 1968
VIETNAM WAR
1ST LT. U.S. MARINE CORP

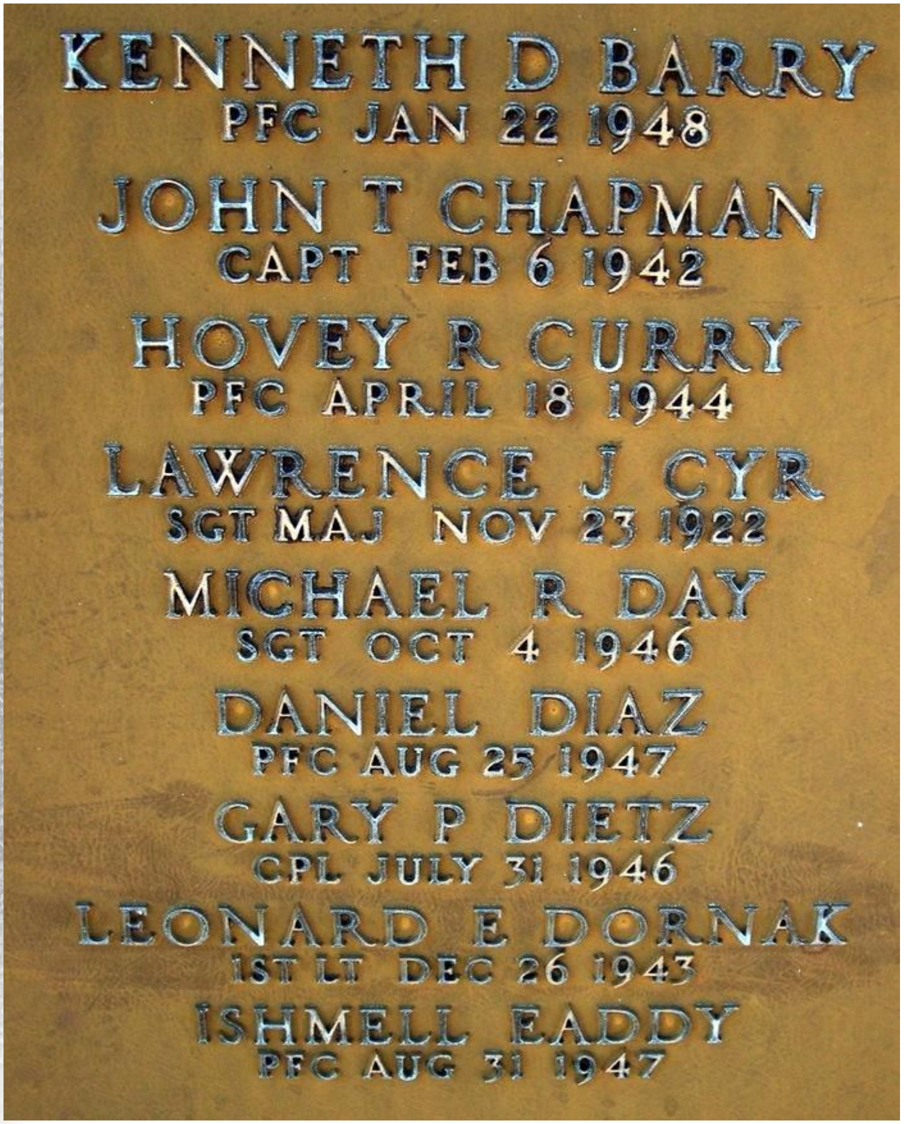
02/05/2011

Leonard Edward Dornak

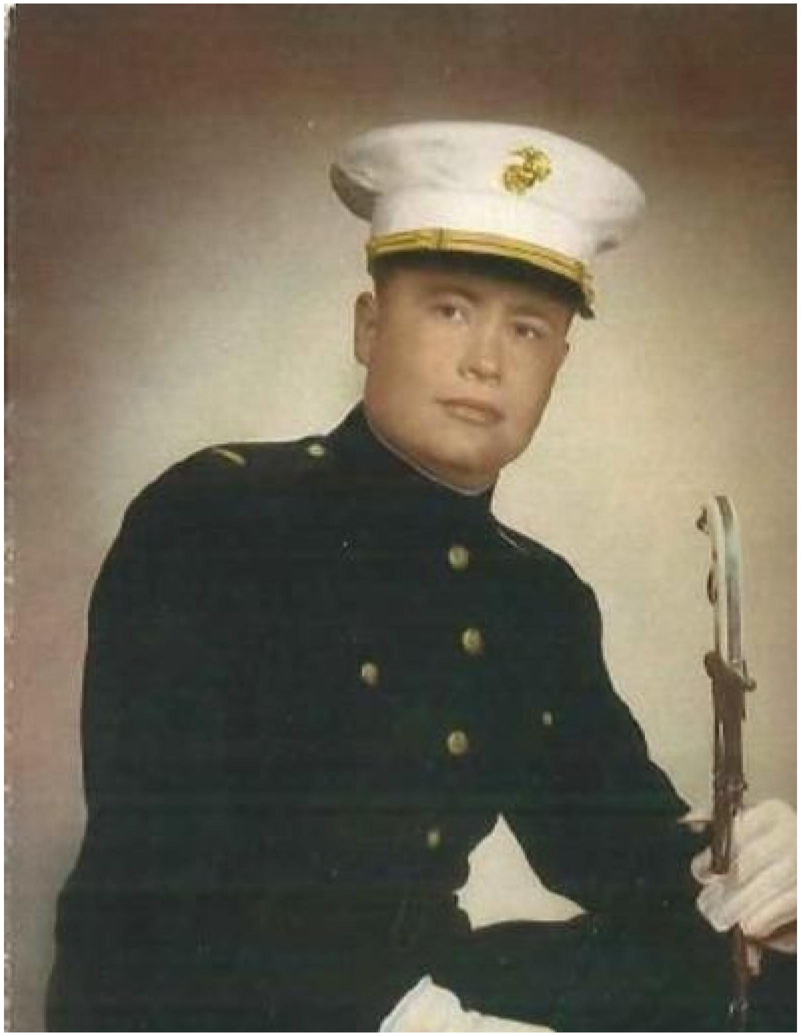


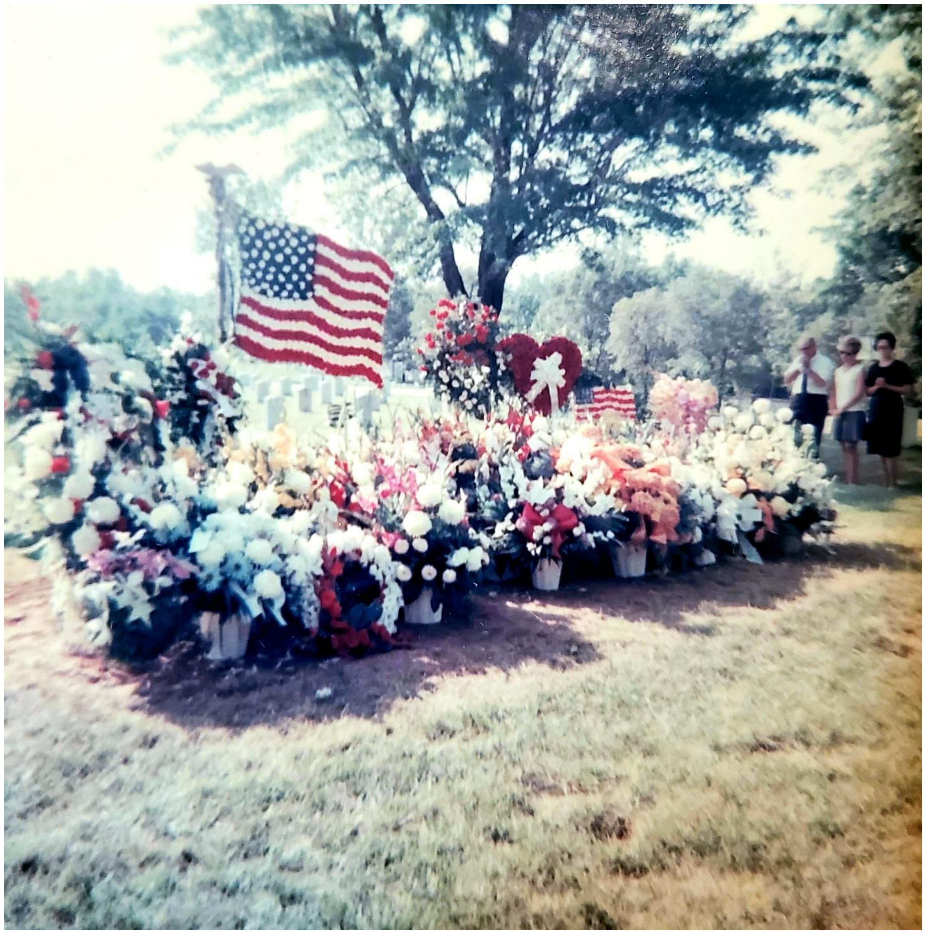
In a looking glass of granite
a thousand eyes stare back at me.
Those who do not understand
are the ones who do not see
The faces of the multitude:
the brothers and the sons,
The sisters, daughters, husbands,
the ancient and the young.
They cannot hear their voices
whispering amongst the leaves,
Nor taste the salty tear drops
dried by the gentle breeze.
But as I approach this mirror,
an ebony polished wall,
I can see the mighty soldier
at attention, proud and tall.
He wears his grandest uniform
of alabaster white,
With halo-golden shoulder braids
that pierce the darkest night.
His sword is duly polished;
his rifle at his side
As he proudly takes his new command:
a sentinel in the sky.
His tour of duty certain,
it is we who must then wait
To be greeted by these soldiers,
the Guardians of the Gate.
And as I gently touch your name
and face this monument's reality,
In a looking glass of granite
my uncle's eyes reflect on me.

Lisa Dornak Bullen


KENNETH D BARRY
PFC JAN 22 1948
JOHN T CHAPMAN
CAPT FEB 6 1942
HOVEY R CURRY
PFC APRIL 18 1944
LAWRENCE J CYR
SGT MAJ NOV 23 1922
MICHAEL R DAY
SGT OCT 4 1946
DANIEL DIAZ
PFC AUG 25 1947
GARY P DIETZ
CPL JULY 31 1946
LEONARD E DORNAK
1ST LT DEC 26 1943
ISHMELL EADDY
PFC AUG 31 1947

Leonard Edward Dornak

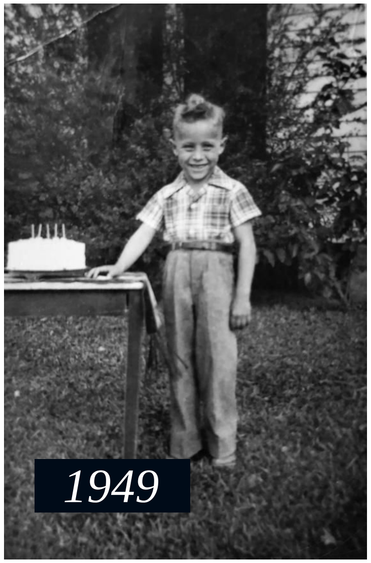




Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery
July, 1968

Leonard Edward Dornak

Photographs Contributed by Family and Friends



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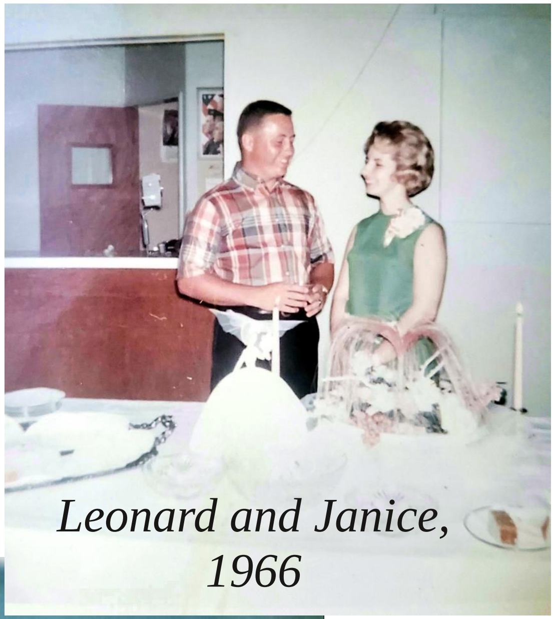
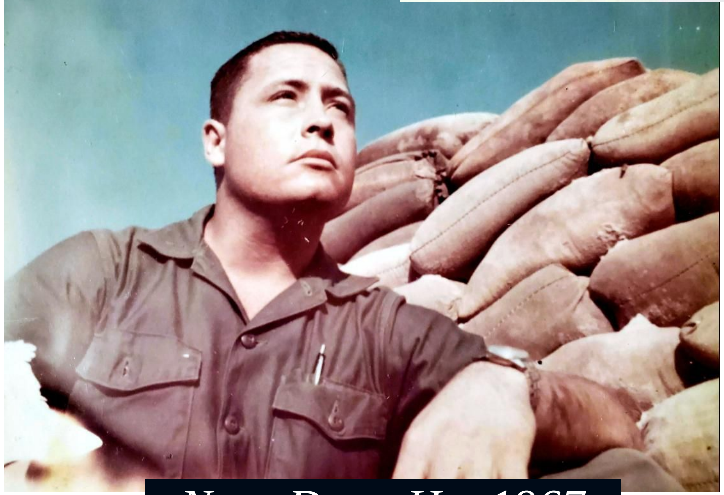
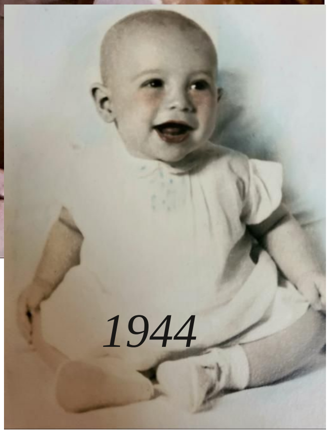


Leonard and Janice, 1966

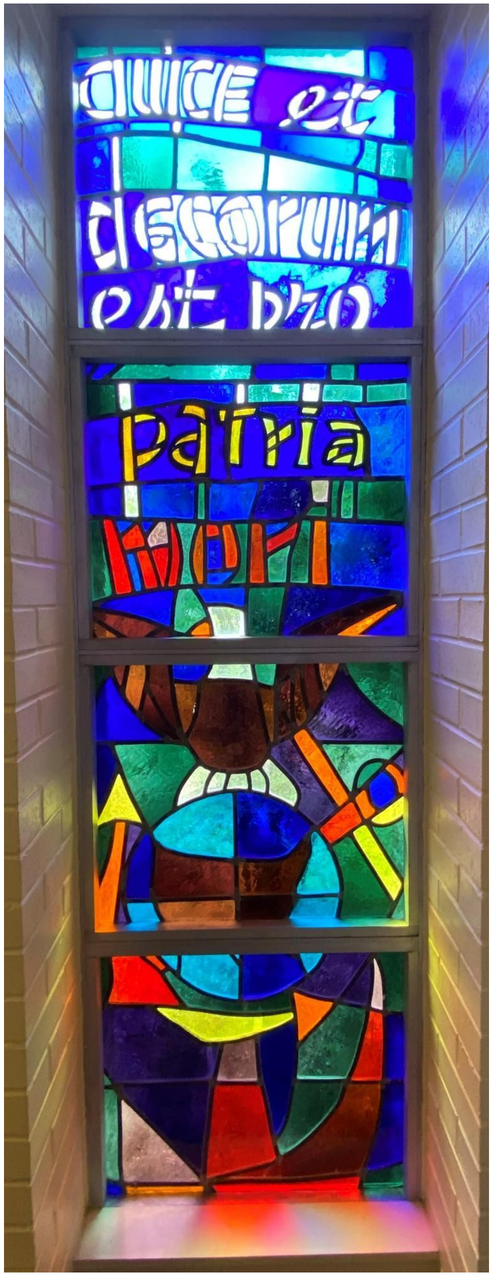


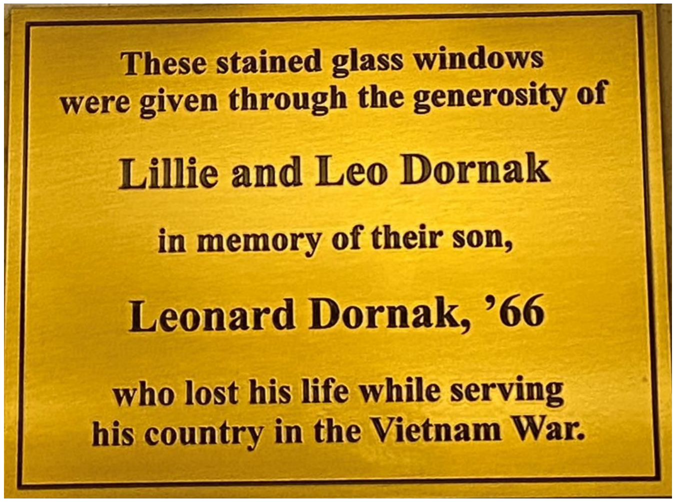
Near Dong Ha, 1967



1944

Leonard Edward Dornak





These stained glass windows
were given through the generosity of

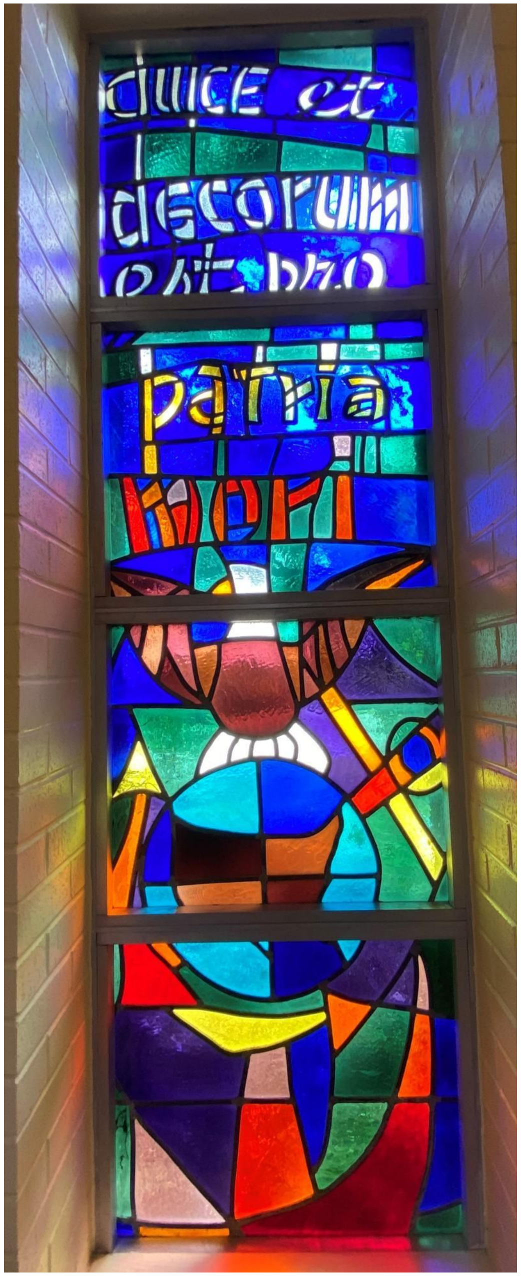
Lillie and Leo Dornak

in memory of their son,

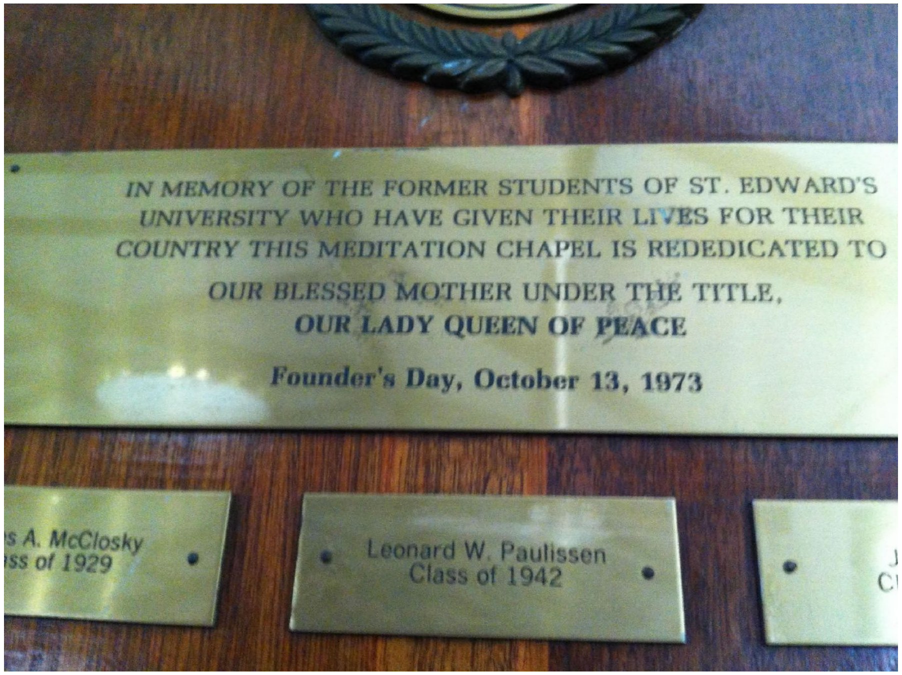
Leonard Dornak, '66

who lost his life while serving
his country in the Vietnam War.

These are the two stained glass windows that were erected in a Chapel in Premont Hall at St. Edward's University to honor 1/Lt. Len Dornak. The windows were erected by his parents and the graduating class of 1969 to honor Len ('66) because when he was a senior, he mentored the freshman students living in that dorm. Len graduated with a degree in History. He was a member of Campus Counsel 2559 of the Knights of Columbus. As mentioned above, he was a Hall Counselor. He also participated in intramural athletics during his four years on campus. Len participated in the "Semper Fidelis Society" on campus comprised of members of the Marine Corps PLC program and was subsequently commissioned during his class graduation.



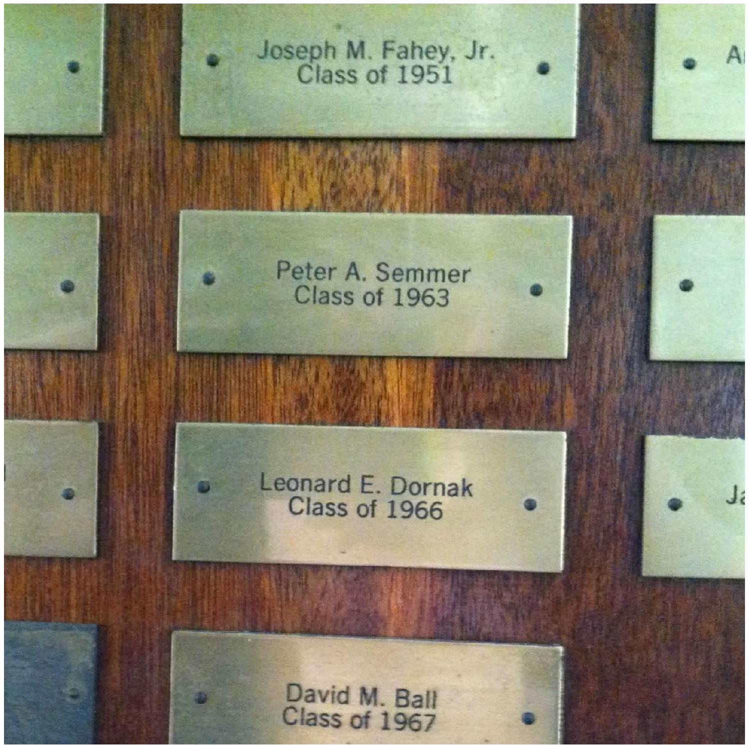
Leonard Edward Dornak



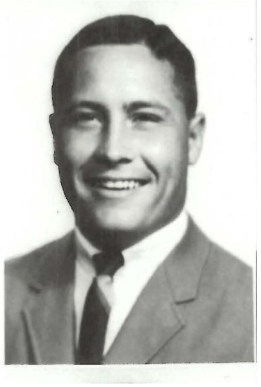
IN MEMORY OF THE FORMER STUDENTS OF ST. EDWARD'S UNIVERSITY WHO HAVE GIVEN THEIR LIVES FOR THEIR COUNTRY THIS MEDITATION CHAPEL IS REDEDICATED TO OUR BLESSED MOTHER UNDER THE TITLE, OUR LADY QUEEN OF PEACE

Founder's Day, October 13, 1973

s A. McClosky
ss of 1929
Leonard W. Paulissen
Class of 1942



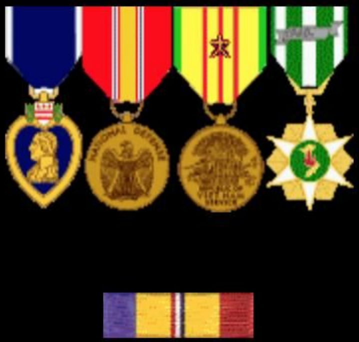
Joseph M. Fahey, Jr.
Class of 1951
Peter A. Semmer
Class of 1963
Leonard E. Dornak
Class of 1966
David M. Ball
Class of 1967

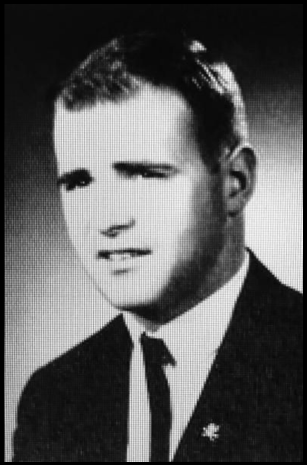


Len Dornak was a 1966 Graduate of St. Edwards University in Austin, TX. Mike Prendergast, a fellow Alumnus and Vietnam Veteran provided the pictures of the Chapel Window, yearbook photo, and of the plaque commemorating St. Edward's graduates who had died in the line of duty.

Michael W. Downey

Michael Wakefield Downey





February 16, 1944 – July 1, 1967

POSTED ON 10.12.2014

POSTED BY: MICHELE DOWNEY NASH

MY UNCLE MIKE

You died two years before I was born but you so loved by your family and friends. Your death was of such great loss for my father (your older brother) I have heard through the years what a genuine, honest and funny man you were. I am named after you (Michele) and am so proud to carry your name. I know we will meet again in heaven and know you will greet me with open arms. Even though I never met you, you are in my thoughts and I love you so very much. Thank you for fighting for our country so that we may be free.

I love you
Michele

POSTED ON 7.2.2015

POSTED BY: MARTHA RAMSEY LAWRENCE

MIKE

I remember you and Paul fondly, Mike, from happier times in Dover/Needham. God bless you, your family and all the beautiful young men from Needham who served and sacrificed.

POSTED ON 2.16.2018

POSTED BY: DENNIS WRISTON

I'M PROUD OF OUR VIETNAM VETERANS

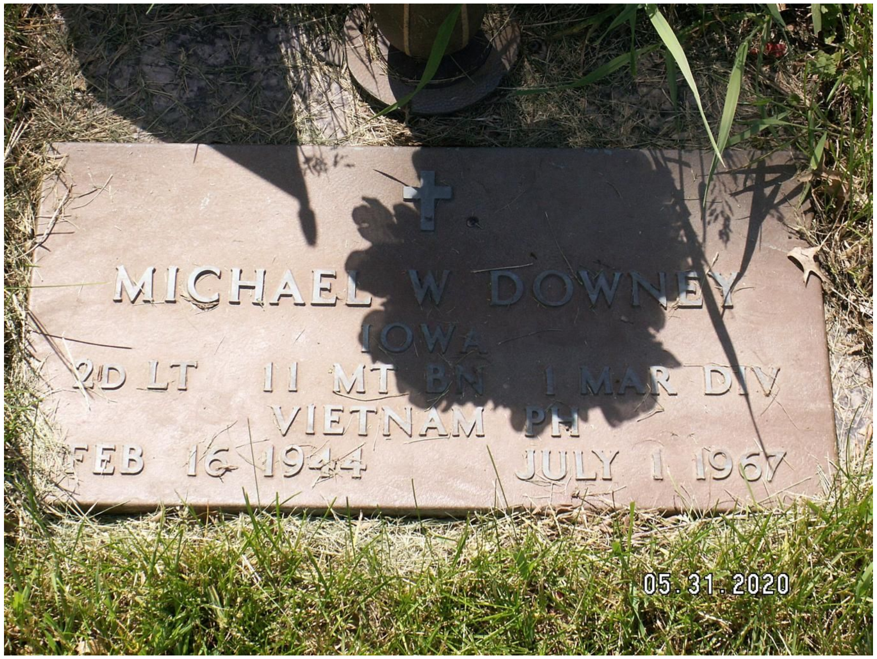
Second Lieutenant Michael Wakefield Downey, Served with Company B, 11th Motor Transportation Battalion, 1st Marine Division, Third Marine Amphibious Force.

POSTED ON 10.10.2009

POSTED BY: ROBERT SAGE

WE REMEMBER

Michael is buried at Memorial Gardens in Dubuque, Iowa.



POSTED ON 11.12.2003

POSTED BY: WILL LOVITT

A GREAT GUY

I was a platoon leader with Mike. When his convoy was ambushed, I went out to bring it back. I think of him every day. I hope his wife, child and family have done well.

Michael W. Downey

POSTED ON 1.14.2003

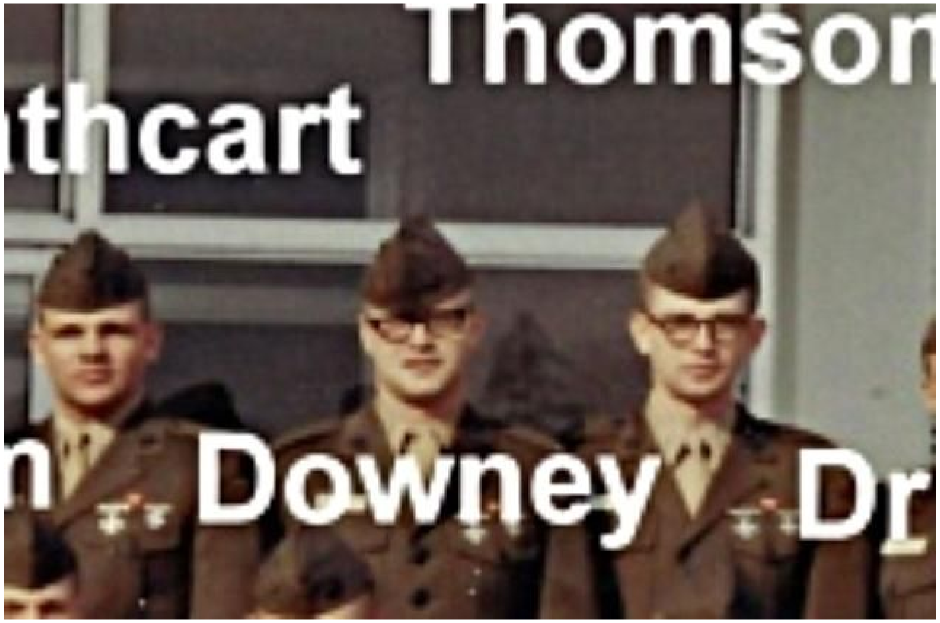
POSTED BY: KEN KROH

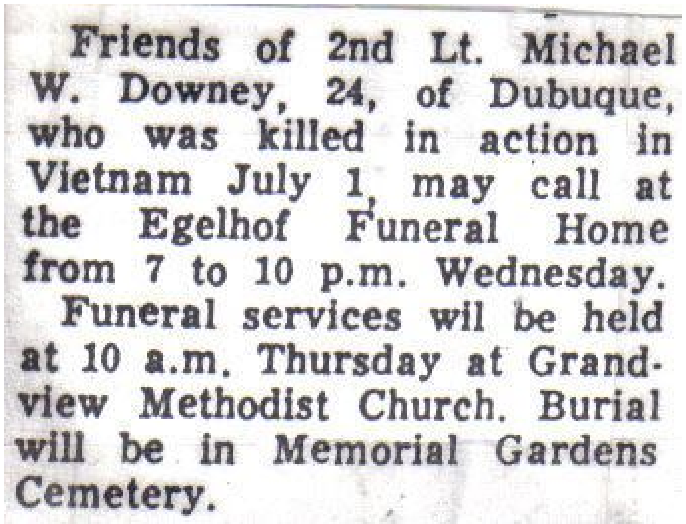
GOOD GUY

I WAS IN THE 11th. MOTOR T BN. AND DROVE RADIO JEEP FOR LT. DOWNEY PRIOR TO HIS DEATH. A GREAT GUY AND FINE MARINE. I STILL THINK OF HIM. SEMPER FI

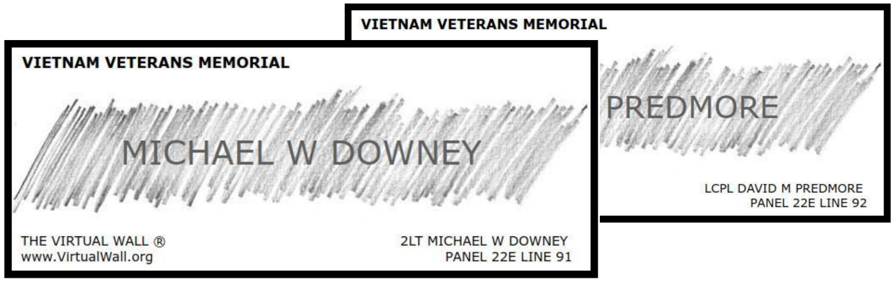
Last Known Activity

Lt Downey was killed instantly when his jeep hit a mine only 4 KM from An Hoa airfield. Also KIA that day was radio operator LCpl David Predmore who was a passenger in a truck travelling in a convoy with Lt Downey's jeep.





Friends of 2nd Lt. Michael W. Downey, 24, of Dubuque, who was killed in action in Vietnam July 1, may call at the Egelhof Funeral Home from 7 to 10 p.m. Wednesday. Funeral services wil be held at 10 a.m. Thursday at Grandview Methodist Church. Burial will be in Memorial Gardens Cemetery.



VIETNAM VETERANS MEMORIAL

MICHAEL W DOWNEY

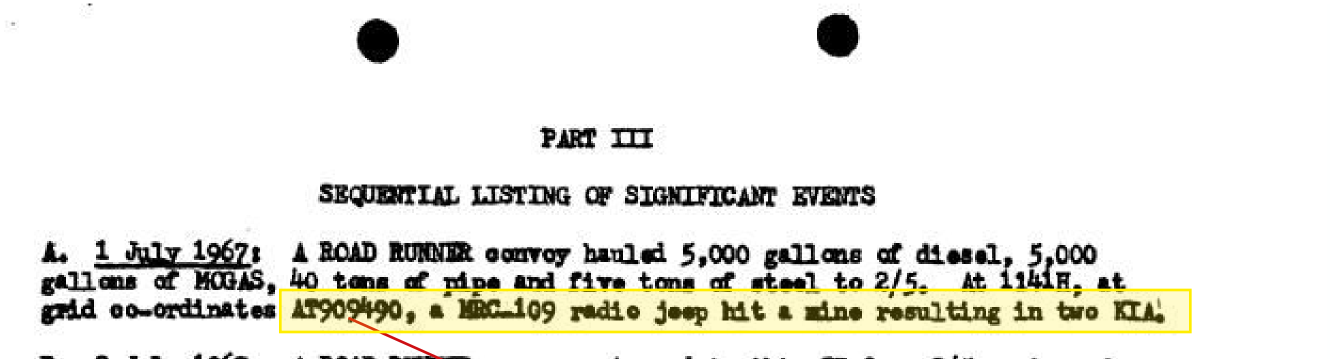
THE VIRTUAL WALL ®
www.VirtualWall.org

2LT MICHAEL W DOWNEY
PANEL 22E LINE 91

VIETNAM VETERANS MEMORIAL

PREDMORE

LCPL DAVID M PREDMORE
PANEL 22E LINE 92

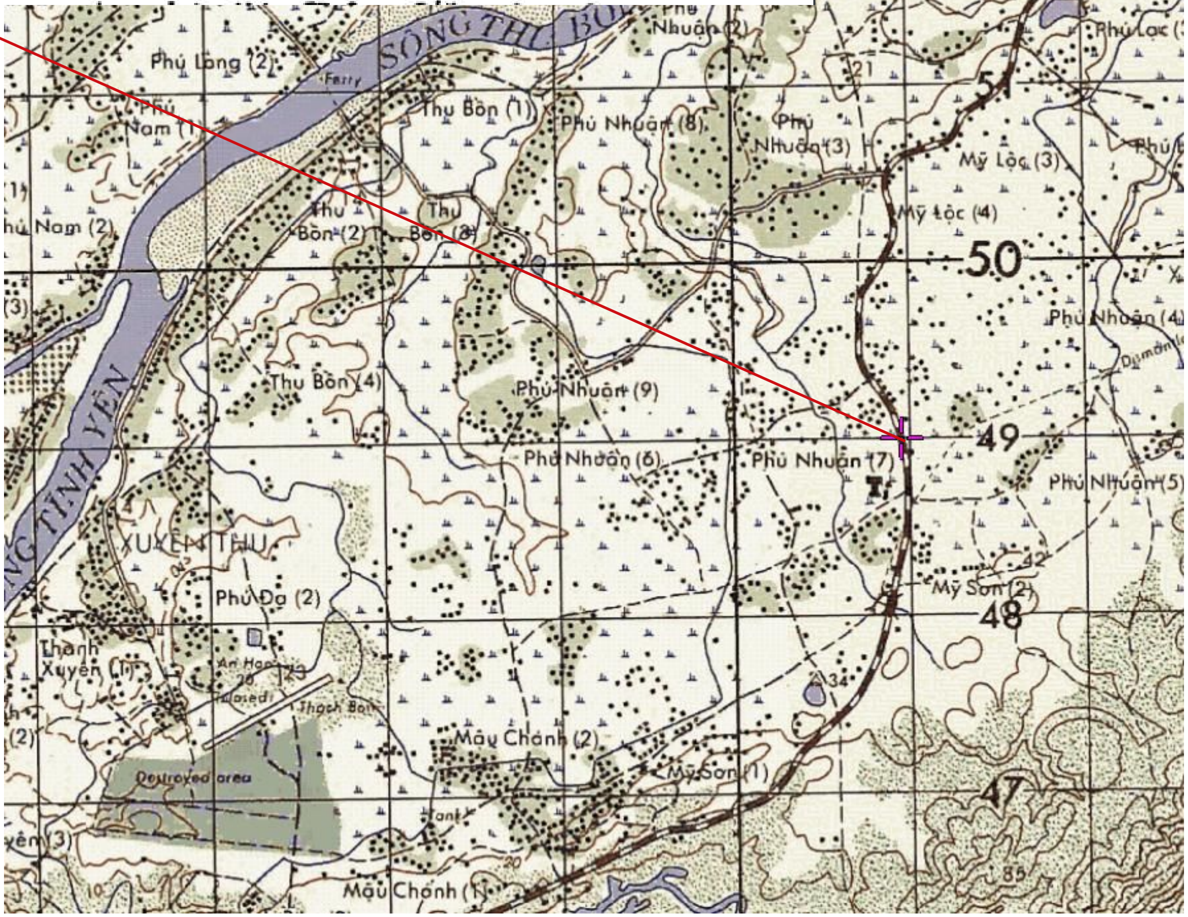


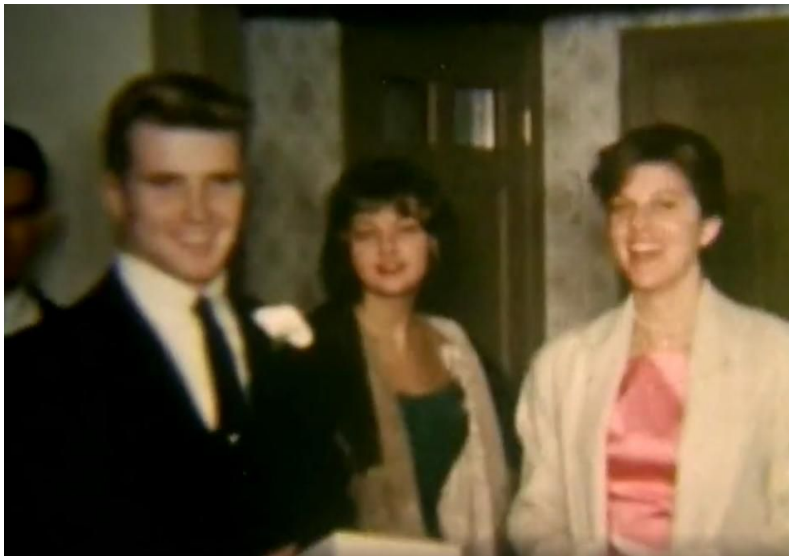
PART III

SEQUENTIAL LISTING OF SIGNIFICANT EVENTS

A. 1 July 1967: A ROAD RUNNER convoy hauled 5,000 gallons of diesel, 5,000 gallons of MOGAS, 40 tons of pipe and five tons of steel to 2/5. At 1141H, at grid co-ordinates AT909490, a MRC-109 radio jeep hit a mine resulting in two KIA.

11TH MOTOR TRANSPORT
BATTALION
THE ROLLING 11TH


SÔNG THU BỒN
SÔNG TỊNH YÊN
Phú Long (2)
Phú Nam (1)
Phú Nam (2)
Ferry
Thu Bồn (1)
Thu Bồn (2)
Thu Bồn (3)
Thu Bồn (4)
Phú Nhuận (2)
Phú Nhuận (3)
Phú Nhuận (4)
Phú Nhuận (5)
Phú Nhuận (6)
Phú Nhuận (7)
Phú Nhuận (8)
Phú Nhuận (9)
Phú Lộc
Mỹ Lộc (3)
Mỹ Lộc (4)
Mỹ Sơn (1)
Mỹ Sơn (2)
XUYÊN THỌ
Phú Đa (2)
Thanh Xuyên (1)
An Hòa (closed)
Thạch Bàn
Destroyed area
Mậu Chánh (1)
Mậu Chánh (2)
51
50
49
48
47



Mike Downey and Louisa Dodkin (pink), HS Prom Night

The pictures on this page were provided by a friend of the Downey family, Gary Dodkin. "Mike was dating my sister Louisa Dodkin (Weezie) and fortunately, my father made home movies and memories of Mike now live on through this short clip.
I thought Mike was the absolutely coolest guy in the world and I looked up to him with awe from the perspective of a wide-eyed 10 year old boy.
Years later I was truly saddened when I learned he was taken .....
I visited Needham in 2008 and walked my old neighborhood, pausing at the house where Mike lived and offered a prayer on Mikes behalf at that time and place. (his house photo is attached)

I also attached a photo of the Needham High School he and my sister attended."

Mike's First Car...Black '49 Ford

First, I wanted to say thank you to the team for your service and for continued honoring of my Uncle and all of those that gave their lives in service to their country during that time.

As you may know, my Dad passed away a little over three years ago. My memories of Michael are from the stories he shared with me. Although my Dad did not speak with us about the war very often, he did speak of his life with Mike before the war.

Mike and my Dad's side of the family had quite a bit of tragedy with the loss of their Dad early in their lives. For my Dad, Mike was the spirit of the family. He was the great and fun-loving kid that brought life to the very difficult situation that they were in. My Dad always smiled when he spoke of Mike because of his love and energy that was so important to their family. The smile grew when he remembered Mike's sense of humor.

The loss of Mike devastated my Dad. He spoke of the strange feeling of leaving the war with his brother's body in the cargo bay. I can only imagine losing such an important and bright soul in your life. It affected him until the day he passed.

In honoring my Dad and Uncle Mike, I work to empower veterans of all era's through the love of dogs as the COO of Sierra Delta, a Veteran Organization founded by two Marines from the War on Terror era. Please take a look at our site and let me know if there is anything we can do to support the team. Here is the link: http://sierradelta.com

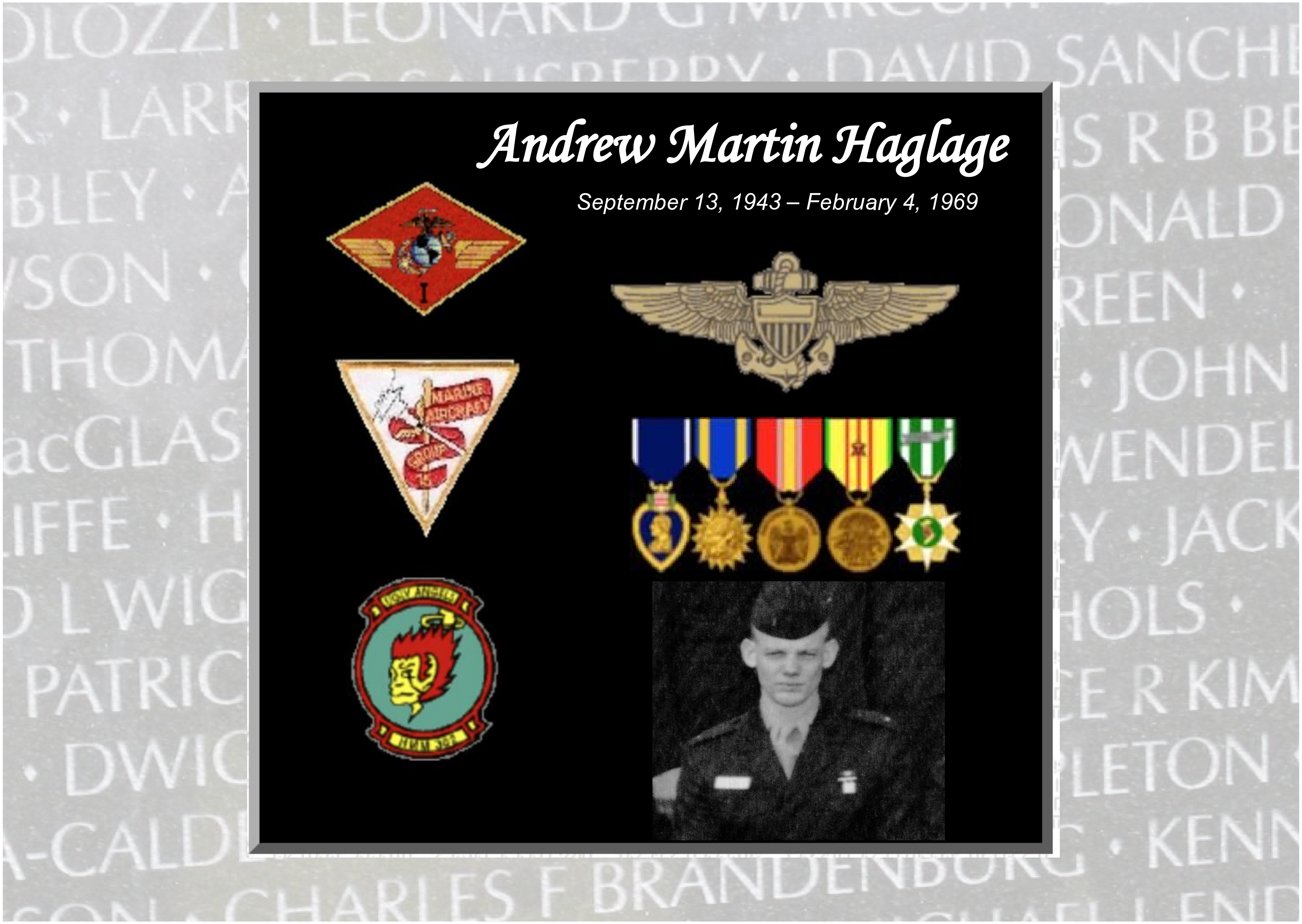
My sister is named after him and my Dad always thought I had his spirit. So Uncle Mike lives on through his family to this day. I know my Dad and Mike are together laughing and happy seeing their legacies carried on.

Best,
Sean Downey
626-375-8995

(From Mike's nephew, Sean. Mike's niece Michele sent the tribute on Page M-50 and the picture above)

Mike and his mother at his brother's wedding

Andrew Martin Haglage



Andrew Martin Haglage

September 13, 1943 – February 4, 1969

MARINE AIRCRAFT GROUP 16
UGLY ANGELS
HMM 362

POSTED ON 3.3.2019
POSTED BY: BILL WOOD
ALWAYS IN MY MIND AND HEART.

Andy was me roommate at Xavier. A guy couldn't ask for a kinder, gentler roomie who would give you the shirt off his back. As it turned out Andy gave his life for me. It has been 50 years and I still cry when I think about him. God gave us Andy for a short time and then reclaimed him for a higher purpose. As broken hearted as I am over Andy's death there is not one memory of him that does not bring a smile to my face. God bless you buddy.

POSTED ON 4.17.2019
POSTED BY: LARRY BUSH
DEAR FRIEND

My high school friend who was like a brother. Sadly taken from us too young.

POSTED ON 11.13.2018
POSTED BY: RON KATHMANN
THINKING OF YOU

Hey Andy, I've thought of you very often over the years. Remembering our time together in the Pershing Rifles at XU. Remembering you being in my wedding. Remembering you whenever I look at my daughter who is named after you. Her name is Andrea and I've told your brother about her, so your family knows. She's a good person. I'm proud of her and I know you would be too. I'm honored to have known you and will forever be your friend. Ron

POSTED ON 5.25.2018
POSTED BY: DENNIS COYNE
NOT FORGOTTEN

Dear Andy and all his family members. We remember, we celebrate, and we believe that will be reunited one day. I heard of your death while we were operating at the Polei Kleng SF west of Kontum that February day. My wife, Pat, wrote me. I thought of our days at Milford and our days at Xavier. You came back one day to recruit at Xavier while is was still in ROTC. You looked great in your uniform. You were so proud to be a Marine. You made me smile. We talked briefly and I was on my way. I wish we had more time, but it wasn't to be. As we remember those who had their lives taken in war, You and many others will be honored by us who had good fortune to return home.

God be with you, Andy Denny

POSTED ON 12.6.2017
POSTED BY: MARTIN A. HOFFMAN
A GOOD FRIEND

ANDY WAS A GOOD FRIEND TO ME 1961-64 WHEN HE AND I WERE IN THE JESUIT RELIGIOUS ORDER IN MILFORD OHIO

POSTED ON 11.11.2017
POSTED BY: BILL WOOD
MISSING YOU

I get to sit here and watch a hockey game, no cares in the world. You, Andy, while caring for me and every other American , gave your life. There are no greater heroes than those like you who made the ultimate sacrifice for others.
I think of you often and fondly remember the great times we had together at Xavier.

Andrew Martin Haglage

POSTED ON 5.29.2017

POSTED BY: BILL WOOD

REMEMBERING YOU ON THIS 2017 MEMORIAL DAY.

Andy, It was so great seeing you last month at the Vietnam Memorial. It has been nearly 50 years, Andy, but I still remember and cherish the great times we had together at Xavier. You were a good roommate and a better man. That you would give your life so that I could remain free tears me up to this day. I love you Andy. You are in my heart forever.

POSTED ON 4.3.2017

POSTED BY: BILL WOOD

ALWAYS THINKING OF YOU ANDY.

My wife and I are headed to the Memorial in DC Wednesday, my friend. I will see you there. Think of you almost every day, Andy.

POSTED ON 2.5.2016

POSTED BY: BILL WOOD - DLH

ALWAYS REMEMBERED

Xavier University - Class of 1966, Cincinnati, Ohio

POSTED ON 2.4.2016

POSTED BY: BILL WOOD XU '66 ONE OF ANDY'S ROOMMATES

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

Happy 73rd, Andy. You've missed your last 47, but you are still in our hearts. Xavier is having our 50th anniversary reunion this year. You will be there with me. Almost 50 years and it's still not easy. god bless you, Andy, and rest in peace.

POSTED ON 2.4.2016

POSTED BY: JERRY SANDWISCH WOOD CTY.OHIO NAM VET 1969-70 ARMY 173RD ABN BDE

YOU ARE NOT FORGOTTEN

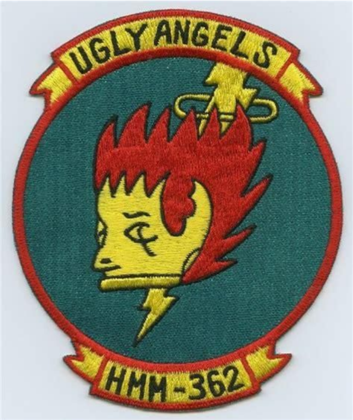
The war may be forgotten but the warrior will always be remembered !!!! All gave Some-Some gave All. Rest in peace Andrew.:-(

POSTED ON 2.5.2015

POSTED BY: BILL WOOD

HEY ANDY,

It's been over 50 years and I still think of you almost every day.
You were a good friend and great roommate.
Continued rest in peace my friend.



POSTED ON 2.4.2015

POSTED BY: A MARINE, USMC, VIETNAM

SEMPER FI

Semper Fi, Lt.

POSTED ON 1.24.2013

POSTED BY: BILL WOOD

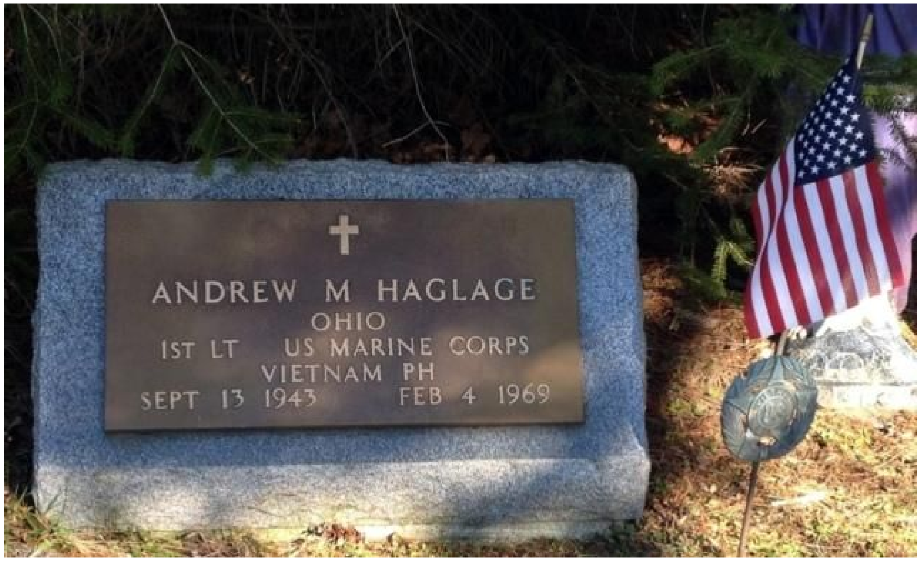
A DEAR FRIEND.

I was Andy's roommate at Xavier University in Cincinnati. Andy always had a smile on his face and would do anything for you...he was a good pal,a great friend and a gentle caring man.

Andrew Martin Haglage

Andy was in Marine ROTC at X and was dedicated to serving his country.

I think of him often and smile at the fun we had together.



Travel lightly, my friend. You are in our hearts always.

POSTED ON 12.14.2010

POSTED BY: ROBERT SAGE

WE REMEMBER

Andrew is buried at Union Cemetery, Batavia,OH. PH

POSTED ON 10.20.2009

POSTED BY: RICHARD/JOY MCCONNELL

FLIGHT TRAINING

Andy and I started flight training together as Marine Lieutenants in Pensacola. I was too nervous to eat breakfast prepared by my new bride Joy, so Andy got great homemade meals each training day. We miss his smile and sense of humor. Thank you for your service, Andy.

POSTED ON 3.1.2006

POSTED BY: HARVEY GLEASON

SEMPER FI

Andy was my room mate in Basic School at Quantico. He was the outstanding officer in the platoon, and proud to be a Marine. He gave his best at all times.

POSTED ON 2.4.2003

POSTED BY: DONALD LYTLE

THANK YOU LIEUTENANT

As a fellow Buckeye, I say "THANK YOU". As a Veteran, I say "JOB WELL DONE, LIEUTENANT". As an American, "YOUR DEATH WAS NOT IN VAIN". And as a Believer, "YOUR SPIRIT IS ALIVE--AND STRONG". Although we never met personally, I want to thank you Lieutenant Haglage, for your courageous and valiant service, faithful contribution, and most holy sacrifice, given to this great country of ours! REST IN ETERNAL PEACE MY MARINE FRIEND

POSTED ON 11.25.2010

ACCIDENT SUMMARY OF U.S. MARINE CORPS HELICOPTER UH-34D TAIL NUMBER 150212

Recounted by Terry M. Curtis, pilot of a CH-46, first

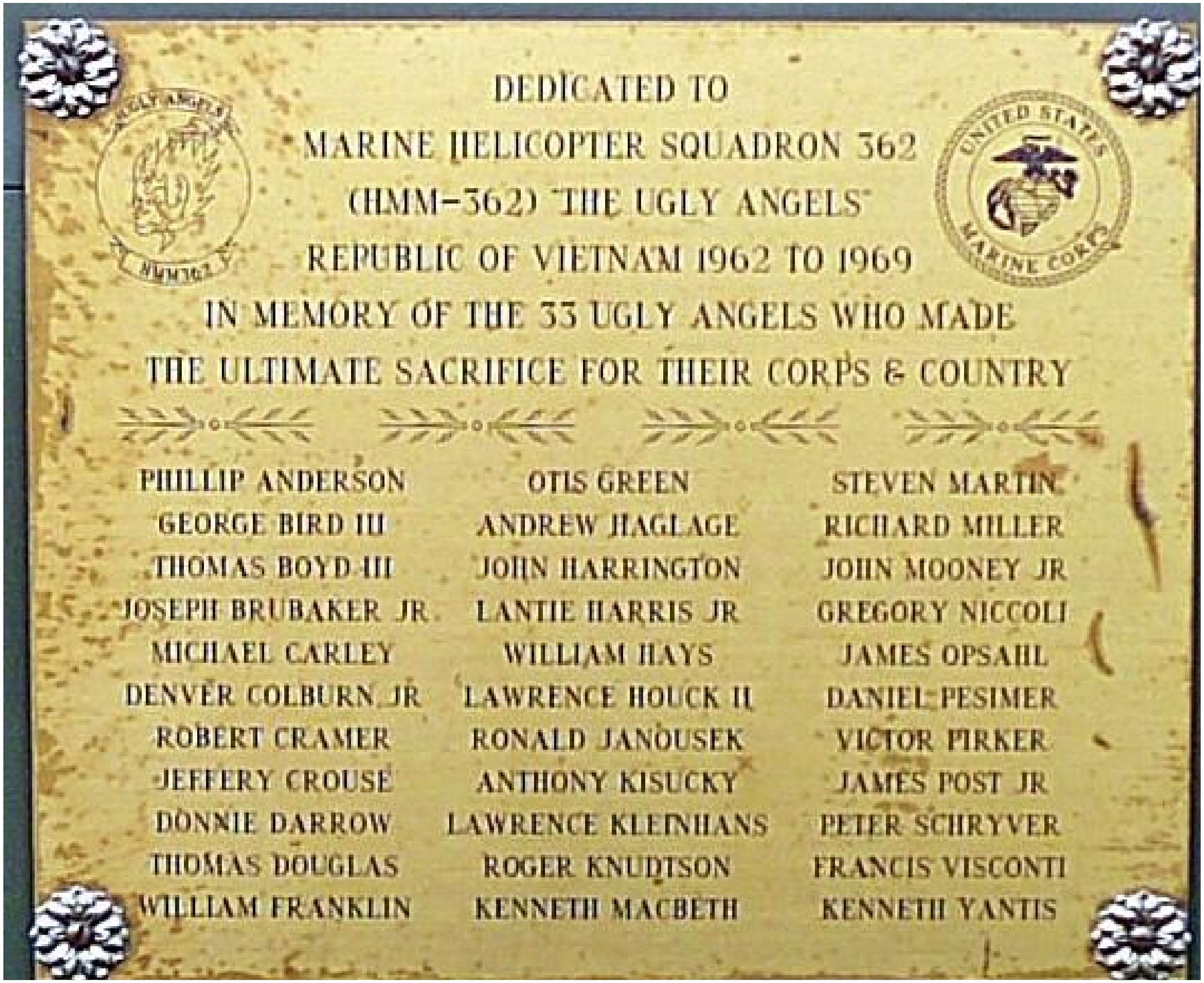
aircraft on scene: I was flying north from Hill 55 when I noticed two H-34's turning on the ground in front of us just south of Hill 10. I watched them as we flew overhead to make sure they did not take off underneath us. As soon as we cleared them to the north, I switched to DASC to report mission complete. DASC asked me if I had seen a midair that was just reported near my position. I said I had not and turned the aircraft back toward the south. I saw the two columns of smoke and headed toward the area of the mishap. Marines from the ground unit had already rushed to the area but could do nothing due to the intense heat from the burning magnesium. We only found one body. No survivors. The FAC with a ground unit, an H-34 pilot from that squadron, knew all the pilots and crew. They had stopped to say 'hi." He stated, through tears, that as they took off Dash Two ran up underneath lead and, raising the nose, cut off the tail rotor of lead. Lead nose-dived, then pitched up before impact, shuddered and exploded. Dash two burst into flame in the air and the wreckage fell to earth. [Taken from vhpa.org]

MARINES
YL13

From friend and fellow aviator Jim Hintz:

"A Toast to Andy Haglage from across the hall at O'Bannon to a beach house at Pensacola...a friend"

Andrew Martin Haglage



DEDICATED TO
MARINE HELICOPTER SQUADRON 362
(HMM-362) "THE UGLY ANGELS"
REPUBLIC OF VIETNAM 1962 TO 1969
IN MEMORY OF THE 33 UGLY ANGELS WHO MADE
THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE FOR THEIR CORPS & COUNTRY

PHILLIP ANDERSON
GEORGE BIRD III
THOMAS BOYD III
JOSEPH BRUBAKER JR.
MICHAEL CARLEY
DENVER COLBURN JR
ROBERT CRAMER
JEFFERY CROUSE
DONNIE DARROW
THOMAS DOUGLAS
WILLIAM FRANKLIN

OTIS GREEN
ANDREW HAGLAGE
JOHN HARRINGTON
LANTIE HARRIS JR
WILLIAM HAYS
LAWRENCE HOUCK II
RONALD JANOUSEK
ANTHONY KISUCKY
LAWRENCE KLEINHANS
ROGER KNUDTSON
KENNETH MACBETH

STEVEN MARTIN
RICHARD MILLER
JOHN MOONEY JR
GREGORY NICCOLI
JAMES OPSAHL
DANIEL PESIMER
VICTOR PIRKER
JAMES POST JR
PETER SCHRYVER
FRANCIS VISCONTI
KENNETH YANTIS

Andrew Martin Haglage

This Page Saved for Additional Tributes

This Page Saved for Additional Tributes

Robert Dodson Huie, Jr.

I
MARINE AIRCRAFT GROUP
HMM 263

Robert Dotson Huie, Jr.

July 30,1942 – April 19, 1969

ON THAT FATEFUL DAY. TWO STORIES ONE TRUTH

On this day 47 years ago during Operation Oklahoma Hills we lost Robert Dotson Huie Jr. and Crew. While trying to medivac and save an other brother life.
I held you that fateful night my brother until you took that last breathe. You will never be forgotten.

My prays have always been with you my brother. I hope to see you on the other side

Semper fi
Mike
RVN 1968/69

MY RED HEADED SON OF MY BROTHER

I'll always remember how much fun it was to know you. You were always building interesting things in your workshop. We had a great childhood together. I'm looking forward to meeting you again some day
Anita Huie

LAST MISSION OF U.S. MARINE CORPS HELICOPTER CH-46D TAIL NUMBER 154835

There are two accounts. #1: CH-46D tail number 154835 was on Medevac on Charley Ridge W of DaNang. Crew members included CPT Robert D. Huie (KIA), MAJ Bernard R. Terhorst (KIA), HMC Gerald D. Angelly (KIA), CPL Gaylen R. Gallion (KIA), and LCP Arthur F. Henderson (KIA). The aircraft was hit multiple times in broom closet area. Both hydraulic systems shot away. One lost immediately, second gradually lost pressure. AC remained airborne for some time (15-20 minutes?) while crew tried to get to suitable runway.

The aircraft became more and more uncontrollable as the #2 hydraulics bled away. Aircraft Commander MAJ Terhorst was going to try to roll it on at Thuong Duc SF camp dirt runway above 40 knots. (The NATOPS recommended procedure in event of no hydraulics landing). An ARMY Caribou was sitting in the middle of the runway there and nobody could raise them on any frequency including guard to get him off the runway. They ran out of hydraulics, luck, and time soon after that, rolled inverted, and went in. [Submitted by John Van Nortwick, HMM-263 Squadron S-3 at the time of incident.] #2: I was flying gunner in the lead bird of a flight of 2 CH-46s flying medevacs.

The missions prior to the incident had been quiet ones, so much so that the chase plane's crew was getting bored. They asked to switch to lead on the next mission and did. The next mission was to be a cable extraction through the trees because there was no clearing large enough in which to land. The grunts on the ground said they hadn't received any enemy fire in several hours so no one expected what happened. MAJ Terhorst maneuvered into a hover over a hole in the jungle canopy.

The crew chief lowered the cable and the Marines on the ground hooked up the wounded man, LCPL Theodore S. Rolstad (KIA). As the wounded man was being hoisted up, the entire perimeter erupted with muzzle flashes. To make a long story short, they took numerous hits and the pilot tried to fly back to the lowlands and attempt a landing. However, the hydraulics systems had been shot out and it was impossible to control the plane. They

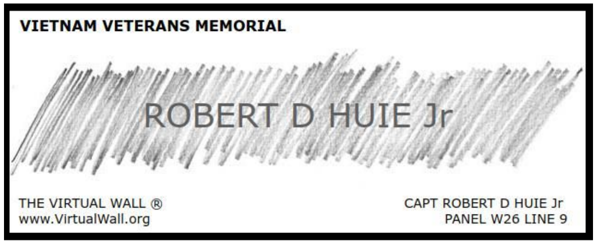
Robert Dodson Huie, Jr.

suddenly did about 359 degrees of a 360 degree loop and crashed in a giant fireball. All six aboard died instantly. [Submitted by Joe Goins, Gunner on lead ship in formation (HMM-263)] Both accounts taken from vhpa.org

wkillian@smjuhsd.org

THOUGHTS AS SUNSET

I remember the flaming red hair, his generous smile, and his unlimited enthusiasm for life. We were classmates for four years at USNA. We golfed, toasted life, and enjoyed great friendship, which grew stronger in the Marine Corps. I was Best Man at his wedding, classmate at TBS, and Casualty Assistance Officer at his funeral. I sit beside his grave every five years and leave a half can of Colt 45 for him. Today he is still missed.



Kenny Moore

ROBERT DOTSON HUIE JR. IS REMEMBERED BY THE HARDAGE FAMILY.

Robert Huie was one of my father's best friends, and the best man at his wedding. Although I never got the chance to meet him, I heard my father speak very highly of him on many occasions.

After my senior year of high school, we took a family trip to Maryland, D.C., and Northern Virginia. We visited the Wall. Bob Huie's name was the only name my father wanted to see. I only saw my father cry three times in my whole life. That was the last time I saw him cry.

In this way, I carry on my father's memory of Robert Huie. Whenever I remember my father, I remember Robert Huie, and think of his wife and two sons. He is greatly missed.

Christopher McCallum Hardage
Son of Joe Heard Hardage, Captain, U.S. Army Corps of Engineers
(Dates of Service: 1963-1969, Vietnam 1967-1968)

WE REMEMBER

Robert is buried at Arlington National Cemetery.

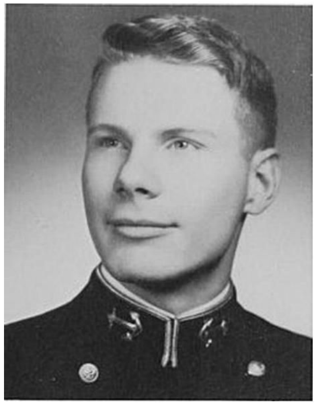
HUIE, ROBERT D. JR
CAPT US MARINE CORPS
DATE OF BIRTH: 07/30/1942
DATE OF DEATH: 04/19/1969
BURIED AT: SECTION 48 SITE 142
ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY

Robert Dodson Huie, Jr.

HUIE, R.D. JR.
1st LT 19 APR 69

Non-military issue, commemorative service identification tag, also referred to as a, "dog tag", dedicated to U.S. Marine Corps Captain (Capt) Robert Dotson Huie, Jr. The name, military rank, and casualty date, "HUIE, R.D. JR. / LST [sic] LT 19 APR 69" are stamped upon the obverse surface of the dog tag. The artifact was left at The Wall affixed to a metal ball chain along with four (4) associated non-military issue, commemorative service identification tags (VIVE (5918 - 5921)) & a black nylon ribbon bearing the handwritten squadron designation, "HMM 263" by an anonymous donor between November 1988 - January 1989.

From the Lucky Bag:



ROBERT DOTSON HUIE, JR.

Little Rock, Arkansas

The red-headed wonder came to the "ensign factory" after spending time at two colleges in his home state, Arkansas. With his strong sentiment toward the military, "Tiger Bob" embarked on a five year career at the boat school. An avid sportsman, Bob spent many hours on the athletic fields with the Company sports teams in crosscountry, lightweight football, volleyball, and knockabout sailing. An easy going fellow, the redhead seldom let academics interfere with his pad time and he was always ready to entertain with stories of his weekend stands with members of the fairer sex. Bobby was very active in the Public Relations Committee and the Portuguese Club. At times, he was even known to lapse completely into Portuguese at Company parties. Bob will always love a good argument and he should be a welcome and valuable addition to the career of his choice.

Loss

From the July-August 1969 issue of Shipmate:

Capt. Robert D. Huie Jr., USMC, was killed in action on 19 April near Thuong Due in Quang Nam Province, Vietnam; he was co-pilot of a helicopter on a medical evacuation mission when the craft was hit by enemy fire and crashed. Services and interment were held in Arlington National Cemetery, with full military honors.

Born in Little Rock, Ark., Capt Huie entered the Naval Academy in June 1961 and was graduated from the Academy with the class of 1966. Commissioned in the Marine Corps, he attended Marine Corps Basic School at Quantico, Va., then had flight training at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., where he earned his wings. In Jan. 1969 Capt. Huie reported for duty in Vietnam with HMM-263, MAG-16, First Marine Air Wing, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific. H e was posthumously promoted to the rank of captain.

Survivors include his widow Paulette and two sons Robert III and Charles of 127 Smith Ave., Annapolis, Md. 21401; his parents Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Huie Sr. of 4417 Romlon, Beltsville, Md. 20705, and his grandmother Mrs. Charles Rutherford, also of Beltsville.

Robert Dodson Huie, Jr.

From Terry Haney:

I was the crew chief of the lead chopper the day this crash occurred. My pilot tried to get the pilots to land several times but they were determined to get to a safer area before landing the wounded bird. The chopper was all over the sky and they saved it from inverting several times . After the crash I tried to talk my pilots into landing but the 50cal rounds were cooking off in every direction as well as other small arms rounds. The fireball was tremendous and very intense. We circled for some time calling for ground support in the area. Being a witness to this tragedy that was suppose to be our medivac has always been haunting and hard. I knew all these marines and the corpsman very well...I will never forget my friends.Submitted by Terry Haney, Crew chief in lead bird EG-3

ARKANSAS VIETNAM VETERANS MEMORIAL

Compiled By Andy Richmond

The Arkansas Vietnam Veterans Memorial is located on the southeast corner of the State capitol grounds at 6th and Woodlane in Little Rock.

It consists of a wall with the names of 662 KIAs and MIAs from Arkansas and a statue of an infantryman on a base inscribed with the names of each of the U.S. military branches. It is framed by the United States and Arkansas flags and is illuminated for night viewing.

The Memorial was dedicated with a ceremony on 7 March, 1987, which was attended by retired Army Gen. William C. Westmoreland. Westmoreland pushed a fellow Vietnam Vet in a wheelchair in a parade in downtown Little Rock.

The Memorial was designed by Stephen Gartmann and is believed to be the first Vietnam Veterans Memorial to be located on the grounds of a state capitol.

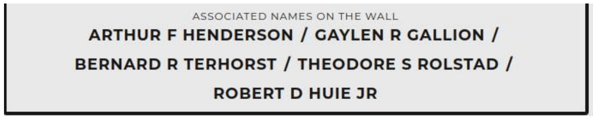
The statue of the soldier was dedicated on Veterans Day, 11 November, 1987. It was designed by John Deering, a political cartoonist for the Arkansas Democrat, a Little Rock daily newspaper. (part omitted)

From his Classmate and Friend, Pete Hesser (USMC)

"I remember well the day Polly called with the news of Bob's death. She asked me to bring him home. The hearse ride from Dover AFB was a lonely one. I sat in the front with the driver and was in dress blues. Unlike the hero's reception that I have observed in recent years for casualties from the Gulf wars, there were no flags placed alongside the quiet Delaware backroads nor were there crowds to greet us at the old Chapel at Arlington Cemetery. It was an honor to escort my classmate and dear friend home. "

S/F

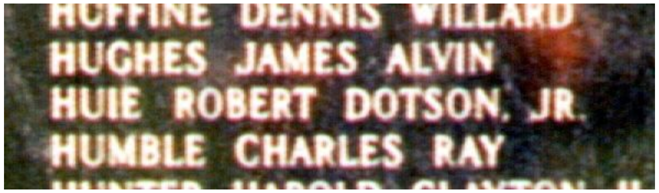
Pete



ASSOCIATED NAMES ON THE WALL

ARTHUR F HENDERSON / GAYLEN R GALLION /
BERNARD R TERHORST / THEODORE S ROLSTAD /
ROBERT D HUIE JR

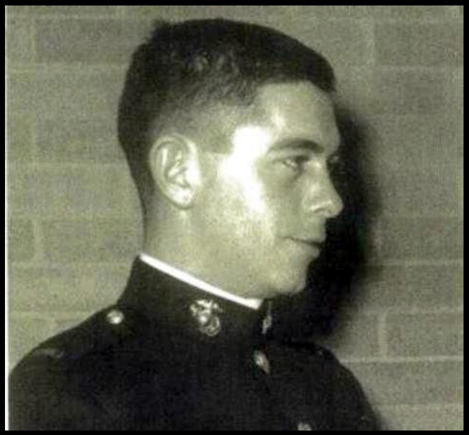
Robert Dodson Huie, Jr.


HUFFINE DENNIS WILLARD
HUGHES JAMES ALVIN
HUIE ROBERT DOTSON, JR.
HUMBLE CHARLES RAY

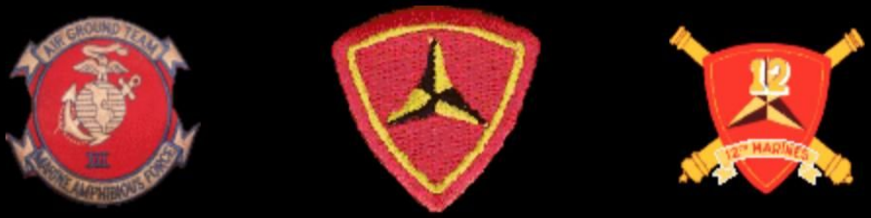
ARKANSAS VIETNAM VETERANS MEMORIAL

Richard Laughlin O'Leary

Richard Laughlin O'Leary



October 19, 1943 – September 25, 1967


AIR GROUND TEAM
III
MARINE AMPHIBIOUS FORCE
12
12th MARINES

I met Richard on a hot late summer evening at Phu Bai in the officers' tent. He and I had been in Officers Basic school together. After graduation he got married and then he went on to artillery school where he explained he got his training to be an aerial observer. We were glad to see each other as we had been catching up on news of our other classmates since we graduated the previous January. He explained it was his first day in the AO job, and he was going on his first mission to fly over the DMZ the next day. He spoke very lovingly of his wife of a few months and hoped to see her when he could get R and R. We made plans to see each other again the next night at the same place.

The next night came and went, but he didn't show up. I made a few inquires and learned that on his first mission he was killed by a large caliber round that hit him in the passenger seat but missed the pilot.

I will never forget Richard O'Leary. He was a serious yet fun filled guy that placed this country's needs above his own and his future family's.

Semper Fi.

Walter (Tim) Pitchford, USMC, 1966. 13727 Oakridge Road, Carmel, In 46032

A Note from The Virtual Wall:

When this memorial was first published The Virtual Wall could not identify the incident in which 2ndLt O'Leary died. Since then, a tremendous number of Marine Corps documents have been made available on the Internet by the Texas Tech Vietnam Project. Among them are the following:

The 4th Bn, 12th Marines Command Chronology which acknowledges one man killed in action on 25 Sept "by automatic weapons fire" without giving further details.

A 12th Marines message 251905Z SEP 67, the Situation Report 25 Sep 67 which says "12th Marines AOs flew 6 missions for 13.9 hours and conducted 4 arty missions, 2 visual recons, and one convoy cover. 1 AO KIA as a result of hostile fire vicinity Gio Linh."

The 1st Marine Air Wing Command Chronology, which says "25 September: 2ndLt R. O'LEARY, air observer in an O-1C, was killed when a burst of .50 caliber fire hit the aircraft during a mission north of Con Thien."

The Marine Air Group 16 Command Chronology which notes "25 September - In the Dong Ha area an H&MS-16 O-1C was hit by enemy fire at coord YD137565, one fatality" (Note: The location given in this CC is in error. Someone at MAG-16 interpreted the coordinates in the H&MS-16 after action report incorrectly. The location reported by the pilot, Dave Marshall was grid square YD1375.

The H&MS-16 Command Chronology which says "1245H - Visual recon for Plumness in grid squares YD2478 and YD2778 for artillery. Visual recon north of fire break. Took .50 cal fire and small automatic weapons fire from YD1375. Aircraft took 3 hits, Aerial Observer was killed in action by .50 cal high explosive round. Took hits at 1770' heading 250 degrees. Took aircraft back to Dong Ha immediately."

The H&MS-16 entry is taken verbatim from the post-flight report:

Richard Laughlin O'Leary

Second Lieutenant
M BTRY, 4TH BN, 12TH MARINES, 3RD MARDIV
United States Marine Corps

Richard Laughlin O'Leary

19 October 1943 - 25 September 1967
Boston, Massachusetts
Panel 27E Line 012

Last Known Activity
HIT IN FLT, O-1C 3 KM S-SE OF CAM LO VILLAGE
19670925
UTM grid reference is YD1375
O-1C 196709.KIA
Lt. O'Leary was killed by a single .50 round while flying as an observer aboard an O-1C aircraft (callsign "Plumpness"). Aircraft was able to return to Dong Ha, RVN.

A Memorial to Our Beloved Richard Laughlin O'Leary USMC O-1

This was originally posted on The Virtual Wall Website 5.6.2007, with updates in July 2020

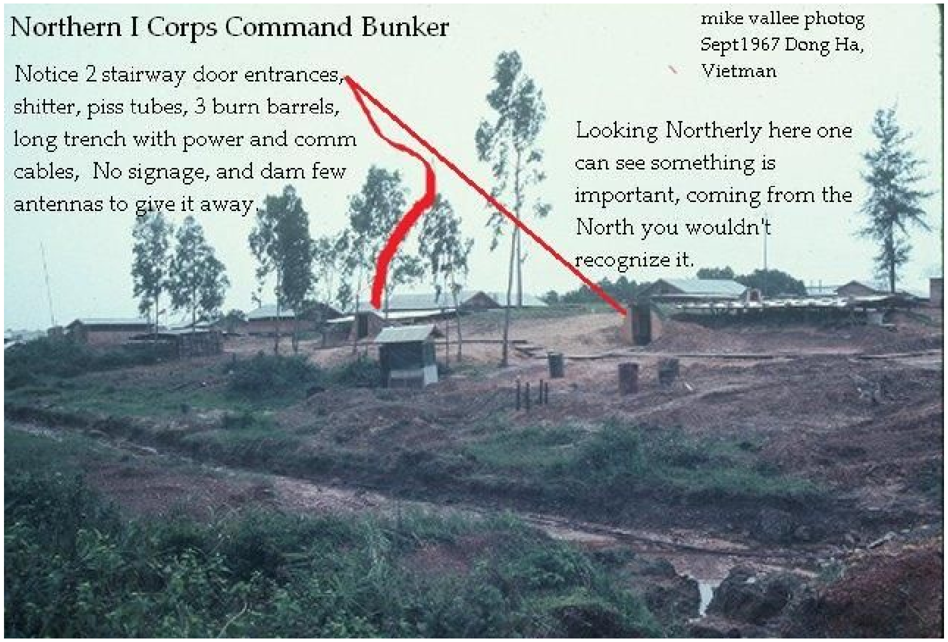
POSTED BY: LCPL VALLEE, USMC, DETROIT, MI

JUST A FEW HOURS BEFORE HE WAS KILLED OVER THE DMZ

I was looking over the names on this page (Virtual Wall Website) and I remembered O'Leary and how suddenly he was killed. On 25 September 1967.

I was a radio operator on temporary duty in the Dong Ha, Northern I Corps Operations Center CP. I was seated with a radio, my back against a wall behind a raised narrow long table along with other radio operators. We had a view of the floor below, with a big map spread across the opposite wall and many officers standing and talking.

I met O'Leary at this bunker in the picture, a couple hours before he was KIA on his second day in country. This bunker was the Northern I Corps Command Bunker at Dong Ha just 8 miles South of North Vietnam. It controlled Army, Air Force, Navy, Marine, ARVN aircraft, artillery, naval gunfire.



Northern I Corps Command Bunker

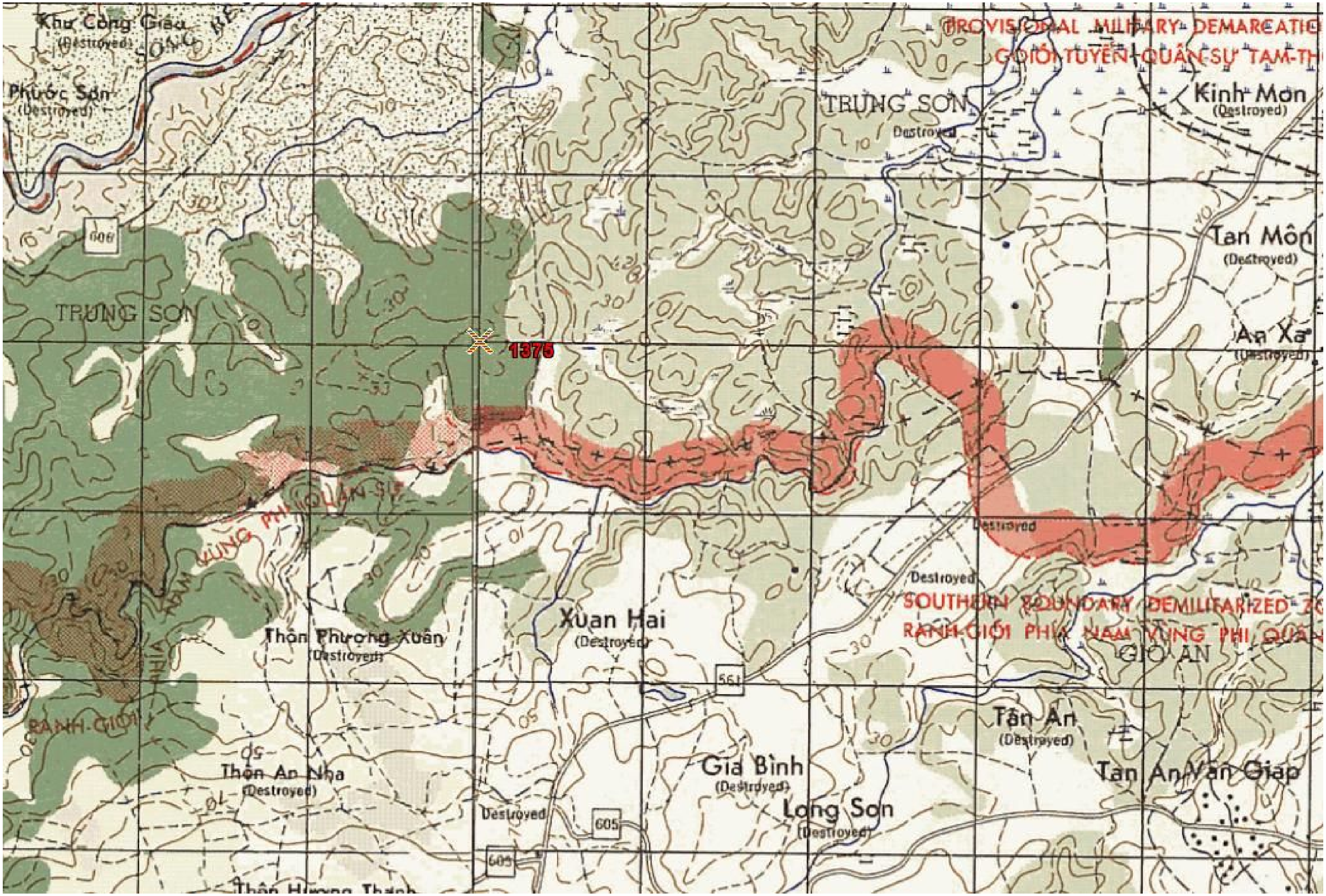
mike vallee photog
Sept1967 Dong Ha,
Vietman

Notice 2 stairway door entrances, shitter, piss tubes, 3 burn barrels, long trench with power and comm cables, No signage, and dam few antennas to give it away.

Looking Northerly here one can see something is important, coming from the North you wouldn't recognize it.

How do I put a face on him.? Well, it was like this, a tall Marine Major introduced him to me to get his callsign "Plumness##" and radio frequency. It was around 8am on a Saturday.

I remember him telling me he just got in-country and was just married. He was standing looking at me about my chest height. I thought about how young he looked , as I was only 23. I don't know why, but I really liked him and his enthusiasm but he looked like a kid to me, too young for the


Khu Cong Giau
(Destroyed)
SONG BEN
Phước Sơn
(Destroyed)
608
TRUNG SON
1375
VUNG PHI QUAN SU
RANH GIOI
Thôn Phương Xuân
(Destroyed)
Thôn An Nha
(Destroyed)
Thôn Hương Thanh
Destroyed
605
Xuan Hai
(Destroyed)
561
Gia Binh
(Destroyed)
Long Sơn
(Destroyed)
PROVISIONAL MILITARY DEMARCATIO
GIOI TUYEN QUAN SU TAM-TH
TRUNG SON
Destroyed
Kinh Mon
(Destroyed)
Tan Môn
(Destroyed)
An Xa
(Destroyed)
Destroyed
Destroyed
SOUTHERN BOUNDARY DEMILITARIZED Z
RANH-GIOI PHIA NAM VUNG PHI QUAN
GIO AN
Tân An
(Destroyed)
Tan An Van Giap
30
10

responsibility. It was busy at the Map wall. The Lt. asked something like how was I doing. I was surprised a little, and don't remember how I answered.

Then he told me it was his first day on the job and just arrived in Vietnam, He was happy and excited about the job he was doing that he just graduated and just got married. I told him I just was in country a month. He was beaming with smiles, just a very friendly person.

The large underground room was full of officers and soon he was called away. After 20 minutes or so, the Major interrupted us and ask him something and he apologized that he had to go. During the rest of my radio watch I was expecting to hear from him, but not a word. I didn't know that he was up flying right after we talked. The coordinates in the report showed he was just between on shore from the The Gulf and along the south boundary of the DMZ when he was KIA in a little Cessna O-1 "bird dog" like in the picture of one I took at Gio Linh.

I was on that radio duty for a week to replace a man on R&R. The next day in the morning the Major brought me his flight helmet. It had a badly fragmented hole through the top with his dried blood all over the inside harness strapping. Then he announced to every one his death. ?I remember everyone stopped talking and looking at the major. I could hardly believe that such a nice person could be killed. That such a nice man was dead, and so soon, and just my age.

And now, in 2018. To learn that Nixon and Johnson both used 58,000 kia for political means. Nixon ran on a platform that opposed the Vietnam war, but to win the election, he needed the war to continue, and Johnson knew about it.

smithsonianmag.com

I'll never forget him...I only stood duty in the CP that week. And was assigned to Gio Linh in the DMZ for 2 months, then south to Phu Bai with Alpha-2, 3rd Combined Action Group.

Mike Vallee Lcpl USMC field radio operator, Comm Company, HQ Battery, 12th Marines, Northern I Corps Vietnam 1967. I've put up a Page honoring O'Leary at:

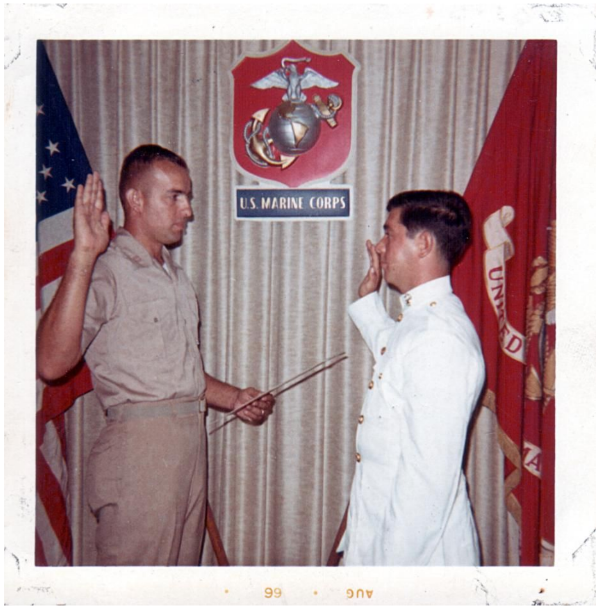
http://www.ic2it.net/Mike/Marines/O'Leary/

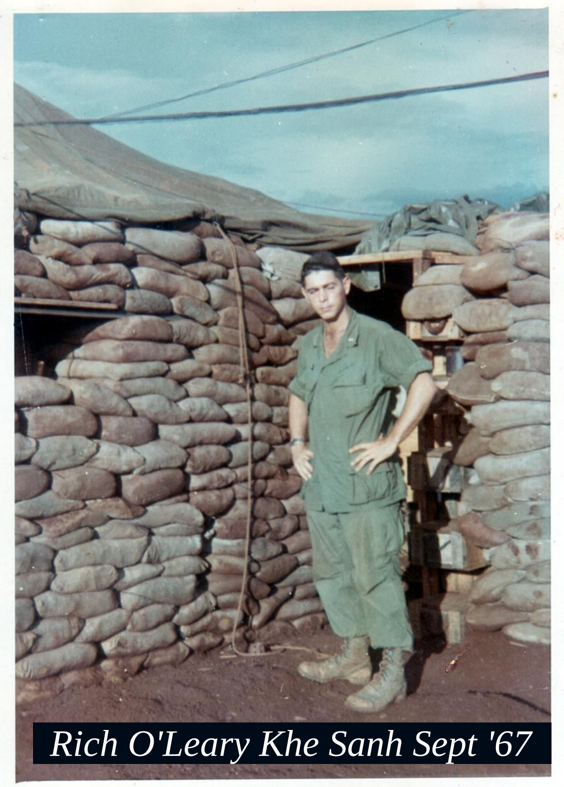
As long as I live this page will stay up.

O-1C Spotter plane Vietnam
MARINES
4

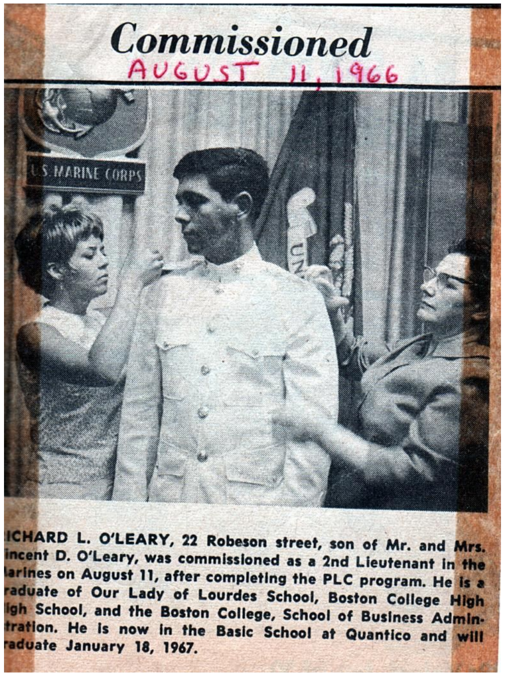
O1C similar to the plane Rich was flying in.

Richard Laughlin O'Leary


U.S. MARINE CORPS



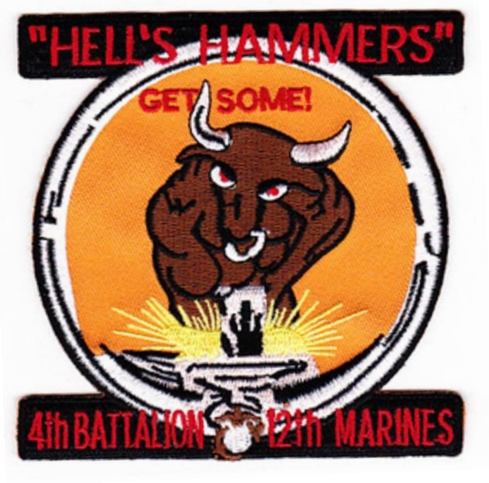
Rich O'Leary Khe Sanh Sept '67



Commissioned

AUGUST 11, 1966

ICHARD L. O'LEARY, 22 Robeson street, son of Mr. and Mrs.
incent D. O'Leary, was commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant in the
larines on August 11, after completing the PLC program. He is a
raduate of Our Lady of Lourdes School, Boston College High
igh School, and the Boston College, School of Business Admin-
tration. He is now in the Basic School at Quantico and will
raduate January 18, 1967.


"HELL'S HAMMERS"
GET SOME!
4th BATTALION 12th MARINES

Richard Laughlin O'Leary

The following is from Dave Marshall, LtCol USMC (ret)
Dave was the pilot that flew the mission that Richard O'Leary was killed on.

From: David Marshall <olddogdrool2003@yahoo.com>
Subject: 2nd Lt. Richard L. O'Leary Class of 1966 KIA Vietnam
To: Catherine.Hurst@comcast.net
Date: Tuesday, June 1, 2010, 11:12 AM

Ms. Hurst:
After a bit of searching on the Boston College Alumni website, I found that you are the class correspondent for the class of 1966. I had also found that Richard L. O'Leary was a member of your class. I am going to give you more detail than you need in this email. The reason for this is that I have met so many "Wannabee Vietnam Veterans" and scammers, that I want to include details that can be checked since you have no idea who I am.

Yesterday was Memorial Day. For some reason my thoughts turned to 2nd Lt. O'Leary. By early September 1967 he had been an artillery Forward Observer with the 26th Marines for 6 months fighting on the ground with the infantry in Vietnam. He had also completed Airborne Observer (A/O) school prior to deploying to Vietnam. This was an unusual combination of skill sets. The A/O's that we got when I was flying O-1's (Bird Dog: small two seater prop observation aircraft) either had the field experience or the school, rarely both. He met me one day at Hue Phu Bai in the middle of the day when my O-1 was parked next to the Staff/O'Club and I was having a sandwich. He approached me and asked if I was the pilot of the O-1. I told him that I was. He told me his background and asked if I could help him get into the A/O program for the 3rd Marine Division. I liked him immediately. During the course of our conversation, he told me that he had graduated from Boston College. I said that he had unusual qualifications and that the Chief A/O, Captain Pat Carlise was a friend and that I thought that I could help him. I took his personal info and later that week I talked to Captain Carlise. Pat said he wanted him.

Three weeks later I flew into Dong Ha (a small forward operating base near the DMZ) to pick up an A/O. It was in 25 Sept. 1967 and I was flying an O-1G (Bureau #156682 - this is from my log book). About half the time I flew alone and the other half with an A/O. They both had their advantages. Anyway, this day when I landed Lt. O'Leary walked out to fly his first mission and, by coincidence it was with me. We flew all along the DMZ and briefly into North Vietnam controlling some Air Force F-4's. We had been flying about 3 hours and I could see that already Richard's situational awareness was superior to most of the A/O's that I flew with. We were about half way between Gia Lin and Con Thien and about 2 kilometers north of the fire break near grid coordinates YD-1375 (again from my log book). We got hit 3 times with 14.5mm High Explosive (HE) anti-aircraft rounds. The first round went through the cockpit under my feet and seat and hit the stick in the back seat. It exploded and killed 2nd Lt. O'Leary instantly and blew out the windows. The other two rounds passed harmlessly through the rear fuselage and tail. The aircraft filled with smoke and, with a glance, I knew that he was gone. The round also severed the right rudder cable. I was able to land the bird at Dong Ha.

After landing and seeing to Richard's body, I shortly launched in another aircraft to try to find the AA site - no luck. For some reason Saturday night of all times I started to wonder if anyone had ever contacted Richard's family and tell them the circumstances of his demise. I suspect that by now his parents are gone but, perhaps, he has some family that still thinks of him. I admired and respected him in the short time that I knew him. Frankly, I am a bit surprised that I should suddenly start thinking of him now. Prior to flying O-1's, I had flown A-4 attack jets (fighter-bombers) for 8 months. After flying A-4's I had been on the ground with the 1st Battalion 9th Marines as their ground Forward Air Controller. By the time I met Richard I had been in Vietnam 16 months. I thought that I might be able to communicate the details of his last hours to his family through the BC Alumni Association.

As to my credibility, after coming back from 20 months in Vietnam, I went back to flying attack jets (A-4's) and was discharged from active duty in Sept. 1968. I continued flying in the Marine Corps Reserve and by 1984 was a Lt. Colonel and the Squadron Commander of an A-4 squadron (VMA-124) in Memphis, TN. In 1987 I inter-service transferred to the Massachusetts Air National Guard flying A-10 aircraft out of Westfield Massachusetts. When I retired in 1993 I was the Squadron Commander of the 131st Fighter Squadron and had been the Director of Operations for the 104th Fighter Group. In civilian life I was an airline pilot. When I retired in 2002 at the mandatory retirement age of 60, I was an International B767 pilot for American Airlines. A reference of my background that can be checked would be with my close friend, Bill Keys. Bill is a retired Lt. General from the Marine Corps and is now CEO of Colt Firearms.

I am now retired. However, my wife is an active duty Colonel in the USAF and she is stationed at Ramstein AFB in Germany. We live in a small village northwest of the base.

I know that this is a lot to take in. My only motivation for doing this is that someone in Richard's family will know that he was respected and still missed - what Memorial Day is all about. I hope that you could be of help in this effort.

David Marshall

Richard Laughlin O'Leary

The following is the letter from Richard's older brother, John O'Leary. John passed away in 2013.

From: jolearyduxbury@verizon.net <jolearyduxbury@verizon.net>
Subject: Your Email re: 2nd Lt Richard L O'Leary
To: olddogdrool2003@yahoo.com
Date: Saturday, July 3, 2010, 6:24 PM

Dear David:

I am John O'Leary The older brother of 2nd Lt Richard L O'Leary. I received a copy of an email today from you to the Boston College Alumni Association. Thank you for your perseverance in reaching his family and the kind words you had for Richard. Your efforts and the words that you wrote are greatly appreciated. Up until receipt of your letter, we knew only sketchy details about Richards death and his last days. He died knowing he was doing the right thing at a time when there was much controversy, I'm sure that he appreciated your assistance in helping him get into the A/O program.

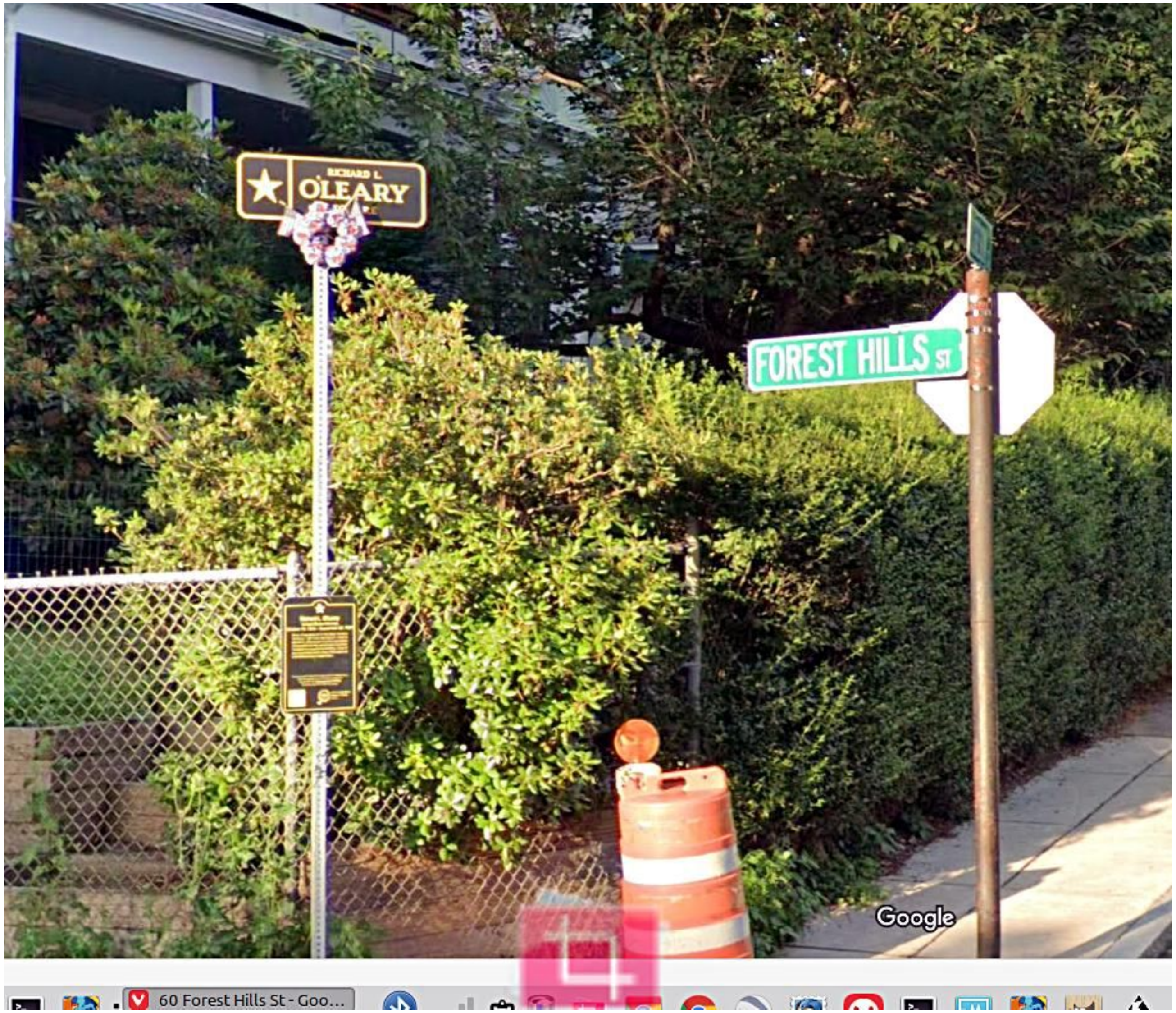
I tried to reach His widow,Trish, but being the holiday weekend she was out and may be away. Trish has remarried, she is now Trish Robinson, and she lives in Byfield, MA. I will pass along your email if she did not recieve a copy from the Boston College Alumni Association. My mother, who passed away three years ago at the age of 97, never got over Richard's loss and she would have appreciated your thoughts especially.

Boston College dedicated a Veterans Memorial last November 11 to alumni who died in the wars since the First World War. General John J. Sheehan UCM, retired, and the former NATO supreme allied commander in the Atlantic and commander in chief, U.S.Atlantic Command gave an emotional tearful address. It showed, more than words could convey, how much he truly cared. Going back to the class of 1908, and through the Afghanistan and Iraq wars there were 209 Alumni names, 29 of which were Vietnam War Alumni. The names were inscribed in granite on a memorial which stands at the entrance to Boston College.

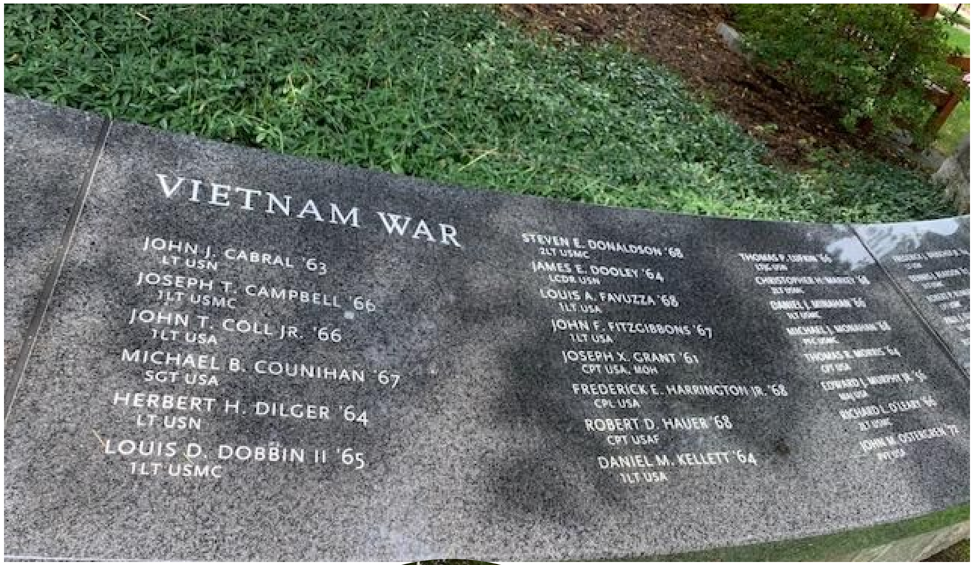
Richard had a sister, Agnes, to whom I will also pass on your note. Richard's father died in 1974.

On behalf of all of the family of 2nd Lt Richard L O'Leary, I want to close by saying that we are truly grateful to hear from you

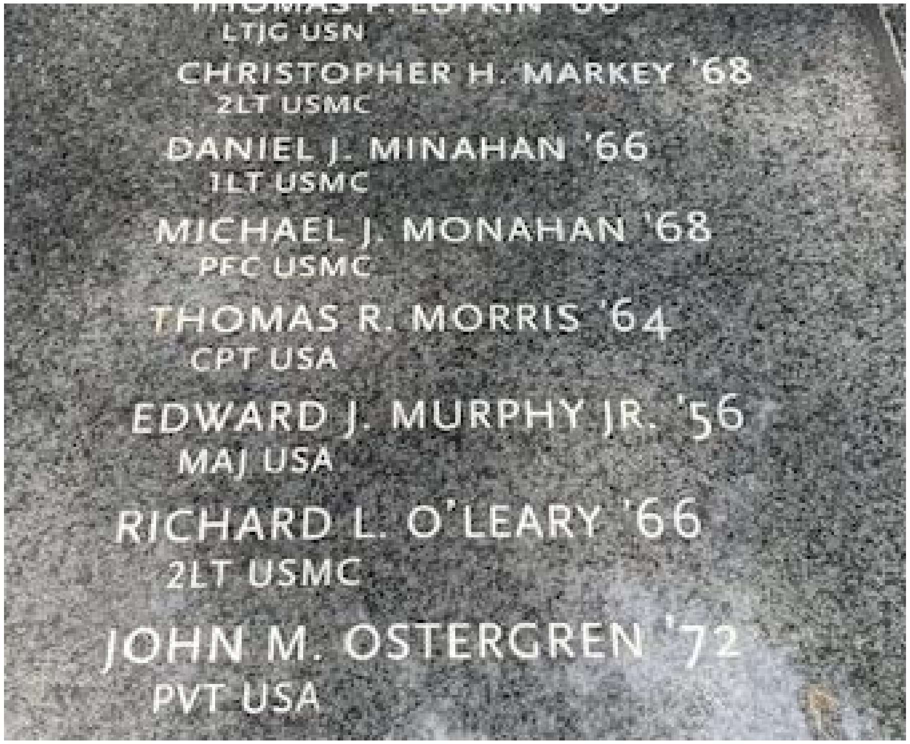
John J. O'Leary


RICHARD L.
OLEARY
FOREST HILLS ST
Google
60 Forest Hills St - Goo...

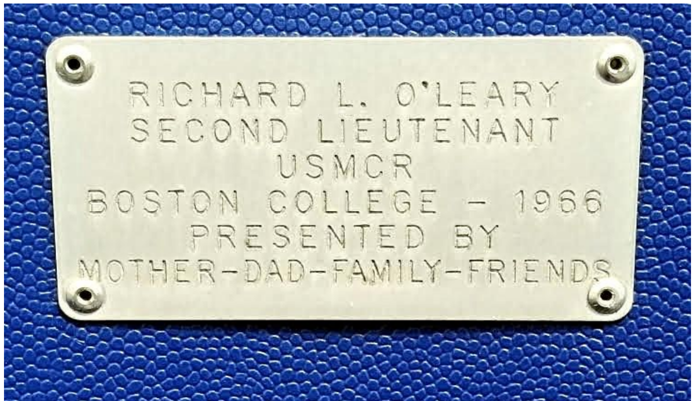
Richard Laughlin O'Leary


VIETNAM WAR
JOHN J. CABRAL '63
LT USN
JOSEPH T. CAMPBELL '66
1LT USMC
JOHN T. COLL JR. '66
1LT USA
MICHAEL B. COUNIHAN '67
SGT USA
HERBERT H. DILGER '64
LT USN
LOUIS D. DOBBIN II '65
1LT USMC
STEVEN E. DONALDSON '68
2LT USMC
JAMES E. DOOLEY '64
LCDR USN
LOUIS A. FAVUZZA '68
1LT USA
JOHN F. FITZGIBBONS '67
1LT USA
JOSEPH X. GRANT '61
CPT USA, MOH
FREDERICK E. HARRINGTON JR. '68
CPL USA
ROBERT D. HAUER '68
CPT USAF
DANIEL M. KELLETT '64
1LT USA

Richard was a graduate of Boston College. These pictures are from a garden at the College where their Veterans are remembered. Thanks to Anne Bellew for contributing them, as well as the picture of the Memorial Seat.


LTJG USN
CHRISTOPHER H. MARKEY '68
2LT USMC
DANIEL J. MINAHAN '66
1LT USMC
MICHAEL J. MONAHAN '68
PFC USMC
THOMAS R. MORRIS '64
CPT USA
EDWARD J. MURPHY JR. '56
MAJ USA
RICHARD L. O'LEARY '66
2LT USMC
JOHN M. OSTERGREN '72
PVT USA

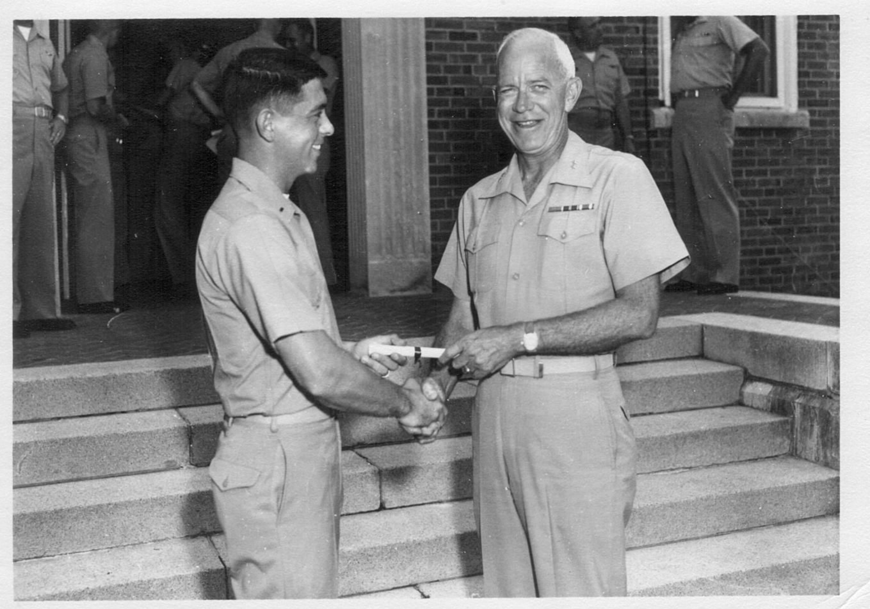
Richard Laughlin O'Leary

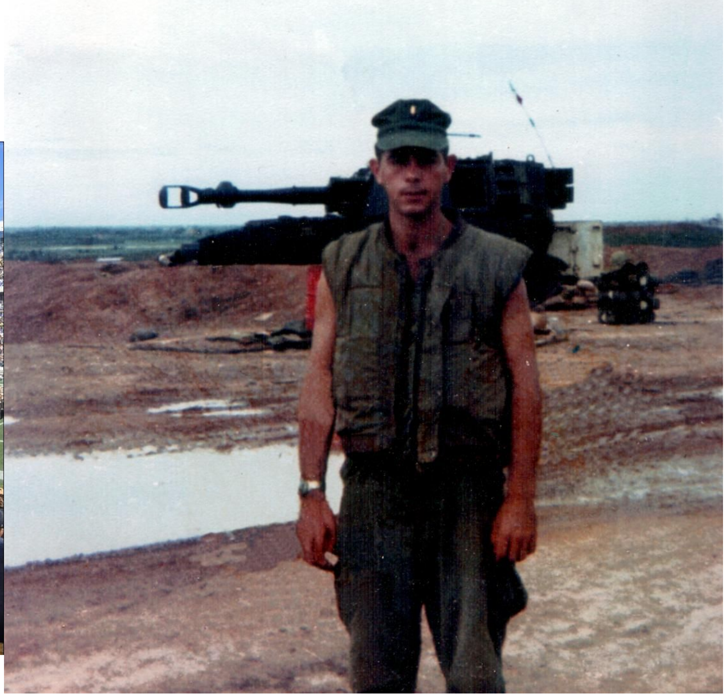

RICHARD L. O'LEARY
SECOND LIEUTENANT
USMCR
BOSTON COLLEGE - 1966
PRESENTED BY
MOTHER-DAD-FAMILY-FRIENDS

Memorial Seat at the Navy-Marine Corps Stadium

Annapolis, Md

WADE
18
NAVY

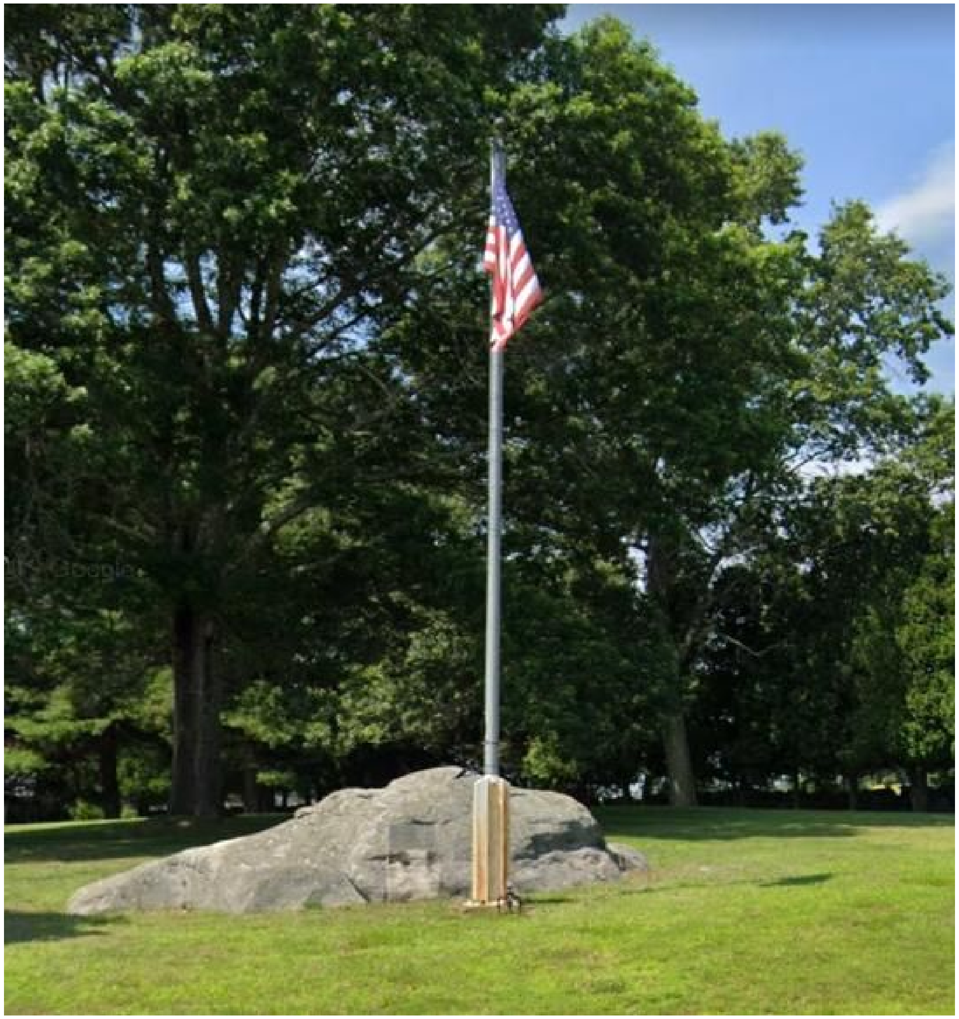




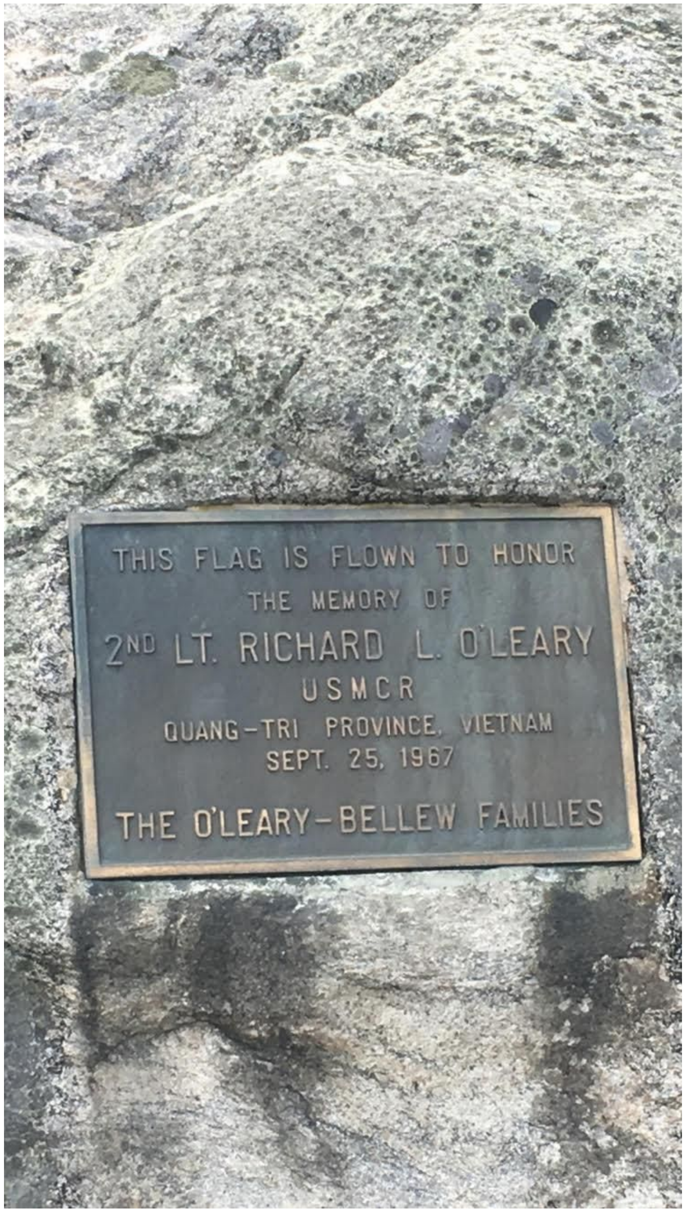
Above: Rich O'Leary and MGen Orland Simpson at AO School

Left: Rich O'Leary VN...Possibly Phu Bai

Richard Laughlin O'Leary



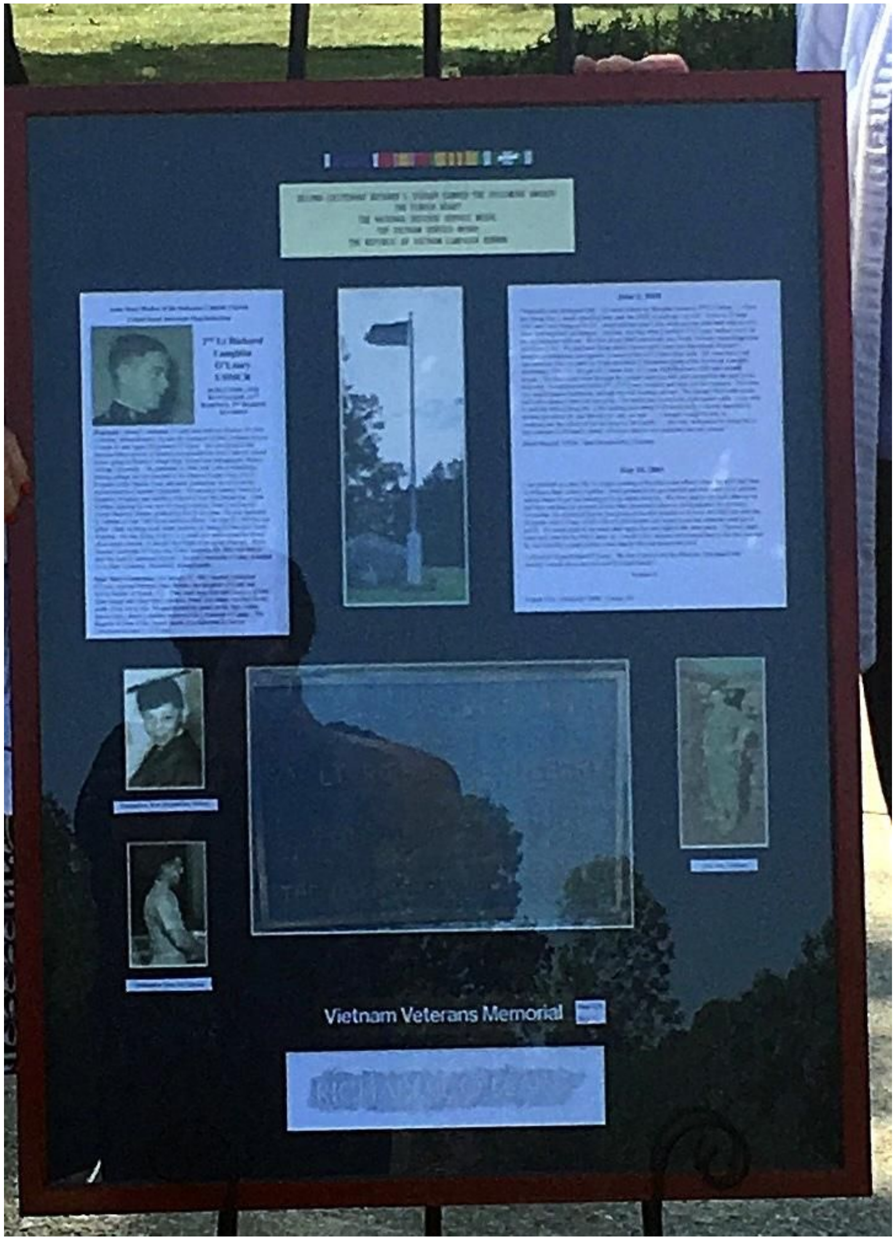
Flagpole erected by the O'Leary and Bellew families at St. Mary's Church, Groton CT.



THIS FLAG IS FLOWN TO HONOR
THE MEMORY OF
2ND LT. RICHARD L. O'LEARY
USMCR
QUANG-TRI PROVINCE, VIETNAM
SEPT. 25, 1967

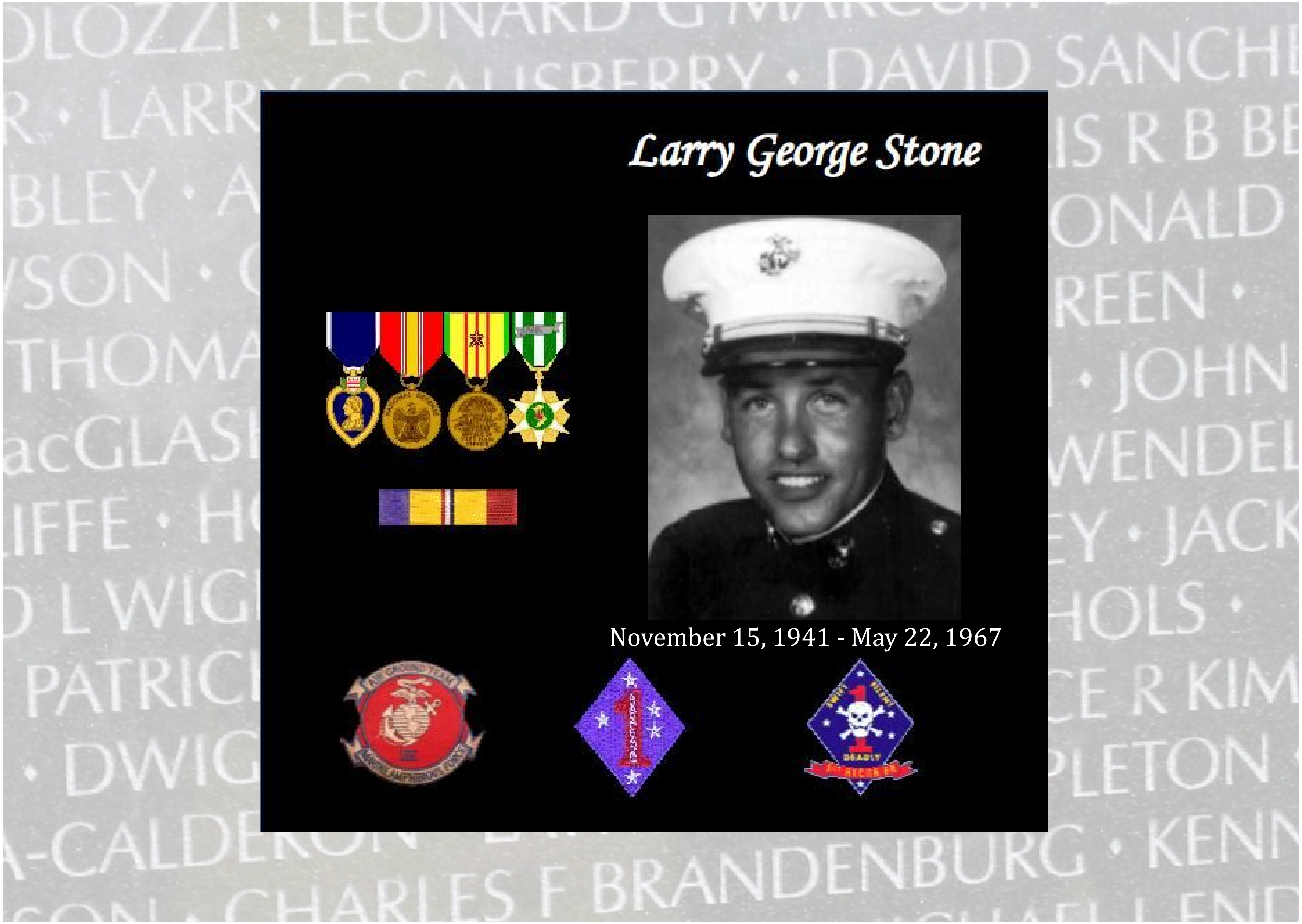
THE O'LEARY-BELLEW FAMILIES

Richard Laughlin O'Leary


Vietnam Veterans Memorial

This plaque honoring Rich O'Leary is inside the church. It was made by Navy Veteran Rocco Celtruda

Larry G. Stone



Larry George Stone

November 15, 1941 - May 22, 1967

Larry G. Stone

14 Apr 2008

Larry was a classmate at NSC. He was a friend who was full of life, energy and promise. I remember how his smile and dimples would light up his gorgeous face. He sometimes drove his friend's blue Corvette convertible, and I can still see him laughing and waving to me as he was off on his adventures in that car. He dated some of the most beautiful girls on campus, and never lacked for friends. He was a fantastic member of the baseball team, and I can't remember any picture of Larry in my mind that isn't filled with sunshine, green grass, blue skies, and his beautiful soul. I miss him still.

From a classmate.

rlieben@cox.net

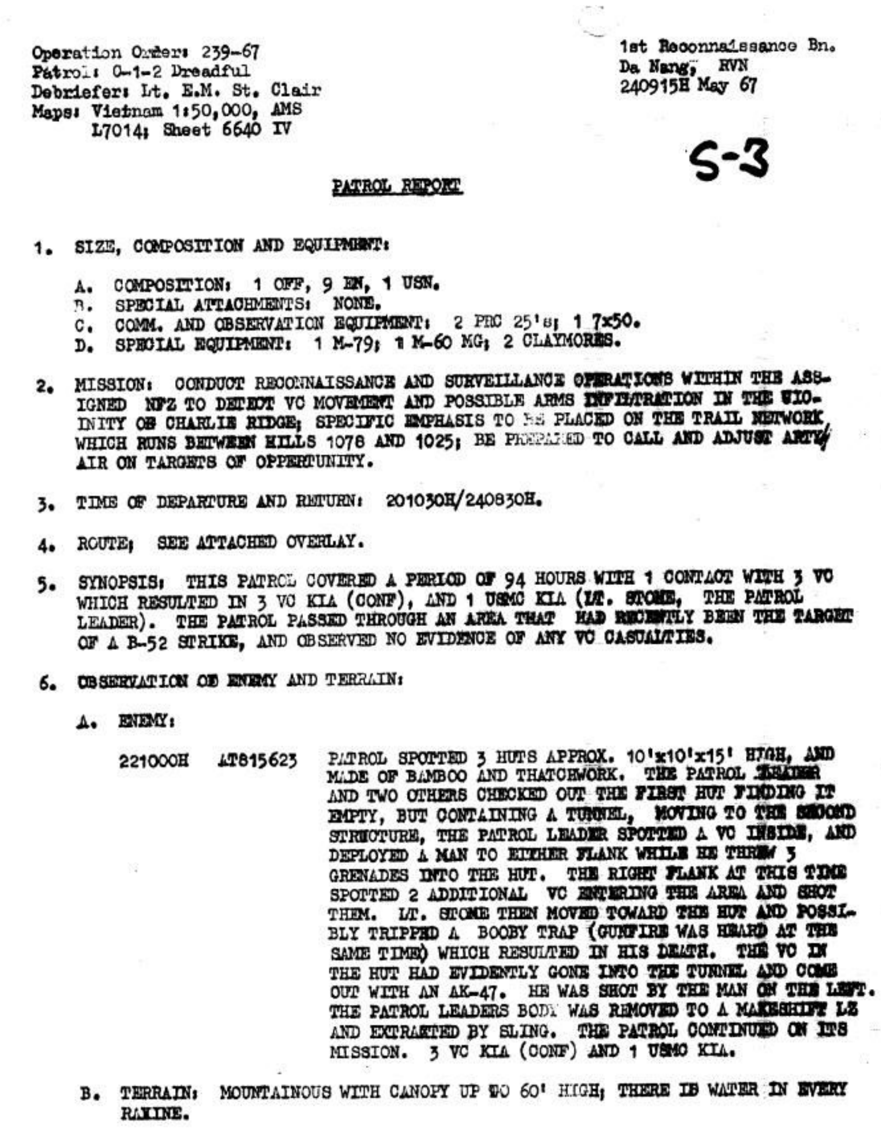
A Note from The Virtual Wall

Recon Team "Dreadful", consisting of one officer, 9 enlisted Marines, and a Navy Corpsman, was inserted into its patrol area on the east slope of Hill 1210, about 8 kilometers northwest of Dai Loc, at 10:30 AM on 20 May 1967. The patrol was uneventful until 22 May. The debriefing report contains the following information:

The nine remaining members of RT DREADFUL were extracted at 0830 24May 1967

High school friends "Larry, I think of you often and am so very proud to have had you as a friend. I will remember."

Clark Richie, Thursday, May 19, 2005



Operation Order: 239-67
Patrol: 0-1-2 Dreadful
Debriefer: Lt. E.M. St. Clair
Maps: Vietnam 1:50,000, AMS
L7014; Sheet 6640 IV

1st Reconnaissance Bn.
Da Nang, RVN
240915H May 67

S-3

PATROL REPORT

1. SIZE, COMPOSITION AND EQUIPMENT:

A. COMPOSITION: 1 OFF, 9 EN, 1 USN.
B. SPECIAL ATTACHMENTS: NONE.
C. COMM. AND OBSERVATION EQUIPMENT: 2 PRC 25's; 1 7x50.
D. SPECIAL EQUIPMENT: 1 M-79; 1 M-60 MG; 2 CLAYMORES.

2. MISSION: CONDUCT RECONNAISSANCE AND SURVEILLANCE OPERATIONS WITHIN THE ASSIGNED NFZ TO DETECT VC MOVEMENT AND POSSIBLE ARMS INFILTRATION IN THE VICINITY OF CHARLIE RIDGE; SPECIFIC EMPHASIS TO BE PLACED ON THE TRAIL NETWORK WHICH RUNS BETWEEN HILLS 1078 AND 1025; BE PREPARED TO CALL AND ADJUST ARTY/AIR ON TARGETS OF OPPERTUNITY.

3. TIME OF DEPARTURE AND RETURN: 201030H/240830H.

4. ROUTE; SEE ATTACHED OVERLAY.

5. SYNOPSIS: THIS PATROL COVERED A PERIOD OF 94 HOURS WITH 1 CONTACT WITH 3 VC WHICH RESULTED IN 3 VC KIA (CONF), AND 1 USMC KIA (LT. STONE, THE PATROL LEADER). THE PATROL PASSED THROUGH AN AREA THAT HAD RECENTLY BEEN THE TARGET OF A B-52 STRIKE, AND OBSERVED NO EVIDENCE OF ANY VC CASUALTIES.

6. OBSERVATION OF ENEMY AND TERRAIN:

A. ENEMY:

221000H AT815623 PATROL SPOTTED 3 HUTS APPROX. 10'x10'x15' HIGH, AND MADE OF BAMBOO AND THATCHWORK. THE PATROL LEADER AND TWO OTHERS CHECKED OUT THE FIRST HUT FINDING IT EMPTY, BUT CONTAINING A TUNNEL, MOVING TO THE SECOND STRUCTURE, THE PATROL LEADER SPOTTED A VC INSIDE, AND DEPLOYED A MAN TO EITHER FLANK WHILE HE THREW 3 GRENADES INTO THE HUT. THE RIGHT FLANK AT THIS TIME SPOTTED 2 ADDITIONAL VC ENTERING THE AREA AND SHOT THEM. LT. STONE THEN MOVED TOWARD THE HUT AND POSSIBLY TRIPPED A BOOBY TRAP (GUNFIRE WAS HEARD AT THE SAME TIME) WHICH RESULTED IN HIS DEATH. THE VC IN THE HUT HAD EVIDENTLY GONE INTO THE TUNNEL AND COME OUT WITH AN AK-47. HE WAS SHOT BY THE MAN ON THE LEFT. THE PATROL LEADERS BODY WAS REMOVED TO A MAKESHIFT LZ AND EXTRACTED BY SLING. THE PATROL CONTINUED ON ITS MISSION. 3 VC KIA (CONF) AND 1 USMC KIA.

B. TERRAIN: MOUNTAINOUS WITH CANOPY UP TO 60' HIGH; THERE IS WATER IN EVERY RAVINE.

Patrol Report from 1st Recon. Bn, 24 May 1967
Brief Summary of Action where Lt. Stone was killed

Larry G. Stone

OUR FRIEND

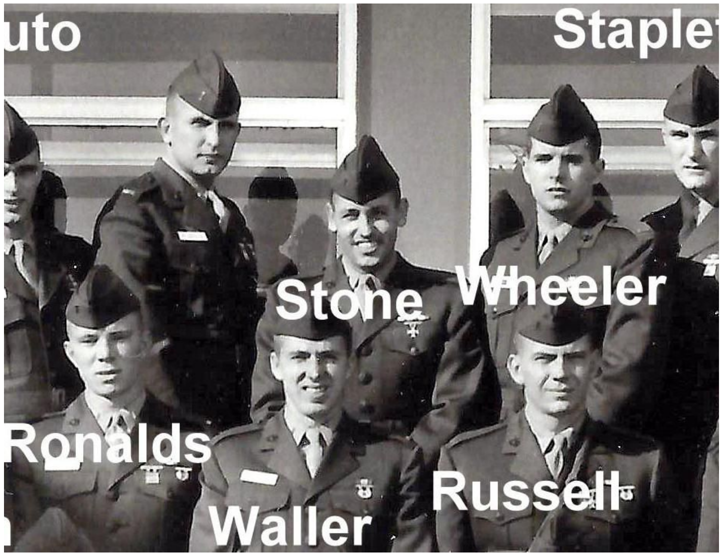
"Kid" Stone-- We here in Jay, OK still remember you. We think and speak of you often in our recollections of our school years at Jay High School. You are missed! From "the gang"

LARRY STONE - FRIEND

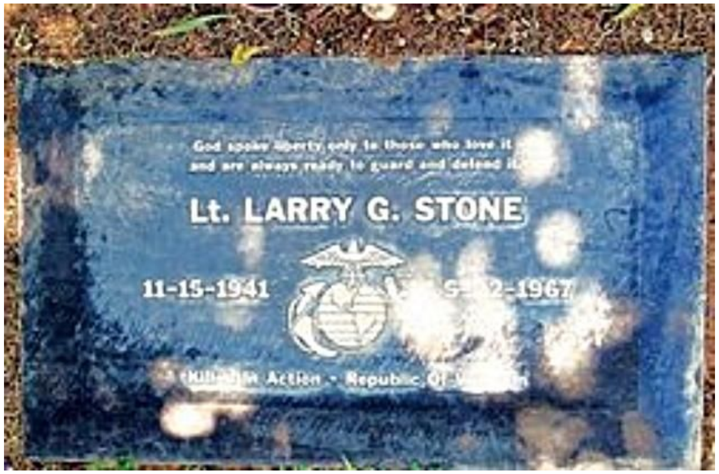
A college friend that visited me in OKC the evening before deployment. Dedicated to his Service. Crossed all T's before going. Think of him often.

BELOVED BROTHER

Looking out for your only son, Your little sister


uto
Staple
Stone
Wheeler
Ronalds
Waller
Russell

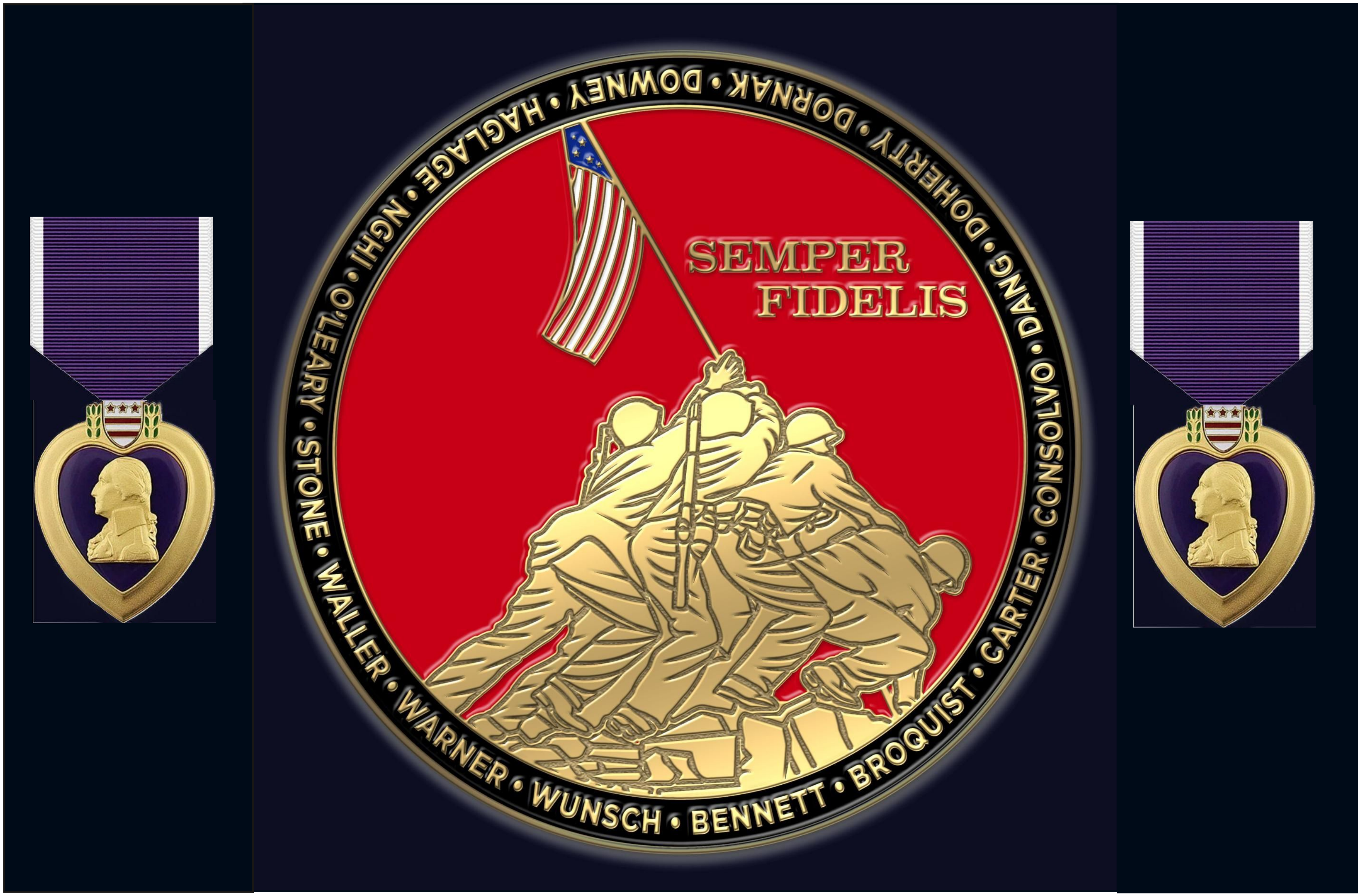
Larry Stone, TBS 2-67
January 1967


God spoke liberty only to those who love it
and are always ready to guard and defend it
Lt. LARRY G. STONE
11-15-1941
2-1967
Killed In Action - Republic Of

Larry G. Stone

Pictures from Memorial Day Ceremonies
At the Cemetery in Barstow, CA. where Larry is buried.

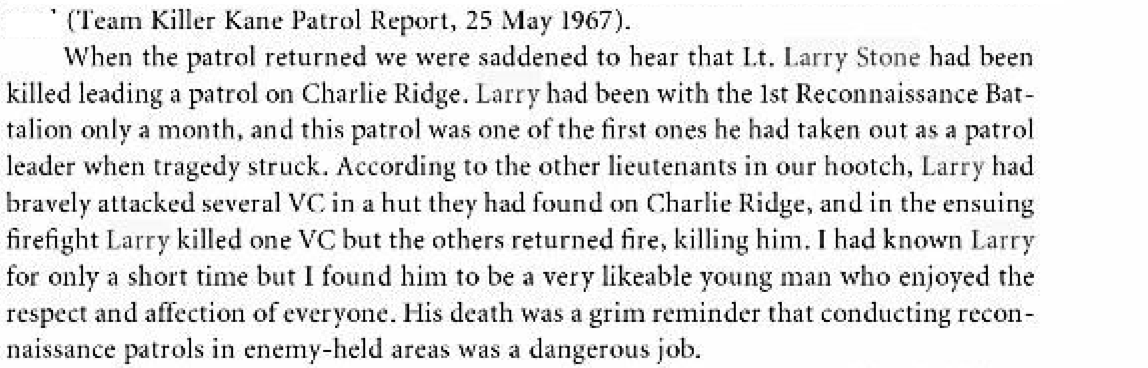
Larry G. Stone


DOWNEY • DORNAK • DOHERTY • DANG • CONSOLVO • CARTER • BROQUIST • BENNETT • WUNSCH • WARNER • WALLER • STONE • O'LEARY • NGHI • HAGLAGE •
SEMPER
FIDELIS

Tom Williamson, TBS 2-67 Remembers:

I met Larry in Basic School and had my locker in his BOQ room. I remember him and Fred Smith as the bachelors who kept the DC party routes open and busy. Then Larry and I went through the RVN training at Camp Pendelton together, went to Vietnam together and both were assigned to 1st Recon Battalion. We went to different companies but remained close and shared experiences. Larry was always upbeat, friendly and dedicated to the Marine Corps. A good man who will always be in my heart.

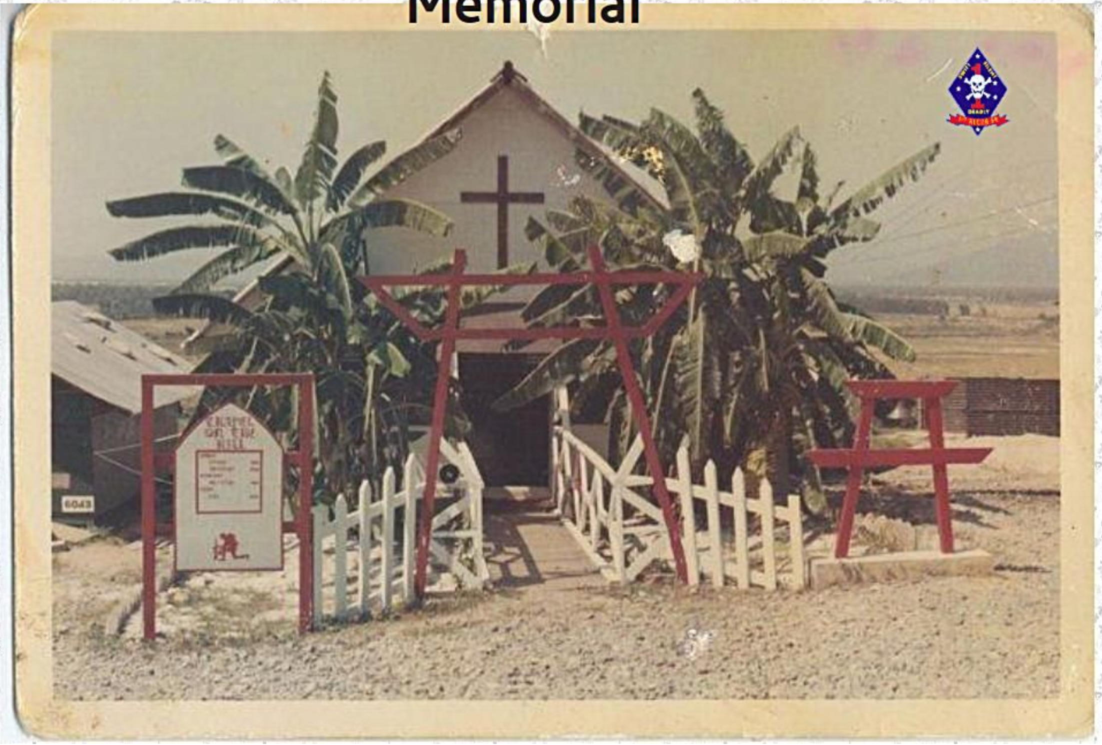
SWIFT
SILENT
GUADALCANAL
DEADLY
1ST RECON BN


' (Team Killer Kane Patrol Report, 25 May 1967).

When the patrol returned we were saddened to hear that Lt. Larry Stone had been killed leading a patrol on Charlie Ridge. Larry had been with the 1st Reconnaissance Battalion only a month, and this patrol was one of the first ones he had taken out as a patrol leader when tragedy struck. According to the other lieutenants in our hootch, Larry had bravely attacked several VC in a hut they had found on Charlie Ridge, and in the ensuing firefight Larry killed one VC but the others returned fire, killing him. I had known Larry for only a short time but I found him to be a very likeable young man who enjoyed the respect and affection of everyone. His death was a grim reminder that conducting reconnaissance patrols in enemy-held areas was a dangerous job.

Dedicated to those who gave their all and died in the Vietnam War from the 1st Reconnaissance Battalion March, 1965 – September, 1971

Memorial



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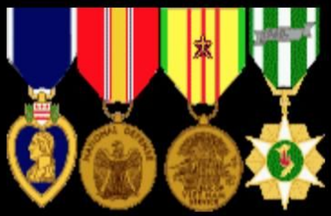
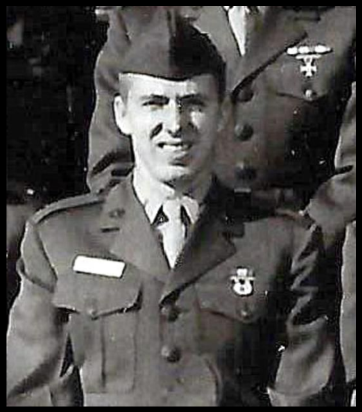
Larry G. Stone

This Page Saved for Additional Tributes

Robert W. Waller

Robert Willie Waller





August 31,1944 – June 27, 1967 cc

AIR GROUND TEAM
III
MARINE AMPHIBIOUS FORCE

9
9TH MARINES

Robert W. Waller

Davine Shores

Sister

1952 Bethlehem Rd Cottondale, Fl 32431 USA

"Buddy", My Brother"Buddy", as his brothers and sisters called him, was the oldest of eight children. He came from a family who was poor, but who was rich in values, morals and love. When he was nine years old, he came to know Jesus Christ as his Savior and began preaching the gospel in country churches. He was very intelligent (he had an engineering degree from Florida State)and was well liked by most of his peers. (I do remember one girl that rode the same bus we did, that seemed to have it in for him and would pick a fight with him on the way home every evening!)

There were times when he would pull the "big brother" act and assert his authority, like the time he told me I was crazy because I wanted to get married and quit school at age 16! But he supported me in my marriage and was good friends with my husband. We were very sad to lose him at such an early age, but have no doubt he waits for us in heaven.

Monday, November 03, 2003 Hand Salute to the Marine Hero

Lieut Robert W Waller! Semper Fi RIP!

POSTED ON 12.7.2014

POSTED BY: JOHN WALLER

ONE OF MANY HEROS

Robert: I barely remember you my cousin but thank you so much for your sacrifice. Special place in heaven for those who gave all.

POSTED ON 6.23.2010

POSTED BY: ROBERT SAGE

WE REMEMBER

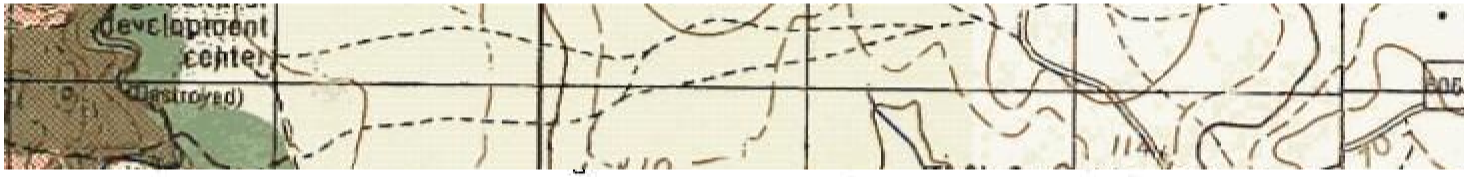
Robert is buried at Riverside Cemetery in Marianna, FL. PH

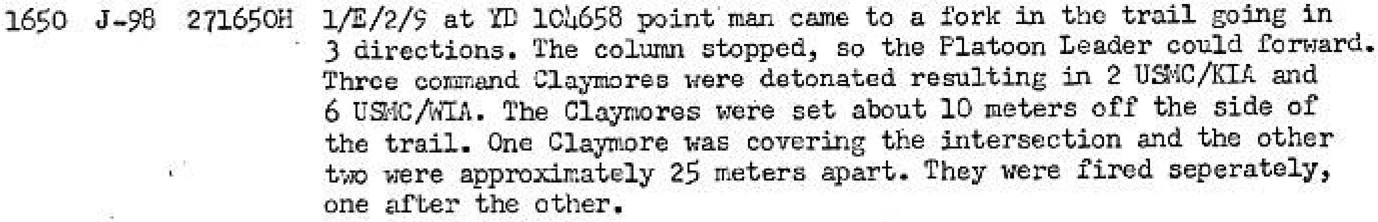
POSTED ON 3.1.2006

POSTED BY: HARVEY GLEASON

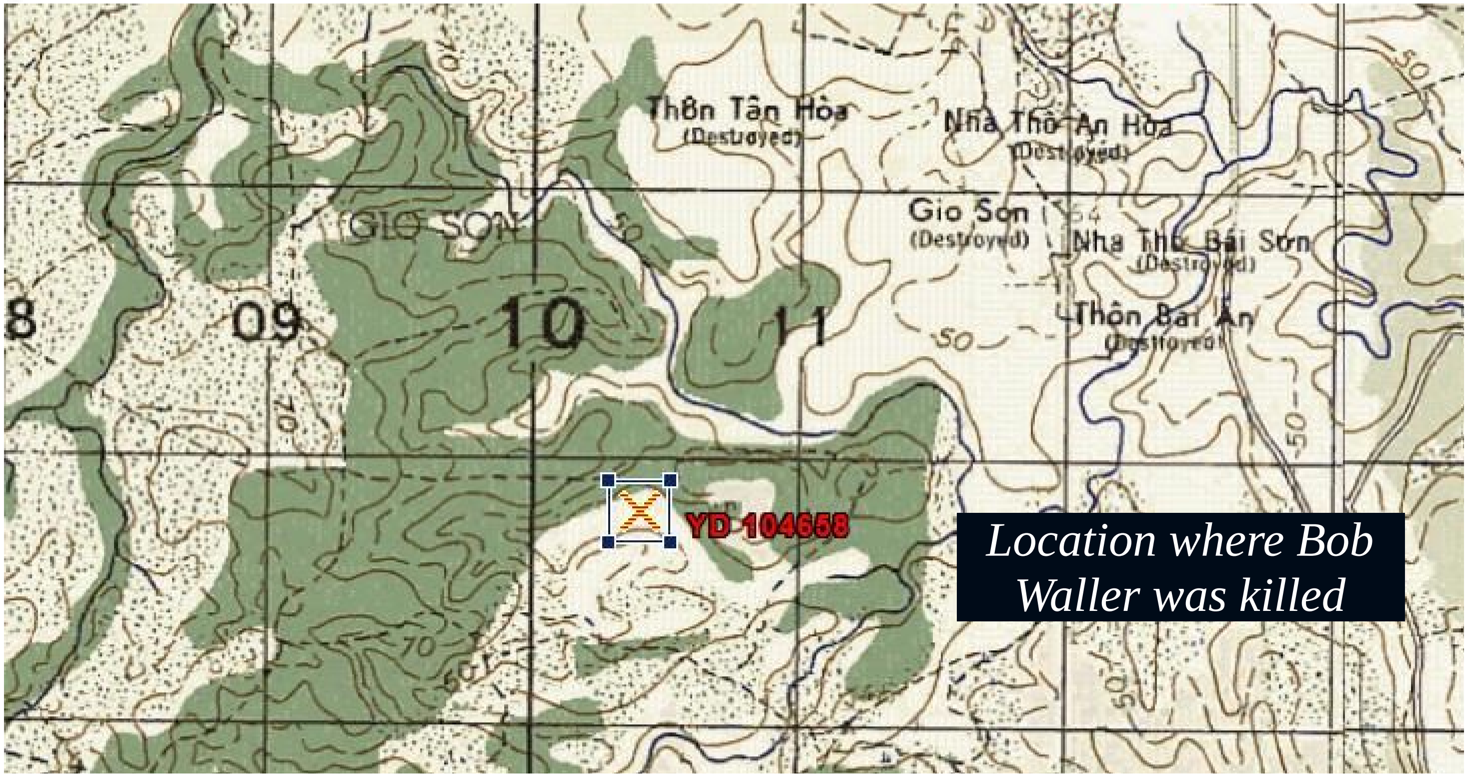
I WISH I HAD KNOWN YOU BETTER.

I last saw Bob Waller in Okinawa in May, 1967. He was there for a short time before he returned to his platoon in Vietnam. He had a big grin on his face as he told me how much he enjoyed leading his Marines in battle. It is good to know that he loved his mission when he died.

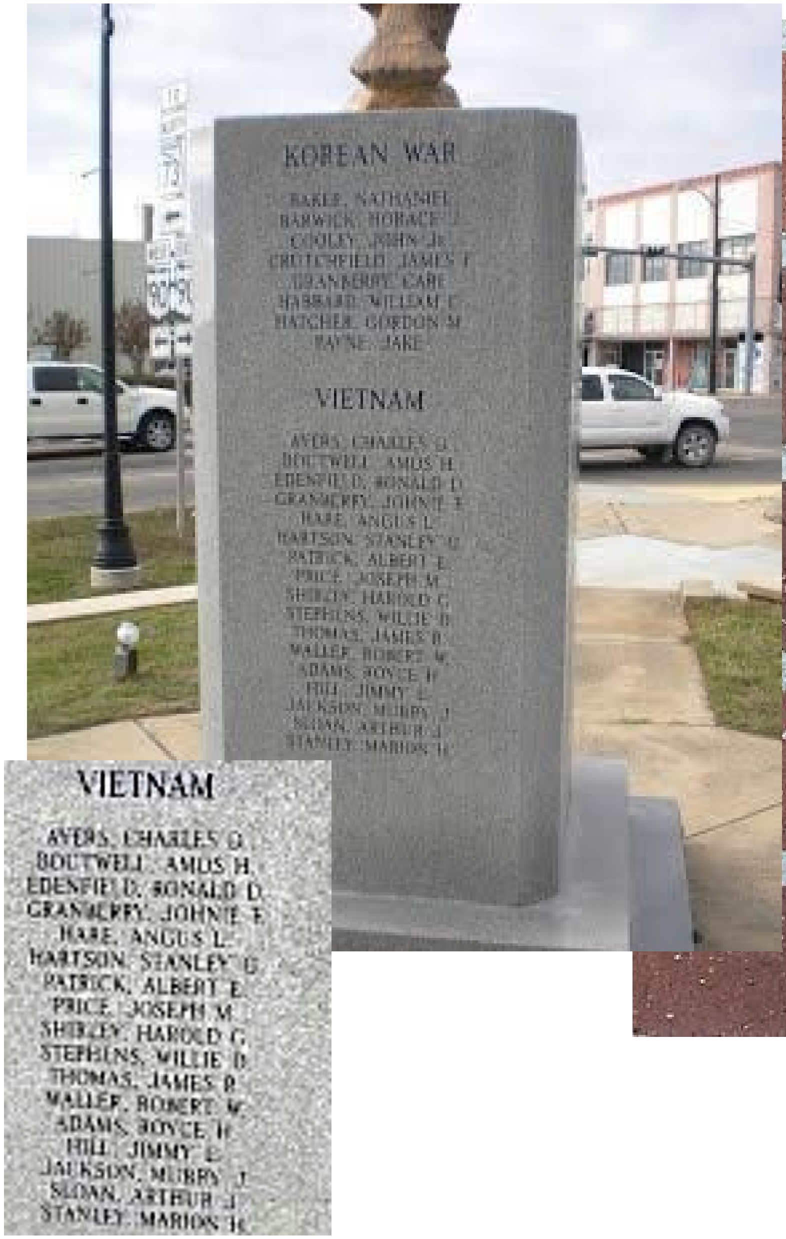

development
center
(Destroyed)

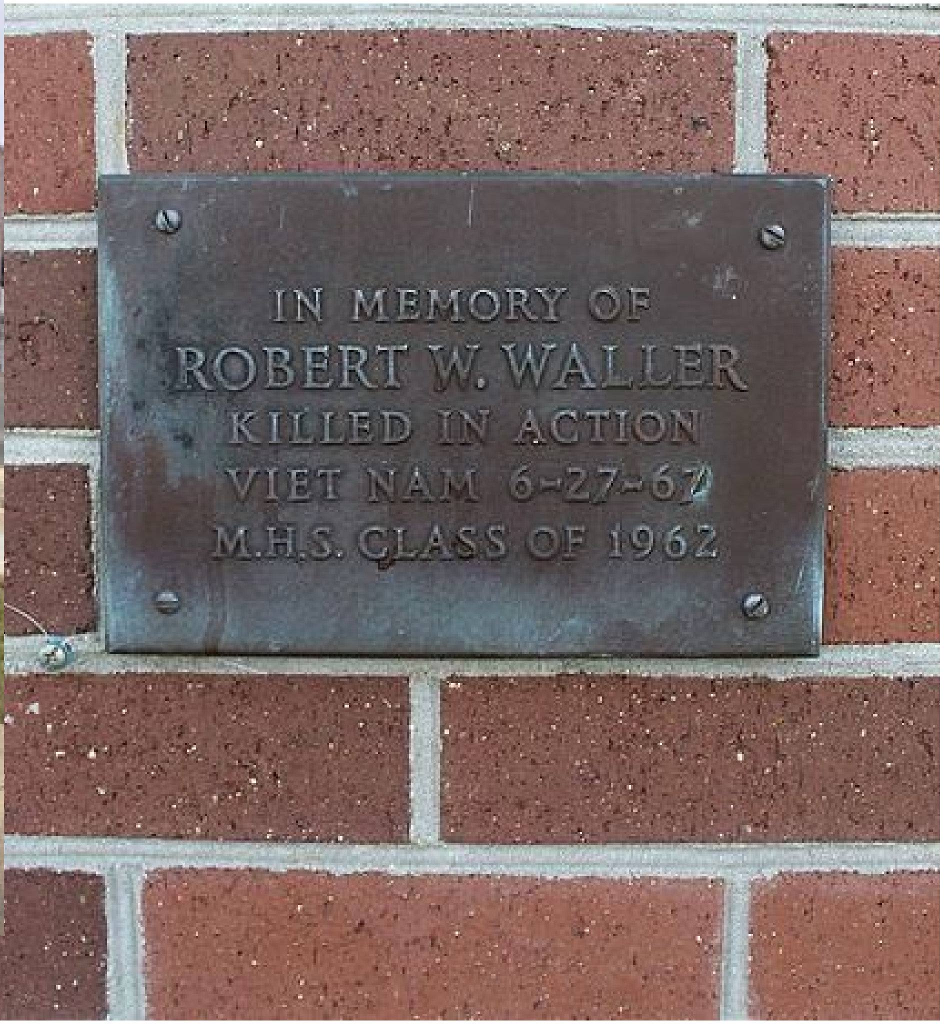


1650 J-98 271650H 1/E/2/9 at YD 104658 point man came to a fork in the trail going in 3 directions. The column stopped, so the Platoon Leader could forward. Three command Claymores were detonated resulting in 2 USMC/KIA and 6 USMC/WIA. The Claymores were set about 10 meters off the side of the trail. One Claymore was covering the intersection and the other two were approximately 25 meters apart. They were fired seperately, one after the other.

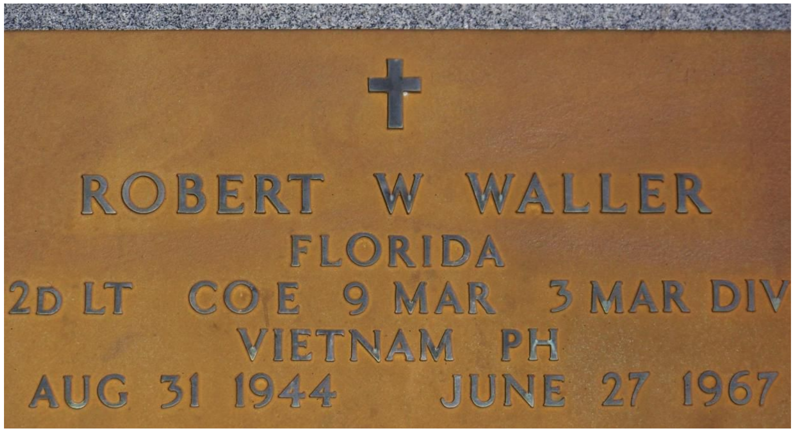

Thôn Tân Hòa
(Destroyed)
Nha Thờ An Hòa
(Destroyed)
GIO SON
Gio Sơn
(Destroyed)
Nha Thờ Bãi Sơn
(Destroyed)
Thôn Bãi An
(Destroyed)
8
09
10
11
50
70
YD 104658

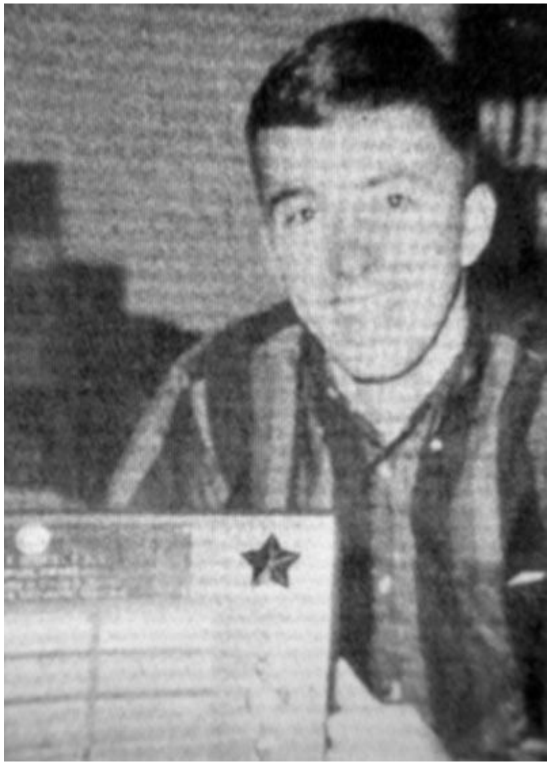
Location where Bob Waller was killed

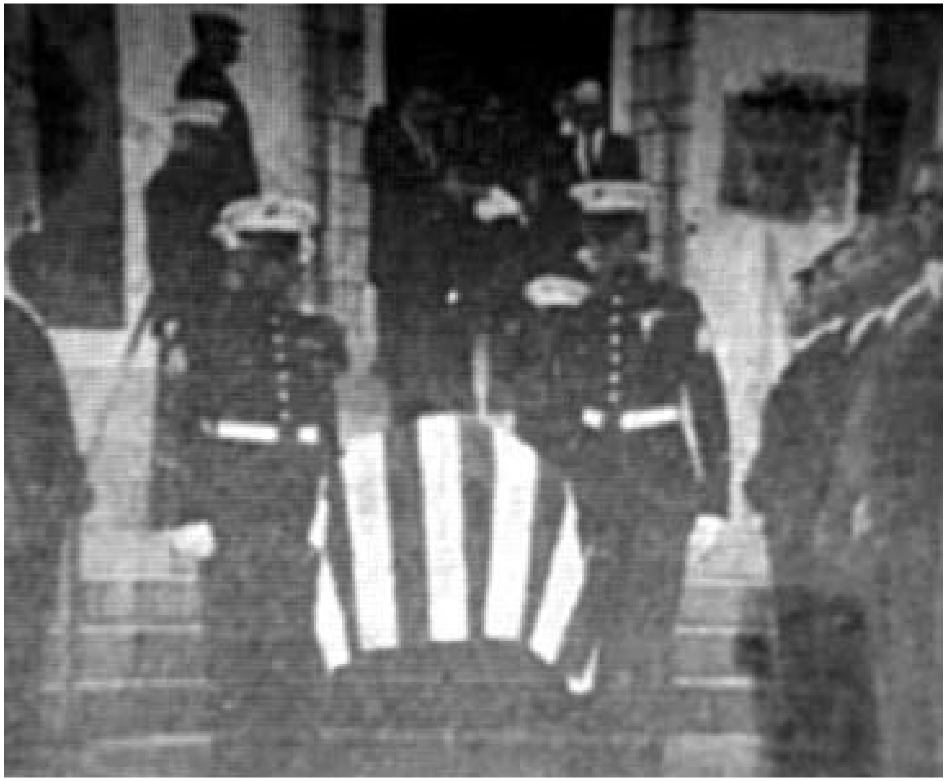

KOREAN WAR
BAKER, NATHANIEL
BARWICK, HORACE J.
COOLEY, JOHN Jr.
CRUTCHFIELD, JAMES T.
GRANBERRY, CARL
HABBARD, WILLIAM E.
HATCHER, GORDON M.
PAYNE, JAKE
VIETNAM
AYERS, CHARLES G.
BOUTWELL, AMOS H.
EDENFIELD, RONALD D.
GRANBERRY, JOHNIE T.
HARE, ANGUS L.
HARTSON, STANLEY G.
PATRICK, ALBERT E.
PRICE, JOSEPH M.
SHIRLEY, HAROLD G.
STEPHENS, WILLIE D.
THOMAS, JAMES R.
WALLER, ROBERT W.
ADAMS, BOYCE H.
HILL, JIMMY L.
JACKSON, MURRY J.
SLOAN, ARTHUR J.
STANLEY, MARION H.


IN MEMORY OF
ROBERT W. WALLER
KILLED IN ACTION
VIET NAM 6-27-67
M.H.S. CLASS OF 1962

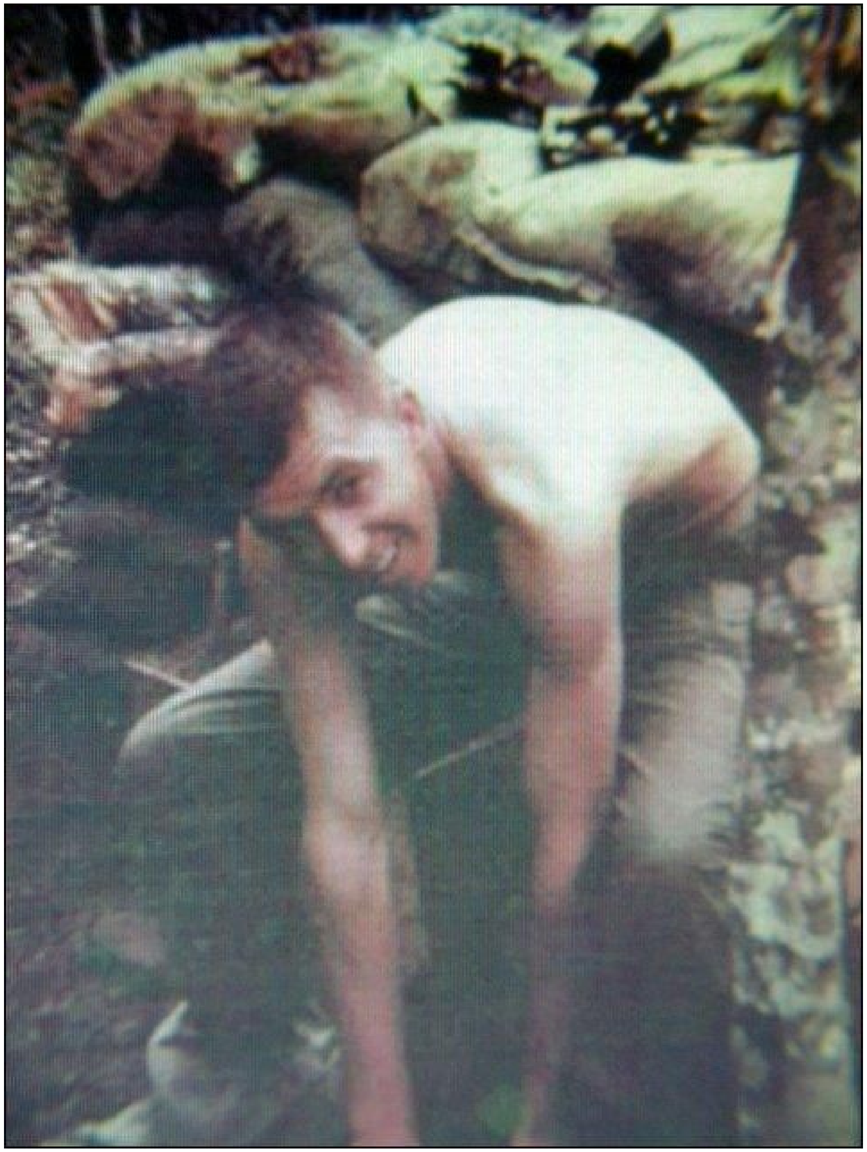
Robert W. Waller


ROBERT W WALLER
FLORIDA
2D LT CO E 9 MAR 3 MAR DIV
VIETNAM PH
AUG 31 1944 JUNE 27 1967



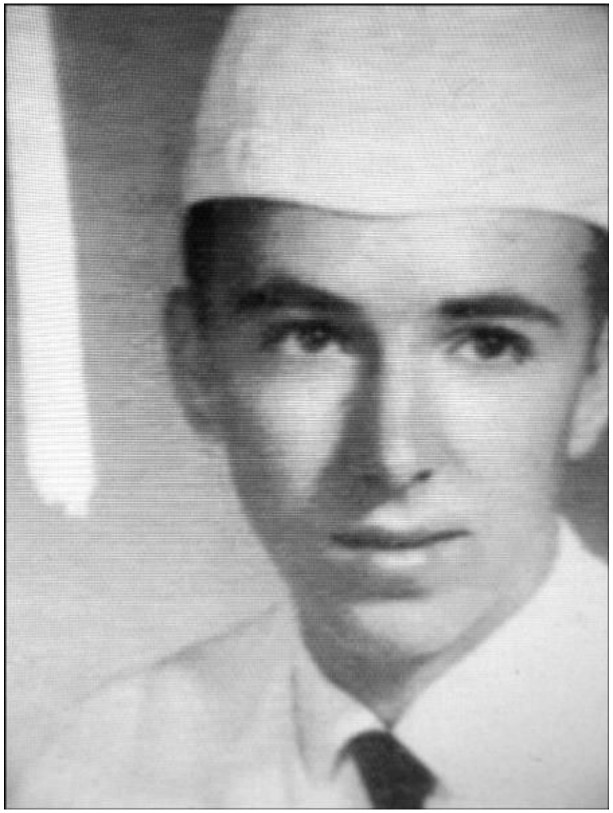


Robert W. Waller



M-96

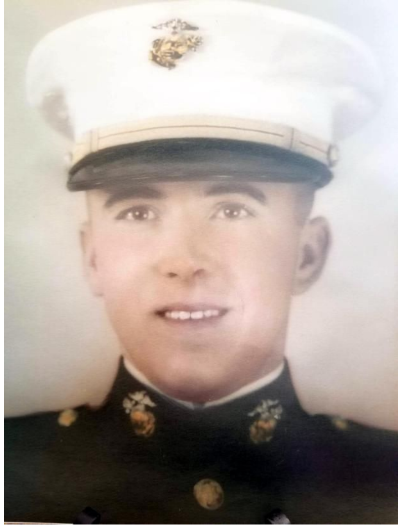
Robert W. Waller

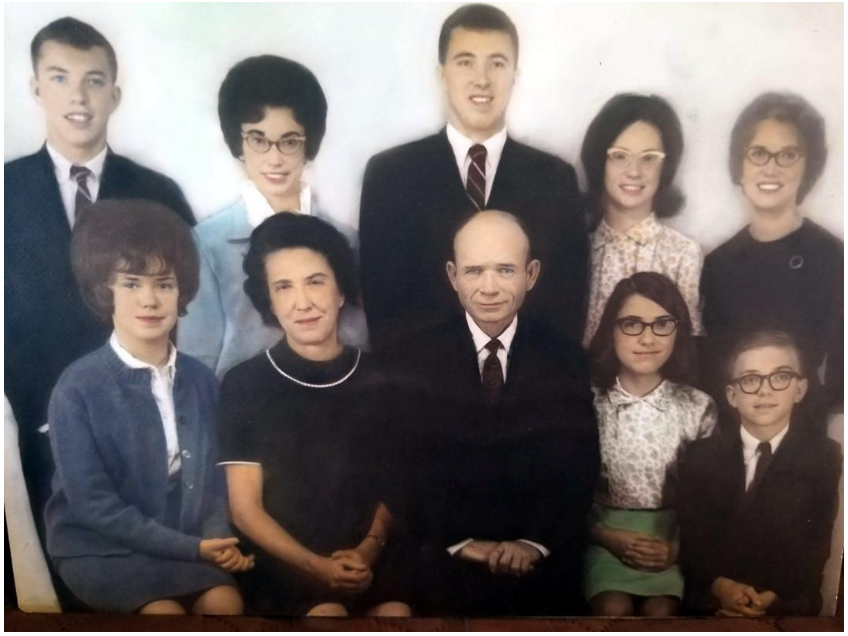


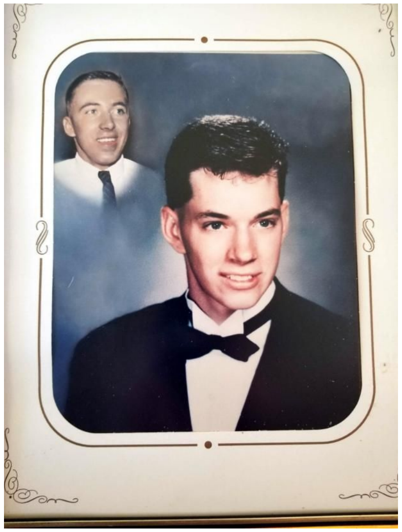
SEMPER
FIDELIS
DOWNEY • DORNAK • DOHERTY • DANG • CONSOLVO • CARTER • BROQUIST • BENNETT • WUNSCH • WARNER • WALLER • STONE • O'LEARY • NGHI • HAGLAGE •

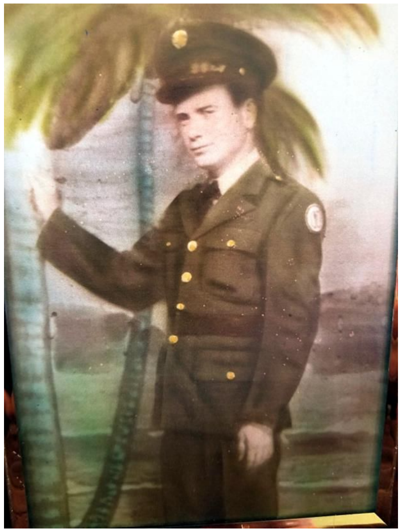
Robert W. Waller

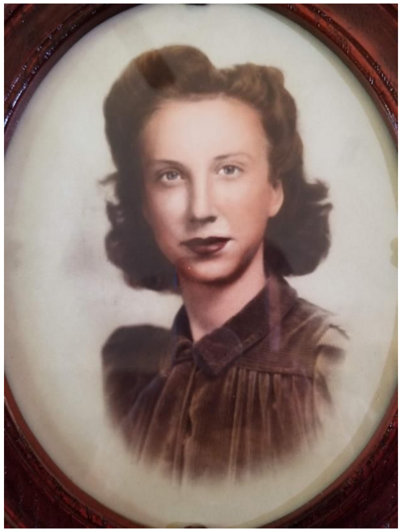
Photos from the Waller family album
(Thank you, Davine)











UL: Bob "Buddy" Waller TBS-graduation

UR: Robert (inset), and his nephew "Robert" Daniel Shores

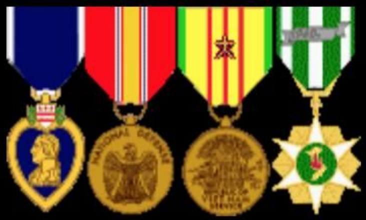
Center: Waller family portrait prior to Robert leaving for Quantico.

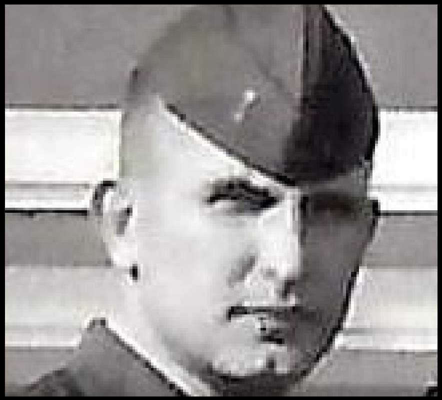
LF: Robert's Father, U.S. Army WWII

LR: Robert's Mother

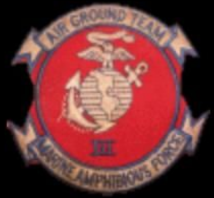
Charles W.F. Warner

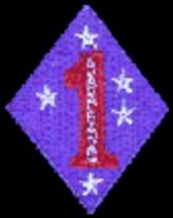
Charles William F. Warner

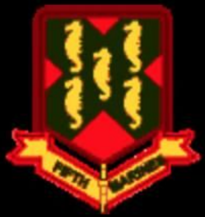




July 1, 1944 – July 25, 1967


AIR GROUND TEAM
III
MARINE AMPHIBIOUS FORCE


1
GUADALCANAL


FIFTH MARINES

From the Lucky Bag:

CHARLES W. F. WARNER

Santa Monica, California

Chuck arrived at USNA in a burst of glory, fresh from being voted his school's second best all-around athlete. By night Chuck could be found expounding upon the virtues of his hometown and state, Santa Monica, California, while by day he set out to improve on his athletic record by participating in many and varied company sports. Weekends found Chuck setting new records for cobblestones covered in a minimal amount of time, while making the rounds of Annapolis. Despite a minor academic setback during plebe year, Chuck rebounded, fighting weapons labs all the way, to improve greatly his academic standing during succeeding years. Judging from Chuck's disdainful attitude following youngster cruise, his physical ability and the multitude of Leatherneck magazines to be found in his room, he appears to be a prime candidate for the Marine Corps upon graduation.

via Heroes of the United States Naval Academy on Facebook

Charles was the husband of Linda V. Warner, the son of John H. Warner and Irene O. Warner of Santa Monica California. Upon graduating from Annapolis Maryland he was commissioned as a 2d Lieutenant in the US Marine Corps on June 8, 1966. In Vietnam he was assigned to and served as a platoon Commander with Company L, 3d Battalion, 5th Marines, 1st MARDIV (Rein) FMF.

With the completion of Operation CALHOUN, on July 2, the 3d Battalion began moving form the Chu Lai Military Complex to the vicinity of Da Nang to establish a Command Post on Hill 63 in the Que Son District of Quang Nam Province. On July 25, Company I and L with the Alpha Command Group conducted a joint USMC Vietnamese Regional Force cordon and sweep operation in the vicinity of Hill 63 and during an engagement with the enemy 2Lt Charles Warner was hit and killed by hostile rifle fire.

On August 5, 1966, 2nd Lieutenant Warner completed the United States Army Infantry School Airborne Course at Fort Benning, Georgia.

From August 24, 1966 to January 20, 1967, 2nd Lieutenant Warner was under instruction at Marine Corps Basic Course, Basic Class 2-67, Quantico Virginia.

On September 17, 1966, 2nd Lieutenant Warner married his high school sweetheart, Miss Linda R. Voorhees at the United States Naval Academy Chapel.

2nd Lieutenant Warner was assigned to Marine Corps Base Camp Pendleton, California and was then sent to the Republic of Vietnam.

2nd Lieutenant Warner was assigned to 1st Marine Division, 3rd Battalion, 5th Marines, L Company.

From the time 2nd Lieutenant Warner arrived until he was killed, he was in continuous combat except for a short time to recover from a combat wound. On April 4, 1967 he earned his first Purple Heart. While on patrol in the vicinity of Quang Ngai, 2nd Lieutenant Warner sustained a gunshot wound to his right thigh. 2nd Lieutenant Warner recovered after a short stay on a hospital ship and returned to combat.

2nd Lieutenant Warner participated in Operation UNION II during May, 1967 and was awarded the

Charles W.F. Warner

Bronze Star Medal with Combat "V" for his actions on May 26, 1967. Company L was assigned the mission of securing a battalion landing zone during the initial phase of the operation. The company came under intense automatic weapons and mortar fire from a force of 300 North Vietnamese Army Regulars and sustained heavy casualties. 2nd Lieutenant exposed himself to the heavy volume of fire to deploy his men, to rescue a seriously wounded corpsman and to direct accurate suppressive fire against the enemy positions. This forced the enemy to shift their fire on his platoon, thereby enabling the arriving helicopters of his battalion to land safely. His actions contributed significantly to the accomplishment of his unit's mission.

Remembrances

...from my Mother, your cousin. I was 13 when I learned of your bravery the first time. When I learned that you met your end by insisting on being the first in the tunnel, before any of the young men entrusted to your care. I found your name on the memorial on my 8th grade trip to Washington DC in 1989. Knowing your story made the discovery that much more special, that much more meaningful, that much more relevant to a young girl.MEGAN ELLIOTT DICICCIO, 5/29/16

Charles was a friend of Jim Webb, who recounted this in a book by Robert Timberg:

A packet of letters greeted Webb in Annapolis when he returned from first class cruise in September 1967. One was from Chuck Warner, who as an upperclassman bet his ass against Webb's on the "Louie, Louie" fight, then became a close and valued friend. Warner, a Marine, was recuperating on Guam from a chest wound, but said he would soon be returning to Vietnam. Glad you're okay, Webb scribbled back, keep your head down, write when you can.

With the Class of 1968 taking over the Academy's leadership posts, Webb was named brigade administrative officer, a four-striper position. His duties were relatively light, though they included one somber element. His in-box was the first stop for reports of Annapolis men killed in Vietnam.

Soon after classes resumed, Webb made his daily visit to the Main Office to pick up official correspondence. Walking back to his room, he saw that the mail included three death notices. He didn't know the first two KIAs. The third name turned him to stone. Charles W. F. Warner, '66. Warner had gone back in-country and taken another round to the chest. In a nearby room, Glen Campbell was singing "By the Time I Get to Phoenix." Webb used to love the song. Since that day, he has gotten sick every time he's heard it.

In a letter published to a blog , John Warner, his brother, said that the initial wound had been to his leg and that Charles' final action resulted in a Bronze Star. Except for recuperating from the leg wound, he was in combat from his arrival in Vietnam on March 25, 1967 until his death.

Married to Linda Voorhees in September 1966.

POSTED ON 4.22.2020

POSTED BY: KIP DELLINGER

YOU ARE NEVER FORGOTTEN

I can still see and feel you looking across the *huddle at Samo. Or the stay overs when we were at Lincoln Jr High - even then you knew you were headed to Annapolis. It has always been an honor to have known you.*

POSTED ON 1.9.2017

GLAD YOU ARE WATCHING OUT FOR MY NANA AND PAPA IN HEAVEN

Was not even 2 when you sacrificed your life for all of us. Your mother and dad were always so good to me. Remember your dad driving up in the coolest motor home. He was so proud of it but not to long after that they took away his dl. Wish I could met you but will one day. Proud to be related to you.

POSTED ON 5.29.2016

POSTED BY: MEGAN ELLIOTT DICICCIO

I ONLY EVER KNEW YOU...

...from my Mother, your cousin. I was 13 when I learned of your bravery the first time. When I learned that you met your end by insisting on being the first in the tunnel, before any of the young men entrusted to your care.
I found your name on the memorial on my 8th grade trip to Washington DC in 1989. Knowing your story made the discovery that much more special, that much more meaningful, that much more relevant to a young girl.

POSTED ON 6.23.2010

POSTED BY: ROBERT SAGE

WE REMEMBER

Charles is buried at Inglewood Park Cemetery in Inglewood, CA. BSM PH/GS

POSTED ON 12.25.2002

POSTED BY: SANDRA NIRENBERG MARLEY

THANK YOU FOR YOUR SERVICE

Hi Charles, remembering you from Santa Monica High School. Your classmates still think of you and thank you for your service to our Country. Sandra Nirenberg, Class of 1962, Santa Monica High, Santa Monica, CA.

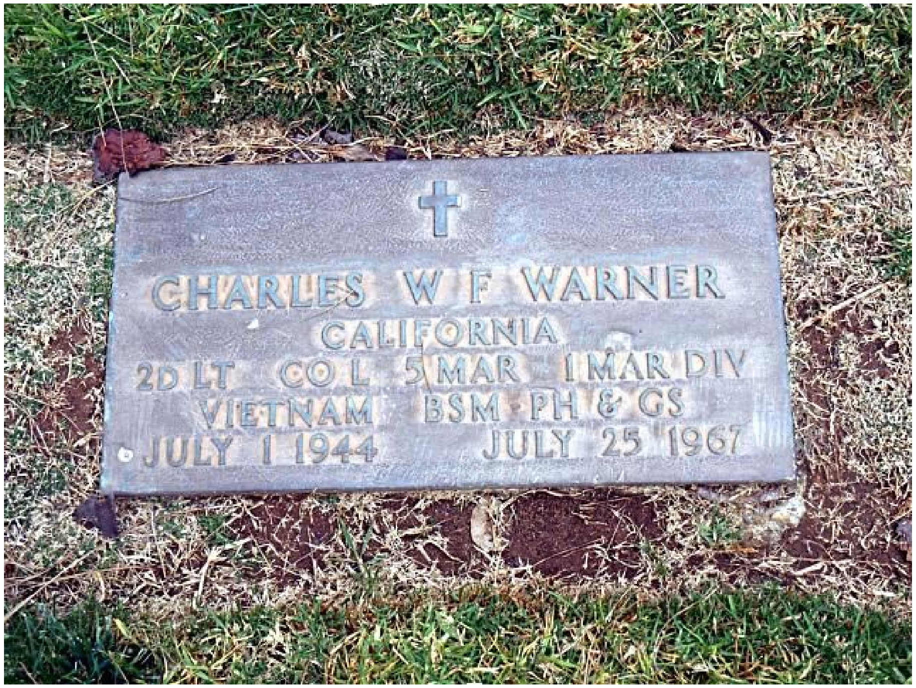
POSTED ON 12.20.2002

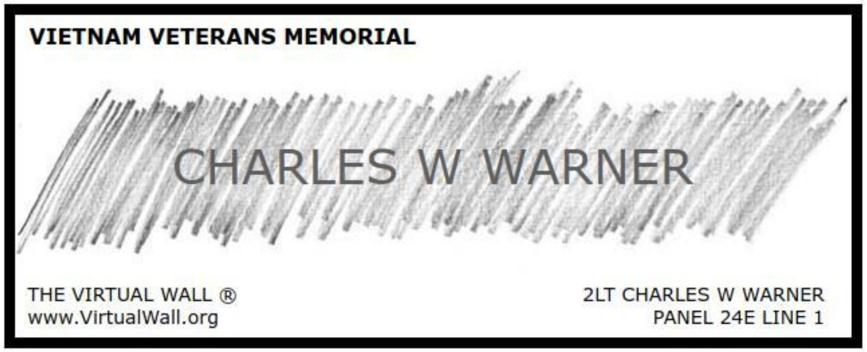
POSTED BY: ANTHONY F. ZALLNICK JR.

CLASSMATE, COMPANY MATE, AND FRIEND

Chuck,I often remember our weekend walks through Annapolis. I think of you often and regret that you're no longer with us to share fond memories of 2nd Company, Class of 66, USNA. Thank you for your service.

Charles W.F. Warner


CHARLES W F WARNER
CALIFORNIA
2D LT CO L 5 MAR 1 MAR DIV
VIETNAM BSM PH & GS
JULY 1 1944 JULY 25 1967



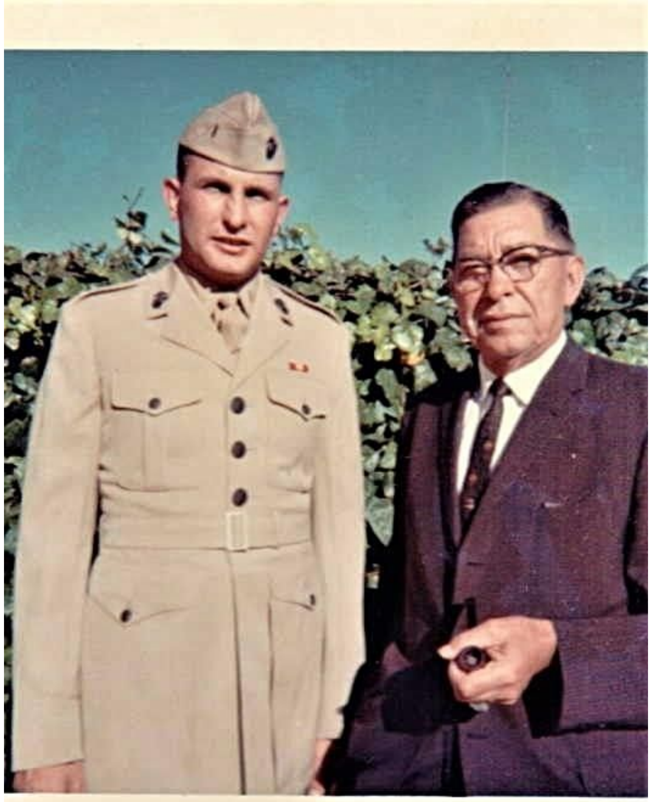
VIETNAM VETERANS MEMORIAL

CHARLES W WARNER

THE VIRTUAL WALL ®
www.VirtualWall.org

2LT CHARLES W WARNER
PANEL 24E LINE 1

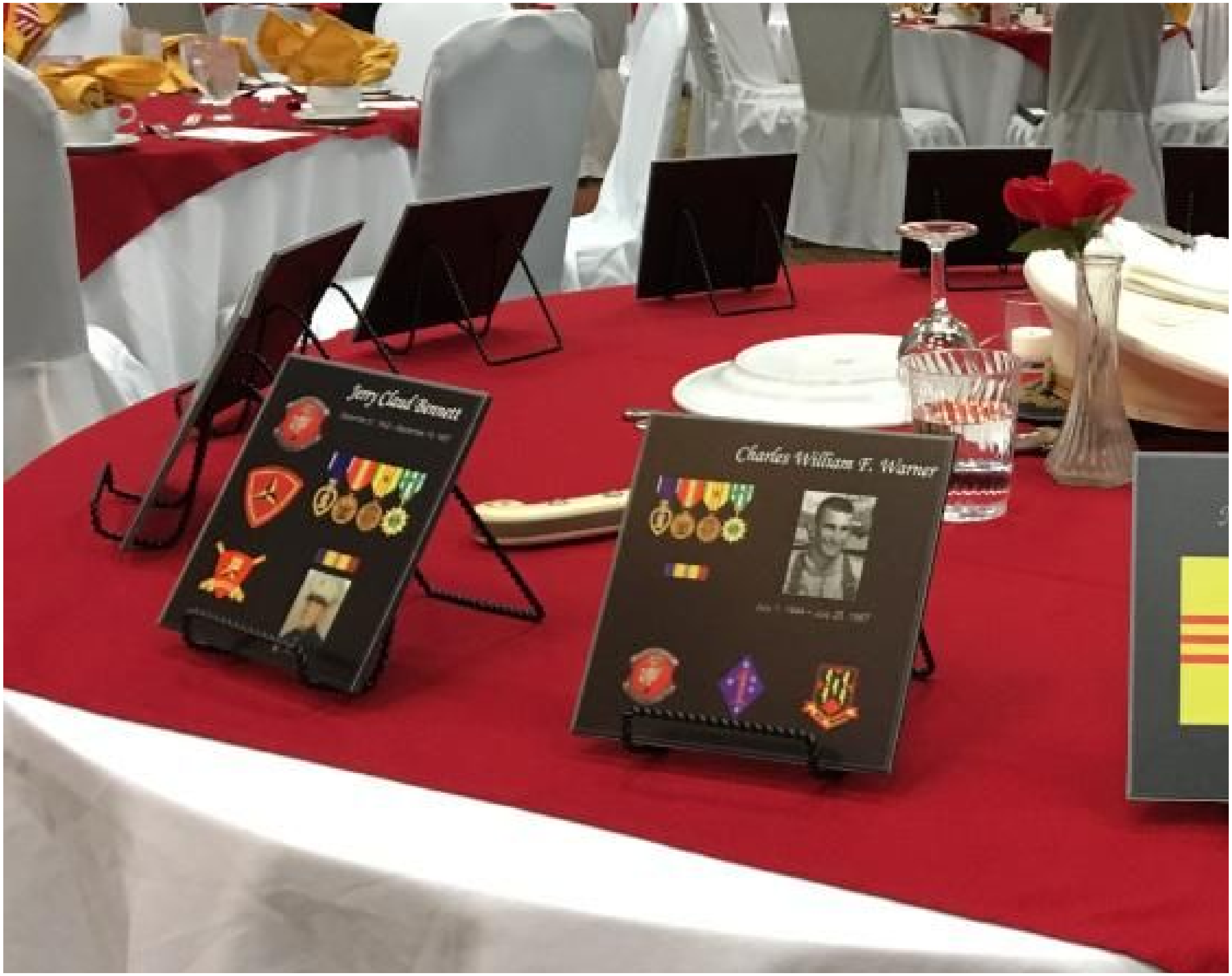
Charles W.F. Warner



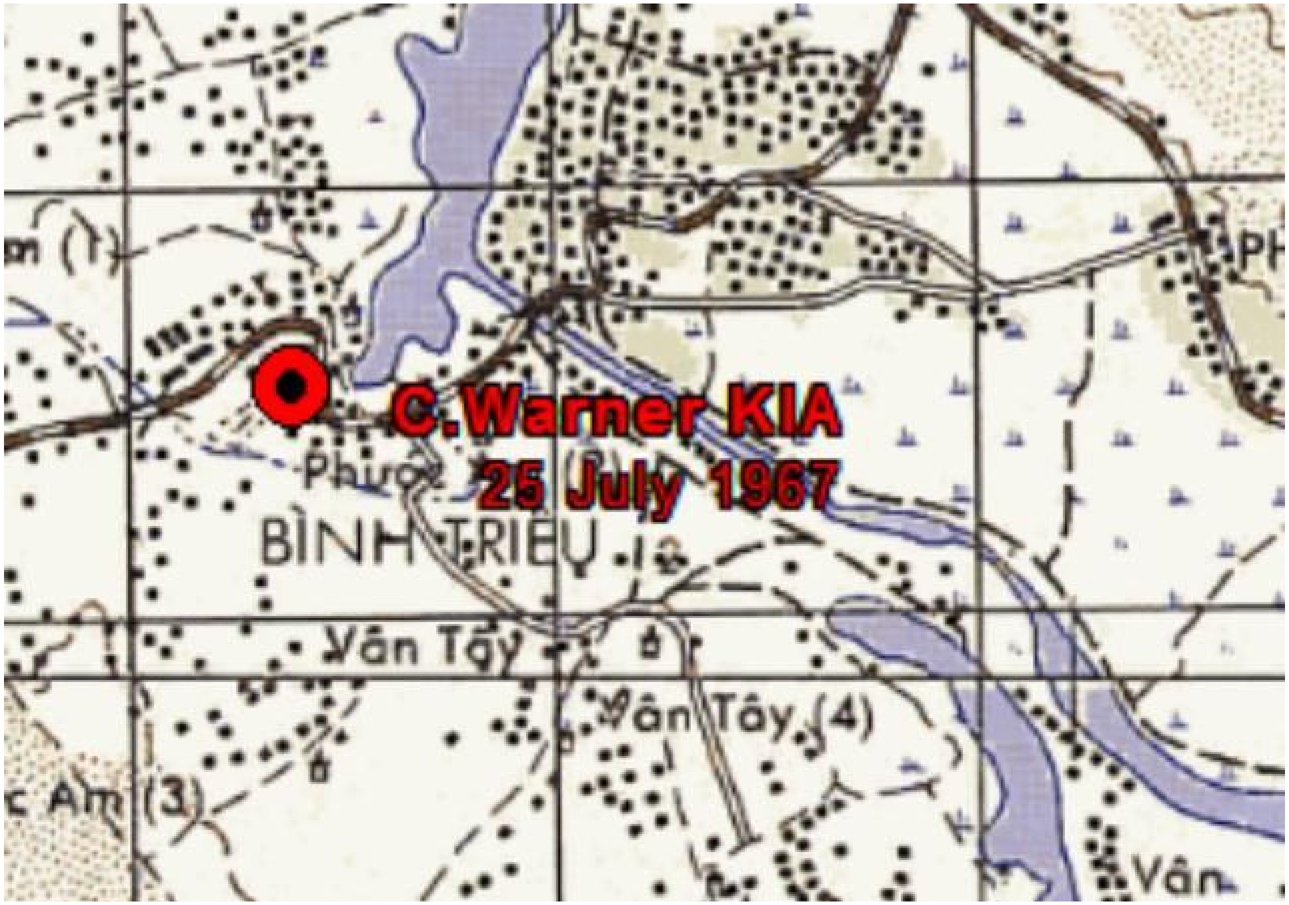
Chuck Warner and his father

LIMA
GET SOME

Charles W.F. Warner


Jerry Claud Bennett
Charles William F. Warner

Charles W.F. Warner


m (1)
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BÌNH TRIEU
Vân Tây
Vân Tây (4)
c Am (3)
Vân
PH

C.Warner KIA
25 July 1967

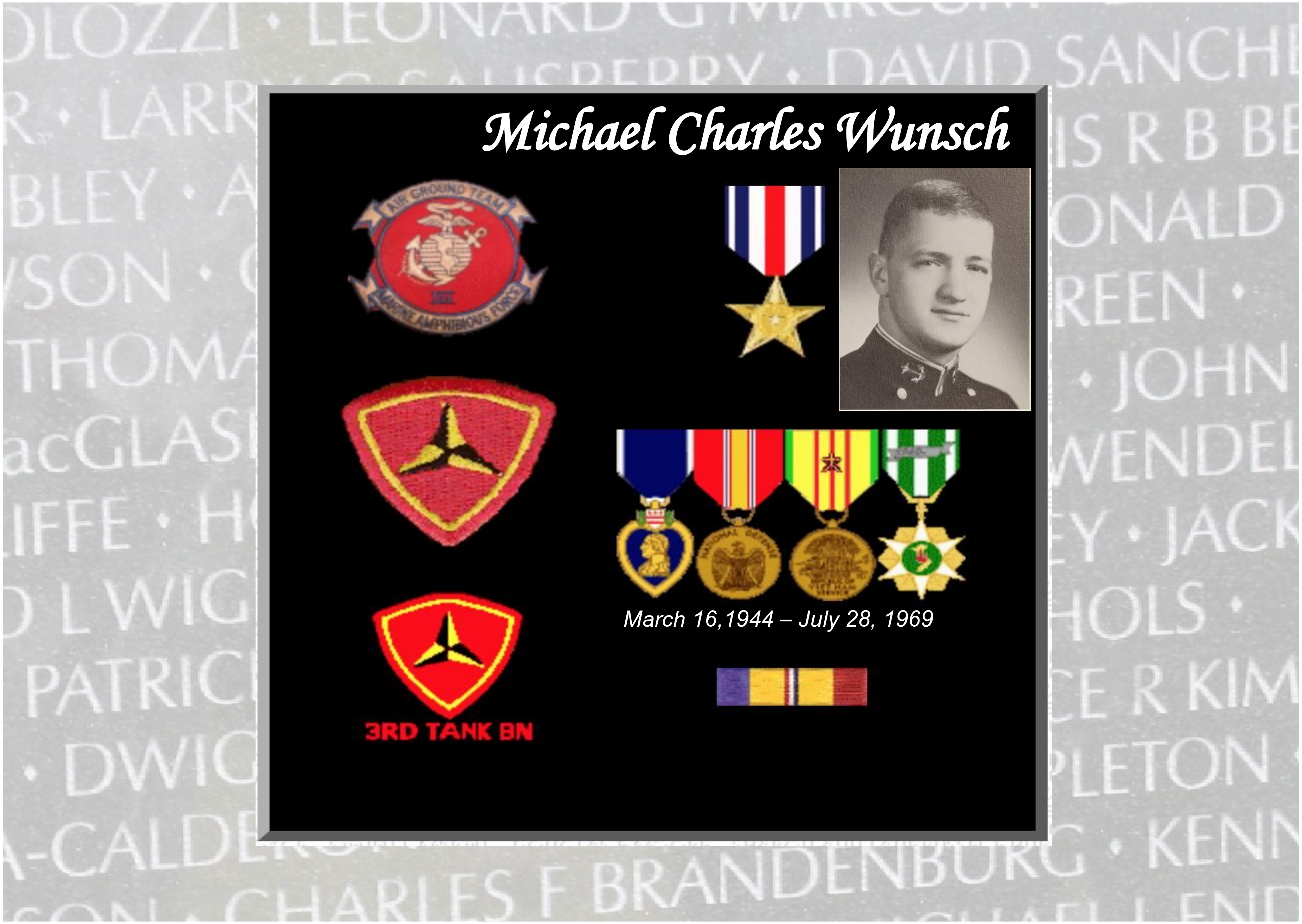
Charles W.F. Warner

Click Here to listen to Chuck Warner describe an action a month before he was killed

Charles W.F. Warner

This Page Saved for Additional Tributes

Michael Charles Wunsch



AIR GROUND TEAM
III
MARINE AMPHIBIOUS FORCE
3RD TANK BN

Michael Charles Wunsch

March 16,1944 – July 28, 1969

POSTED ON 12.30.2014

POSTED BY: Arturo E. Flores

Not A Day Goes By

Michael, not a day goes by, my brother, that I don't think about you. I clearly remember that fateful morning when I was called to go identify you at Quang-Tri Triage. Just hours before, we had shared some C-rats at my tent when you came by in your tank to say goodbye because your tour would be over the following week. I could not convince you to stay in Quang-Tri and for years I blamed myself for your death. You went back for one more day to be with your beloved troops in Con Thien and you all were hit by sappers and RPGs a few short hours later. I will cherish that last moment with you till the day I am called by our Saviour. You will always live in my soul, Michael. God bless your family.

POSTED ON 8.8.2012

POSTED BY: GySgt Don Dalton USMC Retired

Company CO

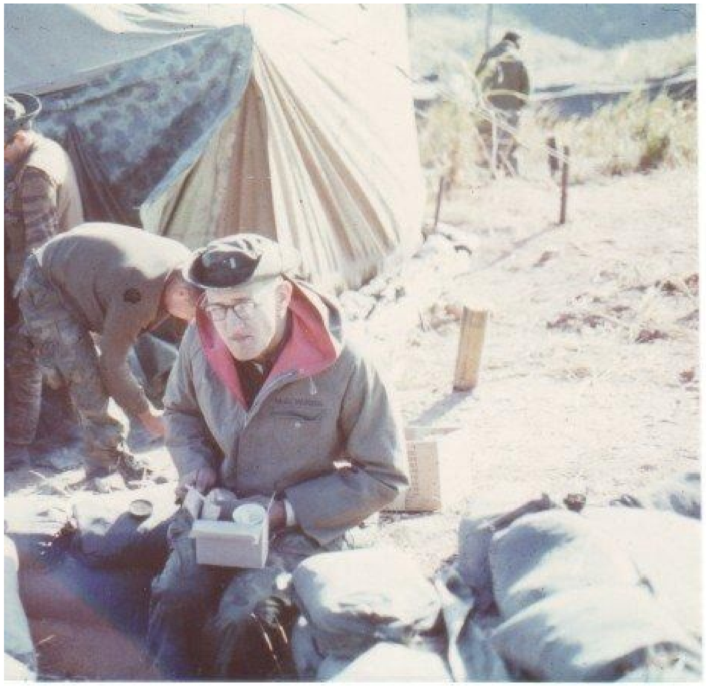
I was 'A' Co. Maint. Chief and he was my CO. He had called me to where he had the tanks located for a maint. problem with one of the tanks. Shortly after I got on location, and while less than a hundred yards away , an RPG struck the tank turret next to the Capt. and I could tell he was killed instantly.

POSTED ON 5.17.2009

POSTED BY: Chip Reid

Gentleman, Leader, Patriot

Yes, I remember Michael Wunsch as Lt. Wunsch. He was the Commander of the 15th Interrogator/ Translator Team for six months or more before he was transferred to Tanks. He was such a gentleman, always looking out for his marines. I remember how much he wanted to get a Tank command. He learned Mandarin Chinese at the Defense Language school. Photo is SW of Khe Sahn near the Laotion border with the 9th Marines in late 1968. Ollie North's book "Under Fire" pg 108 describes details of his Mike's death.
Chip Reid



Michael Charles Wunsch

POSTED ON 6.3.2000

POSTED BY: Jack Smith

So Short

Mike

You were determined to be honorable and shepherd your Marines to the last. You were so short and you deserved so much more.

From the November 1969 issue of Shipmate:

Capt. Michael C. Wunsch, USMC, of Feasterville, Pa., was killed in action on 28 July in Quang Tri Province, Vietnam. Interment with full military honors took place in Sunset Memorial Park of Feasterville.

A member of the Eleventh Company at the Naval Academy, Capt. Wunsch was graduated with the class of 1966 and commissioned into the Marine Corps. After Basic School at Quantico, Va., he served with the Fifth Tank Battalion, Fifth Marine Division based at Camp Pendleton, Calif. Capt. Wunsch had been in Vietnam since July 1968.

Survivors include his widow Diane of 303 High St., West Chester, Pa. 19380; his parents Mr. and Mrs, Albert Wunsch of 37 N. Eastview Ave., Feasterville, Pa. 19048; two sisters Miss Suzanne Wunsch and Mrs. Bruce Eisner, also of Feasterville, and a brother Pfc. Theodore Wunsch, USA, stationed in New Hampshire,

Silver Star Awarded posthumously for actions during the Vietnam War

The President of the United States of America takes pride in presenting the Silver Star (Posthumously) to Captain Michael C. Wunsch, United States Marine Corps, for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action while serving as Commanding Officer of Company A, Third Tank Battalion, THIRD Marine Division (Rein.), FMF, in connection with combat operations against the enemy in the Republic of Vietnam. On 27 July 1969, Captain Wunch's unit, in conjunction with an infantry company, was participating in Operation IDAHO CANYON northwest of Cam Lo in Quang Tri Province when the Marines came under a heavy volume of mortar fire.

With complete disregard for his own safety, Captain Wunsch fearlessly exposed himself to the impacting rounds as he skillfully directed the movement and fire of his tanks, causing the hostile unit to withdraw. That night, while the combined force occupied a defensive position, the Marines were subjected to a vicious ground attack by North Vietnamese Army soldiers determined to penetrate the defensive perimeter. Boldly moving to an exposed vantage point, Captain Wunsch dauntlessly pointed out enemy targets until the assault was repelled. During the early morning hours, he detected movement forward of his position and, reacting instantly, boldly stood in the turret of his tracked vehicle to better observe the area. While thus exposed to the intense hostile fire, he was mortally wounded by the detonation

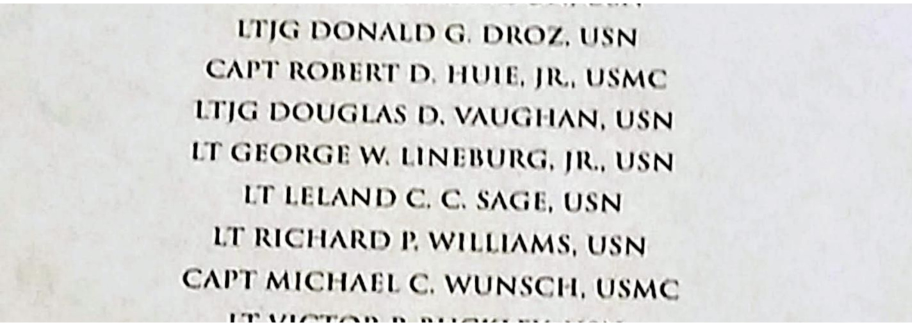
of a rocket-propelled grenade which impacted on his tank.

His heroic actions and determined efforts inspired all who observed him and were instrumental in the defeat of the enemy. By his courage, bold initiative and unwavering devotion to duty, Captain Wunsch contributed significantly to the accomplishment of his unit's mission and upheld the highest traditions of the Marine Corps and of the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country.

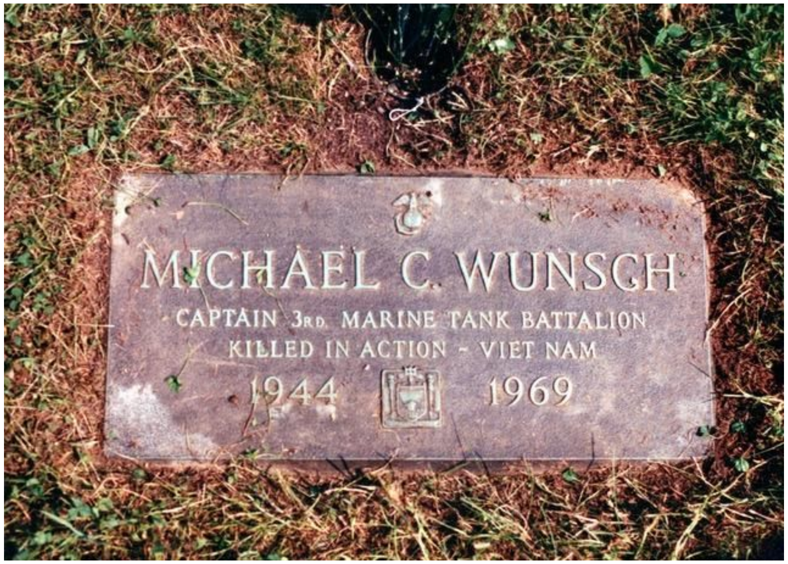
Action Date: July 27, 1969

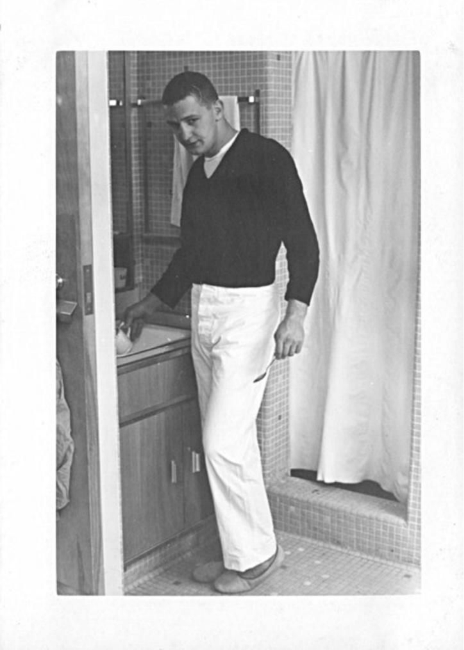
Service: Marine Corps

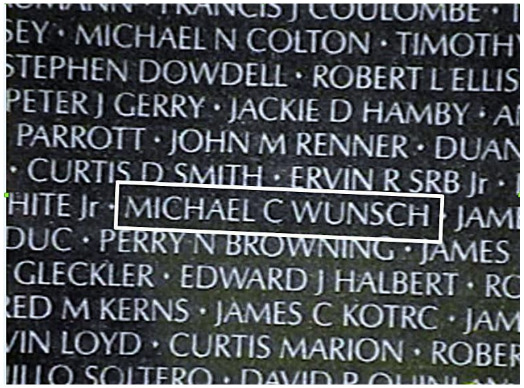
Rank: Captain



LTJG DONALD G. DROZ, USN
CAPT ROBERT D. HUIE, JR., USMC
LTJG DOUGLAS D. VAUGHAN, USN
LT GEORGE W. LINEBURG, JR., USN
LT LELAND C. C. SAGE, USN
LT RICHARD P. WILLIAMS, USN
CAPT MICHAEL C. WUNSCH, USMC


MICHAEL C. WUNSCH
CAPTAIN 3RD MARINE TANK BATTALION
KILLED IN ACTION - VIET NAM
1944
1969




MICHAEL N COLTON · TIMOTH
STEPHEN DOWDELL · ROBERT L ELLIS
PETER J GERRY · JACKIE D HAMBY
PARROTT · JOHN M RENNER · DUAN
CURTIS D SMITH · ERVIN R SRB Jr
HITE Jr · MICHAEL C WUNSCH · JAM
DUC · PERRY N BROWNING · JAMES
GLECKLER · EDWARD J HALBERT
ED M KERNS · JAMES C KOTRC · JAM
VIN LOYD · CURTIS MARION · ROBER

Michael Charles Wunsch

MICHAEL CHARLES WUNSCH

Feasterville, Pennsylvania

Mike came to the Academy from Feasterville, Pennsylvania, bringing with him a varied assortment of athletic letters from Neshaminy High School, a flare for the artistic, a true intellectual curiosity, and a personality equally strong in humor, principle, and amiability. He has developed his athletic ability, through plebe and varsity wrestling and football and other intramural sports. His artistic talents are best exemplified by his Eleventh Company Tigers which have held sway over the company area since the beginning of second class year, but repeated successes in poster contests and the Art and Printing Club are further testimony to his skill and initiative. Indicative of Mike's intellectual zeal and capacity are his option curriculum and additional electives. As a member of the plebe detail, as motivator of company spirit, and as a man always ready to help peer and subordinate alike, he has won the respect and friendship of all associated with him and shown that good example is the very essence of good leadership. In his four years at the Academy, Mike has proved that determination and conscientious application of self are the prerequisites and inevitable determinants of success — here, in the fleet, and throughout life.

He was also a member of the 11th Company staff (fall and spring).

(This from the Naval Academy 1966 Yearbook)

MARINE CORPS TANKERS VIETNAM HISTORICAL FOUNDATION'S

Vietnam Personal Accounts

§

Capt. Michael Wunsch, KIA
The Last Tank Commanding Officer to Die in Vietnam

As Told By: Col. Paul Goodwin, USMC (Ret.) C.O. Kilo Co., 3/3, 1969

Written by: Dick Carey

The death of Capt. Michael Wunsch (Feasterville, PA), Commanding Officer of Alpha Co. 3rd Tanks, occurred in the early morning hours of 28 July 1969, near Con Thein. He would be the last commanding officer of a Marine Corps Tank Company to die in Vietnam.

I interviewed Colonel Paul Goodwin who now resides in Cincinnati, Ohio, in July 2003. Goodwin is a retired Marine Colonel and an Executive Director for a large law firm of 280. He was a Captain in July 1969, and Commanding Officer of Kilo Company, 3rd Battalion, 3rd Marines.

On July 27, Army Dusters and support infantry were conducting a sweep near C2 when they were ambushed by the NVA. Capt. Goodwin could see the ambush from his position at C2 but was unable to respond with his platoon of men. His small force was the only defense for the base camp of C2. In short time, the Army at Con Thein was able to put together a relief force of Dusters to aid in the extraction at the ambush site.

The following day Goodwin's Kilo Co., with tanks from Alpha Co. under the command of Capt. Michael Wunsch, began an operation to determine the nature of the force of NVA that had attacked the Army dusters.

Goodwin remembers that Wunsch was due to rotate home within a few days. As they were preparing to mount out for the operation near the DMZ, Capt. Goodwin suggested to Capt. Wunsch that it might be a good idea not to make the sweep since he was a "short-timer." As Captain-to-Captain, all Goodwin could do was to "suggest." Capt. Wunsch was determined to go on the sweep.

At around 10:00 AM, Goodwin recalls hearing an explosion but did not hear the "bloop" of a round leaving the tube before the explosion. As a result, he was temporarily not overly concerned. However, the next 15 minutes would prove to be, as he states: "The most horrific 15 minutes I spent in Vietnam."

In the short period of time that was to follow, the NVA zeroed in with mortars on Goodwin's position. Eight to ten men were wounded, including the Forward Observer, Art Vanderveer. Eventually as evening was approaching, Capt. Goodwin was able to move his force to higher ground, dig in, and set up a perimeter.

After setting up the perimeter, Goodwin sent out two ambush patrols. At midnight the 1st patrol ambushed an enemy force killing 6-8 NVA. An hour later, the 2nd patrol killed 2 more NVA at their ambush site.

At approximately three in the morning, Capt. Wunsch called in to report movement in front of his tank position. Goodwin moved to Wunsch's tank; and while standing on the Sponson box next to Wunsch's T.C. cupola, he called in for illumination. Seeing nothing, Wunsch's repeated, "I really believe I saw

something."

Goodwin asked that Wunsch fire a beehive round to clear the area. Wunsch stated that he only had one beehive round and would prefer to save it in the event they needed it later. Goodwin would later regret not making it an order, although he understood the thinking.

Wunsch had with him an M-79 grenade launcher and suggested that he fire 2 or 3 rounds in the direction he believed that he had saw movement. He fired off the rounds with no results. Capt Goodwin returned to his position.

Thirty to forty minutes later, the NVA cut loose with a barrage of mortars and RPGs. As Capt. Wunsch was about to report the new activity, the first RPG hits the turret next to Capt. Wunsch and kills him instantly. His finger is depressing the mike's key, thus disabling all communications within Kilo Company.

Once Wunsch's finger is dislodged from the microphone, Capt. Goodwin is able to call in for arty to repel the NVA force about to overrun his position. As the artillery command bunker is receiving Goodwin's coordinates, he is informed that these coordinates are "Danger Close" to their embattled position. After a few choice words from Goodwin to the command bunker, the arty is delivered. Within a short period of time, "Puff" will make an appearance and the Marines are able to remove the dead and extract the wounded from the field.

Michael Charles Wunsch came to the Naval Academy with a winning combination of talents. Recruited for football, he wrestled equally well. Naturally curious, he made himself into a student by getting up at three AM to study. Disciplined in everything he turned to, he mastered the grease system. But it was his people skills that set him apart. He genuinely liked people, even while harboring few illusions about human nature, and connected with everyone he encountered. Funny, self-effacing, sympathetic, wise before his time, and engaging in his conversational style, he was a magnet for his friends....He could have spent his whole thirteen months in language work, but he insisted on doing half his time in tanks.

(Extracts from the memorials in the USNA '66 40th Reunion Yearbook)

The following is from Alex Roland. Alex was an USNA '66 Classmate and TBS 2-67 Platoon mate of Mike Wunsch

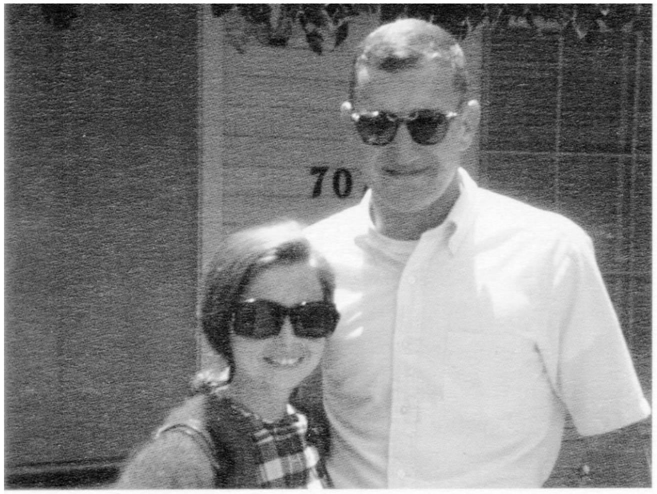
"All of us who knew Michael Wunsch struggle, I think, to understand how it was that he made such an indelible impression on us. Even half a century after we lost him, he still comes clearly to mind, rare and irreplaceable. Most of us experienced something of his unusual blend of warmth and resolve. He was a born leader, successful because people were drawn to him, confident of his judgment. But the success of his short life flowed from more than just leadership. The qualities that made such a lasting impression on me were of two kinds.

First, he harbored wide-ranging interests and talents. He was an artist, a poet, an athlete, a philosopher, and a scholar. He marveled at the human predicament and longed to understand it—and to understand himself. He genuinely enjoyed people and believed that he could learn from them. But people were never just sources of knowledge for him. They were ends in themselves. He could be demanding of his subordinates and harsh when they disappointed, but he treated their failures not as defect but as mistakes. Always trying to improve himself, he hoped to do the same for those in his charge.

Second, Michael cultivated in himself, and by example others, human and humane qualities that inspired trust and admiration, the real source of his leadership abilities. He had, first of all, honesty and authenticity, twin pillars of trustworthiness. In personal relationships, he was sensitive and empathetic, constantly trying to see the world as others saw it. But he was also resolute and charismatic, in large part because he was thoughtful and decisive in his judgments and true to his convictions.

He was an easy man to love and follow, impossible to forget. I miss him still, and I mourn for the lost years, taken from him and us, so full of promise and potential."

Best, Alex



Diane and Mike

TBS 2-67 Deceased Classmates

In Honor of our Deceased Classmates
as of January 2020
Semper Fidelis

Tran Xuan Bang
J. W. Borhman III
Charles R. Britton
Ronald L. Buschbom
L. E. Cearnal Jr.
Alfred George Cordes
John Emmett
James A. Epps
Morris O. "Mo" Fletcher
Henry P. Giedzinski
John J. Gilece Jr.
Bruce E. Griesmer
E. M. Hardman
William G. "Bill" Hayter

Stanley M. Holmes Jr.
Lucius A. Hornsby
Homer G. Hutchinson
Keller Johnson
Truong Dinh Khanh
Joseph William Kim
Francis William LaMotte
John W. Moffett

Don Myers
James F. O'Brien
William R. Pharr
Weller A. Phillips
Donald R. Prichard
Clarence "Jack" Richar
Dennis M. Rolland
Billy E. Russell
William Schwartz
Nyguyen Kim Tien
Craig S. Waller
J. M. Watson
Daniel L. Welker
Donald Whiting

TBS 2-67 Deceased Classmates

- Tran Xuan Bang
- J. W. Borhman III
- Charles R. Britton
- Ronald L. Buschbom
- L. E. Cearnal Jr.
- Alfred George Cordes
- John Emmett
- James A. Epps
- Morris O. "Mo" Fletcher
- Henry P. Giedzinski
- John J. Gilece Jr.
- Bruce E. Griesmer
- E. M. Hardman
- William G. "Bill" Hayter
- Nyguyen Van Hien
- Stanley M. Holmes Jr.
- Lucius A. Hornsby
- Homer G. Hutchinson
- Keller Johnson
- Truong Dinh Khanh

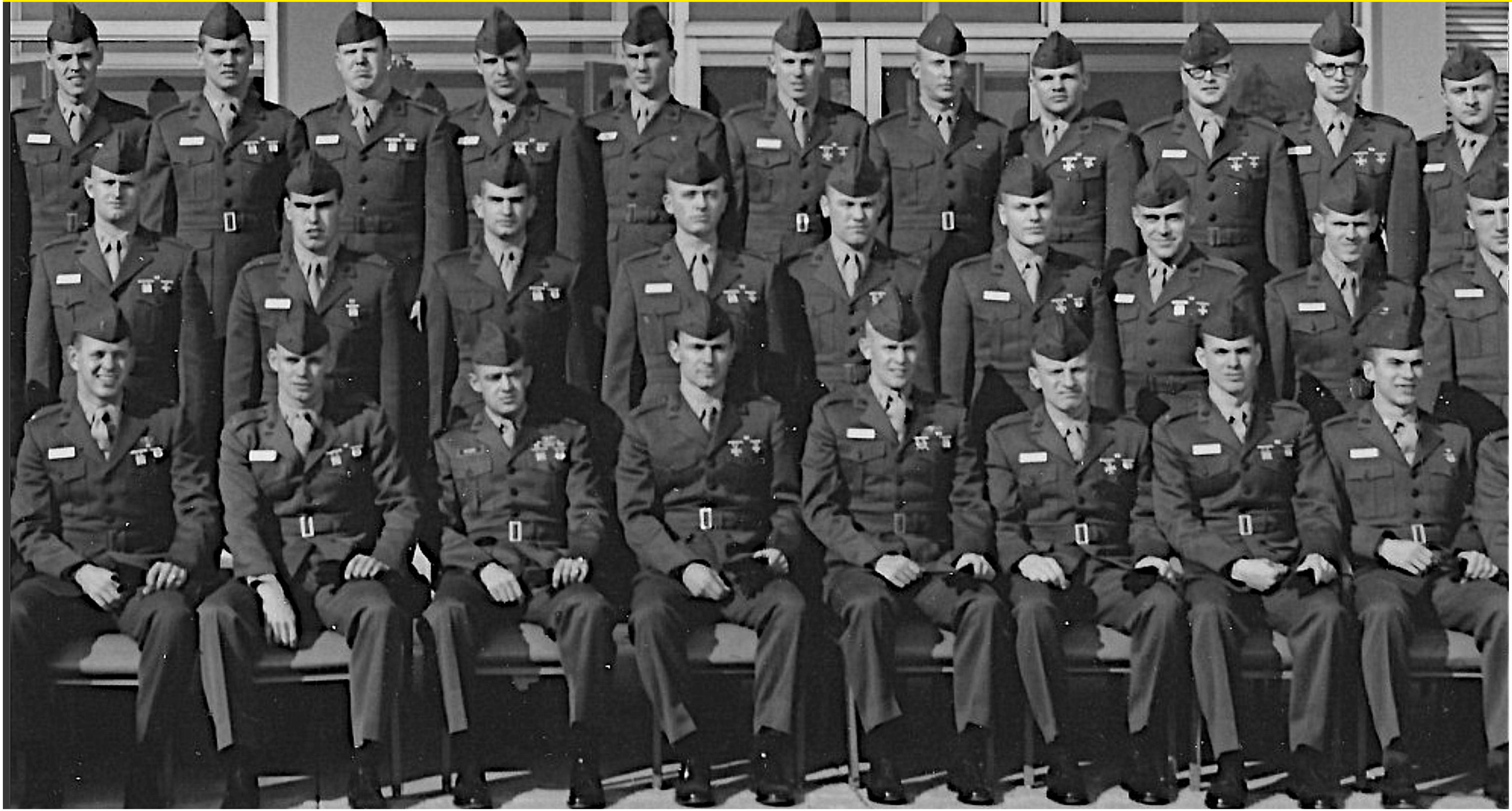
- Joseph William Kim
- Francis William LaMotte
- John W. Moffett
- Harry B. Murphy
- Don Myers
- James F. O'Brien
- William R. Pharr
- Weller A. Phillips
- Donald R. Prichard
- Clarence "Jack" Richards
- Dennis M. Rolland
- Billy E. Russell
- William Schwartz
- Nyguyen Kim Tien
- Craig S. Waller
- J. M. Watson
- Daniel L. Welker
- Donald Whiting
- William C. E. Wolfe

TBS 2-67 Deceased Classmates

Jeffrey B. Cronk

SMEAC

FIRST PLATOON



TBS 2-67 Charlie Company August 1966 - January 1967

1st Platoon Table of Contents

Introduction
Platoon Roster
Vintage Platoon Picture
Platoon Picture from Reunion
1st Platoon Photos
Return to SMEAC

Platoon Member's Biographies (Below)

Larry E. Byers (SPC)
James F. Adams
William J. Arant
Robert D. Barclay
William P. (Bill) Bau
David E. Belatti
Donald Bonsper
Mark Campaigne

John H. Campbell
James A. Cathcart
Steve Clark
Le Van Cuu
Pham Duong Dat
William J. Davis
James L. Thompson

Click on any of the BLUE Links to Jump to the item
Use the SMEAC link at the top of this page to return to the main index

First Platoon, Charlie Company, TBS 2-67

Version 1B 28 Sept 20

This is the "Landing Zone" for the First Platoon. In it you will find:

- **A Table of Contents with clickable links to the individual sections.**
- **A Listing of Platoon Members, including those Killed in Action and Deceased.**
- **Biographies of some of the Platoon Members. Some are short, others are long. These were submitted by the individual Marines. The content is original. Minor edits and formatting were done to correct obvious errors and present them in a somewhat uniform manner. Included are photos related to First Platoon Members and their lives since TBS.**
- **An Annotated Photo of the Platoon taken in early January, 1967 prior to graduation. A few Marines were not present when the photo was taken.**
- **An Annotated Photo taken of Platoon Members at the Reunion held during May, 2019. A few Attendees didn't make the photo shoot. The Company Landing Zone section includes Reunion Photos taken of all attendees and their guests.**
- **Photos from the Reunion and other photos and platoon information.**

First Platoon

Larry E. Byers (SPC)
James F. Adams
Robert T. Agnew
William T. Allison
Peter C. Anderson 🟦🟦
William J. Arant
Charles W. Babcock
Tran Xuan Bang
Robert D. Barclay
Larry W. Barton
William P. (Bill) Bau
Stephen L. Baum
David E. Belatti
Jerry C. Bennett 🟥
James D. Blevins
L. D. Bodkin 🟦🟦
J.W. Bohrman III 🟦🟦
R.P. Bonner
Donald Bonsper
Earl Thomas Bowers Jr.
John W. Bowman Jr.
Charles R. Britton 🟦🟦
Steven A. Broquist 🟥
John P. Brown
Constantinos T. Brown
Elkanah (John) Burns
Ronald L. Buschbom 🟦🟦
Patrick R. Bynum
Mark Campaigne
John H. Campbell
James D. Carter 🟥
James A. Cathcart
L.E. Cearnal Jr. 🟦🟦
J.M. (Mike) Chambers Jr.
Charles W. Cherry
Kenneth S. Chmielewski
Steve Clark
James Cairns Cook Jr.
John W. (Jack) Consolvo 🟥
Alfred G. (Skip) Cordes 🟦🟦
Bill Cowan
Chandler C. (Chan) Crangle
Jeffrey B. Cronk 🟦🟦
Oatis F. Curtis IV
Le Van Cuu
James M. Cybulski
Nguyen Van Dang 🟥
Pham Duong Dat
William J. Davis
Larry Allen Dean
John W. (Doc) Doherty 🟥
Leonard E. Dornak 🟥
Michael W. Downey 🟥
Paul F. Drnec
James L. Thompson
Paul R. Thomson

🟥 KIA

🟦🟦 Deceased
(As of Sept 2020)

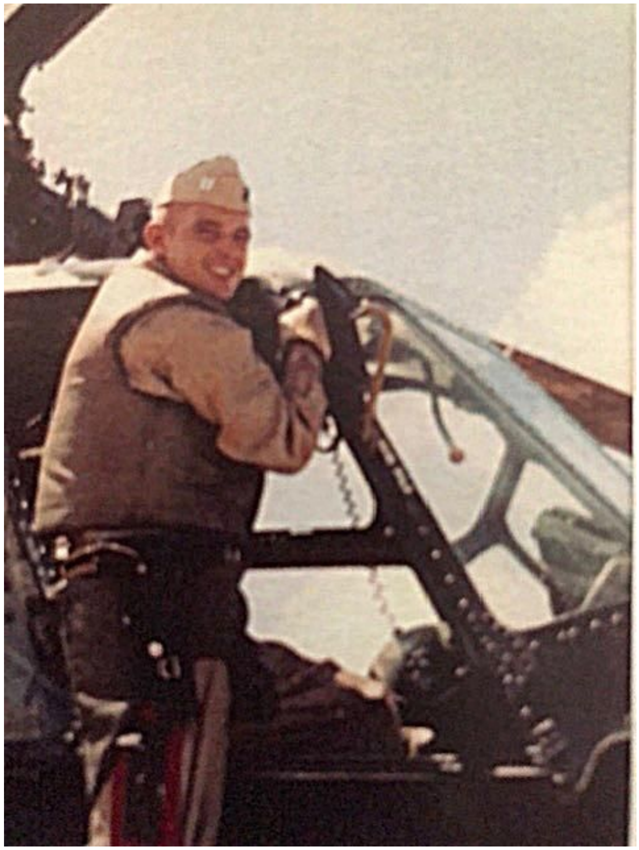
Remembrances of Captain Larry Byers
Staff Platoon Commander
1st Platoon, TBS Class 2-67
Charlie Company
August 1966-January 1967

Just three weeks before setting foot on TBS, I had been with the 2D ARVN Division in Quang Ni Province, as an "advisor" to the Air Officer (but since there was no ARVN Air Officer, I filled that role as well). When I had orders to MCS Quantico, I did not even think of being assigned to TBS. On reporting in to TBS, I met with the CO who told me I was the only aviator on staff and he demanded I be assigned there. He thought it was critical that we instill that all young men there were first and foremost Marine Officers regardless of MOS. In addition, with Vietnam continuing to rage, it was also incumbent upon us to ensure that all our students would be prepared for combat.

When I first met my platoon, I was somewhat in awe of how much better prepared to start TBS than I remember from my days as a student!!! (Mentally, physically, and maturity). After only a few weeks, it became evident that the program enabled these young men to develop the confidence and leadership skills that would carry them forward. Especially to that point when they stepped in front of their first command and said "Let's go men", their Marines would recognize the professionalism of their leader and follow without hesitation.

Most of the time being a Platoon Commander was an easy and enjoyable (who cannot appreciate some of the foibles and pranks!!!). Perhaps the most difficult task was that of assigning MOS's wherein individual desires do not mesh with USMC requirements. But when faced with some incongruities, I could fall back on the basic concept of Marine Officer regardless on MOS.

TBS is also a learning environment for staff as well as student.



Larry Byers (SPC)

My Life Before Attending TBS: Raised on a farm in Adams County Pennsylvania. Attended a small high school in Fairfield PA and played all sports. Attended Penn State on an NROTC scholarship. Father and all uncles served in WWII so it was family duty to wear a uniform (after 3d class cruise on USS Northampton it was evident I didn't want to be a "black shoe").

My Memories of TBS: After basic school (3-60) got married to Pat (and she has put up with me for over 58 years) Served as an 03 platoon commander in 1/8 and went to flight school after two years. After training a year in H-34 went to WestPac and arrived in Vietnam in April 1964 (3 month before Starlight) and supported various forces. Upon my first tour in Vietnam I was sent to TBS (only aviator on the staff) and assigned as a platoon commander--where I first met all these great young officers.

Vietnam Era Service: Served two tours in Vietnam - Helicopters in I Corps for 13 months, then back to CONUS and assigned to TBS. After platoon commander I served as instructor in Platoon Tactics for the remaining 18 months --ran The Mad Moment during that time. I transitioned to the OV-10 and returned to Vietnam for another 12 months. After 9 months in Quang Tri I was assigned to MACV as a press briefing officer for each daily press briefing---more sniping from reporters than one could ever find in the field!!!

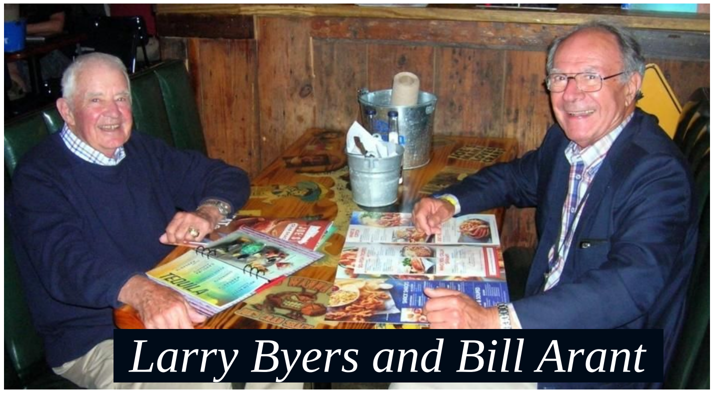
After My Initial Obligation was up: After Vietnam I returned to CamPen and instructed in the OV-10 and UH-1. I attended graduate school and earned MBA in Financial Management. After a tour as Comptroller at MCAS Beaufort, went to Okinawa as CO VMO-6. Returned to CONUS and was CO of VMO-2. After a year as XO of MAG 36 took over HML-267 as CO. Retired as Lt Col rather that go to Headquarters. Two children, a son and a daughter that grew up as service kids. Butch, a Stanford grad lives in the Bay Area with two children and Kate in Orlando where she and husband work for universal studios.

My Current Life: Spent my after retirement years in the financial world, primarily as Finance Manager and General Manager of southern California water district. I have been involved with horses all my life. Showing, eventing, and foxhunting. Still the Master of Foxhounds of the Aiken Hunt and foxhunt 3 days a week during the season and keep 2 or 3 horses going.

Plans for the Future: No desire to return to the pacific areas

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: I am always amazed how we are able to attract and commission such talented and dedicated young people.

My Home Address: 2226 Hillsdale Drive, Aiken, SC 29803



Larry Byers and Bill Arant

Jim Adams

Nickname: Jim

My Life Before Attending TBS: Akron, Ohio. Attended Kent State University, Business degree. PLC. Wrestled and boxed. Father was in the Navy in WW2.

My Memories of TBS: My TBS roommate was Le Van Cuu. Enjoyed all of TBS and looked forward to getting overseas. Did well on both rifle and pistol. Sword was engraved with my name.

TBS Graduation: I was assigned as on 08 MOS and it was my first choice. Went to Fort Sill for arty school.

After Completing TBS: I did take leave after TBS, got married and then went to Fort Sill. The training was adequate for my assignment in Vietnam and I was fortunate to have great NCO help as well.

Vietnam Era Service: I went to Vietnam from Sill. Arrived March of 67 and went to 12th Marines, and then assigned to 1/4 as a FO. One of the longest assignments, 7 months. Then to the FSCC and then to Gio Linh as the officer in charge of US troops there. Went to Hawaii on R&R. I did my 14 months and returned CONUS late May of 68. Did two years at Parris Island and resigned my commission and went directly into the FBI. Did 30 years there. My biggest lesson learned in Nam was that you had better have luck on your side as well as skill.

After Vietnam: After leaving Nam I did go through Okinawa, and everything was fine.

After My Initial Obligation was up: As I said above I joined the FBI after my tour at PI. After leaving the Bureau 30 years later I have done tours as a contractor in Kuwait, Iraq and Afghanistan. All my tours added up were about 5 years. Got out of the Corps as a Captain. I have had a great life and done more than I ever thought I would. NO regrets.

My Current Life: I do personal protection work these days and teach weapons and tactics. No PTSD from Nam. Now and then a bit from Iraq. I can read and send a text, but do not spend a lot of time at that.

Plans for the Future: No desire to do much travel, as I have done enough.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: I had a lot of good friends that were made in TBS, and enjoyed having Cuu as my roommate. Gave me some insight as to what I was in for.

Jim Adams and Dave Belatti

William J. Arant

Nickname: Bill

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in Birmingham Alabama and moved to Atlanta and Marietta Georgia after WWII. Attended Westminster Schools 4th through 12th grades and was very involved in school politics and athletics. Wrestling and Track and Field were my strong points. On graduation I went to Centre College in Danville Kentucky for my Freshman year. The next year I transferred to Washington and Lee in Lexington, Virginia where I graduated in 1966 and was a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity. While at Centre I signed up for PLC program. As for my first job, it was picking cotton on a neighbor's farm. My father was an Army ordnance officer reaching the rank of Lt Col by the end of WWII, at which time he returned to banking in Atlanta.

My Memories of TBS: While at TBS I was single and my college roommate Bob Barclay and I managed to spend a lot of time chasing the ladies in various locations and entertaining some of them at his family's farm in nearby Rapidan. In short we had a very good time. TBS was a great experience and probably got me in the best shape in my life and prepared me for the challenges ahead.

TBS Graduation: I became a Comm O and attended Comm school at Quantico and lived at the Air Station BOQ. Great duty.

After Completing TBS: From Comm school 30 days leave and off to Vietnam

Vietnam Era Service: May 1967 enroute to Da Nang and the Seventh Comm Bn in Chu Lai and had a detachment with the Korean Marines to the south. Following an operation between Chu Lai and Da Nang, Len Dornack (Len was killed in a helicopter crash not long after we arrived) and I were sent to Comm Support Company in Dong Ha and had detachments spread across the DMZ from Cua Viet to Khe Sanh. A couple of days before Tet 1968 I was transferred to the Fifth Marines at Phu Bai as the assistant regimental comm officer and HQ Company commander. In June 68 I returned to the states. The lesson most important to me from my in country experience was that I learned more about myself and others and witnessed incredible acts of kindness and camaraderie at times of great stress. I refer to the whole experience as my "All expense paid Southeast Asia vacation"

After Vietnam: After the customary stop in Okinawa I reported to Fleet Marine Force Atlantic Headquarters in Norfolk and lived on the beach at Virginia Beach. Wonderful duty since marital bliss had not yet claimed me. Before leaving active duty I started Law School at the University of Georgia in a special program they had for Veterans. After completing two years worth of classes I returned to active duty as an instructor at Command and Staff at Little Creek for roughly a year. I then worked briefly for a lobbyist in DC before returning to Atlanta and entering Banking. Several Years later in the 1970s I was hired by a small real estate firm (which I later bought), moved to Birmingham, and became a licensed broker specializing in land syndication and later in renovation of properties. Over the years I have renovated mostly apartment buildings and small commercial buildings. One exception I joined with a German investor and another guy and renovated a 17 story office building in Birmingham. In the early 1990s I joined a cousin and bought an industrial coatings company which we sold a few years later. (not my smartest decision) Currently I am doing a lot of consulting work for a hotel developer and in my spare time completing and developing a residential subdivision that adjoins my farm just north of downtown Birmingham.

My Current Life: I still enjoy working, bird hunting, marlin fishing, flying my SENECA II, living on my farm and spending time on the Gulf Coast on Perdido Key. Over the years I have enjoyed two bouts of marital bliss and have come to the conclusion that further asset redistributions are not in order.

Plans for the Future: Keep on enjoying life, friends, and a few cocktails.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: No regrets

My Home Address:
17 North 20th Street
Birmingham, Al
35203 (I do not get mail at my home)

Bob O'Connor and Bill Arant

Robert D. Barclay

Nickname: Bob

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in Charlottesville, VA on 04-July-1944. Attended Lawrenceville School in New Jersey and went on to Washington and Lee University where I signed up for the Marine Corps Officers program. I studied journalism at W & L and played football for 4 years.

My Memories of TBS: Not married and no roommate. I shot Expert on Rifle and Pistol.

TBS Graduation: MOS-0802 1st Choice

After Completing TBS: After TBS, I went to Ft Sill, Oklahoma for Artillery and Missile School with Jerry Bennett and Doc Doherty.

Vietnam Era Service: Doc Doherty, Jerry Bennett and I reported to Vietnam and were assigned to 2nd Bn 12th Marines. After a week of getting used to the heat, we met with the CO. We flipped a coin to see who wanted to go where. Jerry Bennett chose the battery at Khe Sanh, Doc Doherty chose the battery at Con Thien and I was supposed to go to Okinawa with Echo Battery. That never happened and I was assigned to Echo 2/9 as a Foward Observer. Doc Doherty was KIA on July 2, 1967 as an FO with Bravo Co 1/9. Jerry Bennett was KIA on Sept 16, 1967 at Con Thien.

After Vietnam: I was assigned to The Basic School at Quantico in Company Tactics under Major Jim Miller (Big Red) After a year at TBS, I resigned and went back to civilian life. I eventually set up my own business, selling HVAC equipment to HVAC Distributors in MD, DC and Virginia.

My Current Life: I have been married for 45 years and have one daughter and one granddaughter. Went back to Vietnam in 2011 with Military Historical Tours. Went to all the places but recognized very little. Con Thien, Gio Linh, The Market Place are all rubber plantations. The French bunker at Con Thien was the only surviving item!

Plans for the Future: Retired- I volunteer at the USMC Museum as a docent.

My Home Address: 4004 Longwood Drive,
Fredericksburg, VA

Bob Barclay and Bob Kirkpatrick

William P. Bau

Nickname: Bill

My Life Before Attending TBS: I lived in Milwaukee, Wisconsin for my first 22 years. I attended Marquette High School and Marquette University. I was a member of the NROTC and graduated on August 8, 1966.

My Memories of TBS: I roomed with Larry Dean. My best friend was Steve Broquist (R.I.P.) who I sat next to in the large lecture hall. Activities were mostly visiting the girls at Mary Washington and going to D.C. on the weekends.

TBS Graduation: I was assigned the Artillery MOS, my second choice. It was good since a lot of us went to Fort Sill for training and then to Vietnam where there were a lot of friendships that kept going.

After Completing TBS: Fort Sill was a very good school but I did not enjoy the officers over us.

Vietnam Era Service: After Ft. Sill, I went to Aerial Observer School at Camp LeJeune for ten weeks. I took ten days leave and then off to Vietnam, reporting into Treasure Island where I sat around for three days before they found a commercial plane to take us to Okinawa. I was there for another three days and then to VN. Once in VN, I was assigned to Bravo 1/11 as an Assistant XO and FO with Fox 2/1. In October 1968, the battalion got sent to Quang Tri from Da Nang and I went back to Regiment after a week to be an Aerial Observer. I went to Tokyo and Sydney for R&R. Both were great.

After Vietnam: After VN, I was assigned to the USS Saint Paul (CA 73) as XO and then CO of the Marine

⬅

Detachment for a year.

After My Initial Obligation was up: After Sea Duty, I went to language school and to the Radio Battalion in Hawaii, followed by AWS at Quantico. Then off to Okinawa with 2/12. I was CO of Delta Battery 2/12 and then Battalion S-4. After Okinawa, I was with 4th Mar Div Hq at Camp Pendleton. Then Hq Btry CO with 3/11. I exited the Corps and worked in Los Angeles with several Petroleum Service Companies and then I taught high school math.

My Current Life: I hate to say I'm retired, so I just say I'm "In between Jobs." and I don't get much of a response.

Plans for the Future: I went back to Vietnam in 2014 with Bill Hayter. The best place was Da Nang, almost like Hawaii.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: I very much enjoyed being a Marine and I am not shy about saying so.

My Home Address:
1463 Stonewood
Court, San Pedro, CA
90732

David E. Belatti

Nickname: Dave

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born and raised in Watertown, SD. Graduated from Creighton University (BSBA), Omaha, NE Jan 1966. Signed with USMC OSO Des Moines, IA Jan 1966. USMC Recruiter in Omaha (GySgt Pearce) really squared away/very impressive. 40th OCS and Summer PLC. Commissioned Jul 1966. Draft Board on my tail. Marine Corps was the only one I was interested in.

My Memories of TBS: Roommates at TBS, Steve Clark and Leonard Dornak. Suitemates, Jim Adams, Chad Crangle and Lee Van Cuu (VNMC). Best Man for Jim Adams wedding. John Campbell and I went to NY City for New Years Eve 1967. Great fun! Best part of training were the classes on weapons and tactics, navigation, history and traditions. Qualified with Rifle; Maltese Cross with .45 Cal. Hated the PT but was fortunate to be in Capt. Byers platoon where we did a lot of sprints in the parking lot.

TBS Graduation: Assigned MOS 7399 upon Graduation from TBS.

After Completing TBS: Returned to OSO Des Moines for TAD enroute to Flight School Pensacola, FL. Assigned MOS 7599 upon commencement of pilot training Jun 1967. Married Feb 1968. Got Helicopter training. Got my wings in June 1968. First assignment with HMM-365 New River NC. Designated a CH-46 Pilot, MOS 7562.

Vietnam Era Service: Upon completion of MOS training went to Vietnam. Arrived (Da Nang) Oct 1968. To Phu Bai to MAG-36, HMM-265. Primary duty was as a copilot and learn to get from point "A" to point "B" safely. Additional duties SLJO, Buildings and Grounds/ Fire Marshal. Tour was 12 months. Spent 3 months as CO/XO of Rifle company Base Defense at Phu Bai. TBS was a primary factor in my selection. Besides flying tactical missions, I worked my way through the Maintenance department of HMM-265 as QA officer and Post maintenance inspection pilot (PMIP). Was assigned Squadron S-4 (Logistics) during draw-down and departure of Squadron from Vietnam. Took R&R in Honolulu.

After Vietnam: Returned CONUS late Oct 1969 orders to MAG-26 New River NC. Came trough Okinawa; no problems. Still married to the same Lady 51 years later!

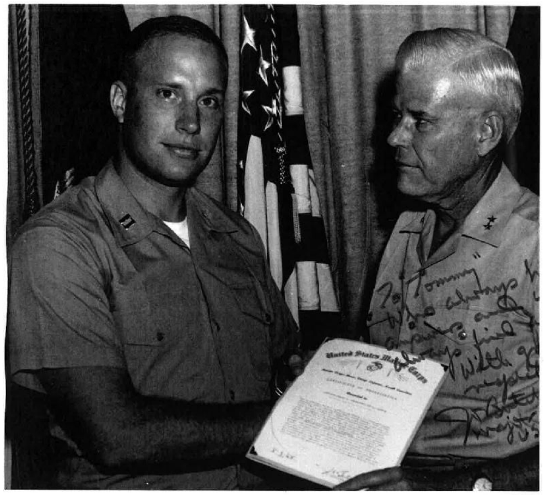
After My Initial Obligation was up: Stayed in the FMF. Easy decision. Applied for and was granted Regular Commission in 1970. Promoted to Captain. Decided to make a career out of USMC. AWS 1972 Mushroom Factory Atlantic (MUSFACLANT). Transitioned to OV-10 1973 and upon qualification given primary MOS 7576. A year in Okinawa with VMO-6 1973-1974. Returned to MAG-29 New River NC and then on to VMO-1, primary Duty as Aircraft Maintenance Officer (additional MOS 6002) . Promoted to Major in 1975. PCS to BG (and future Commandant) Al Gray's 4th MAB (Nucleus) Norfolk, VA aboard USS Mount Whitney Jun 1977 for Duty as MAB Air Officer. TBS schooling, along with AWS was really very beneficial and I felt well qualified for the billet. Planned and executed North and Southern NATO flank Joint/Combined exercises with European Allies. 1979 went PCS to FMFPAC Camp Smith, HI as Training and Readiness branch head. Promoted to LtCol 1982 and PCS to CINCPAC (Hawaii) J-35 (Exercise Branch). Again, riding a desk for Joint/Combined Exercises planning with ANZUS, ASEAN and Thailand Allies. 1984 PCS to MCAS Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii as XO MCAS. Commanded Station Operations and Maintenance Squadron, 1985 Flying the CH-46 helicopter again in the Search and Rescue mode. Retired on April 1, 1987 at MCAS Kaneohe Bay Hawaii and that is where we sank roots.

My Current Life: Had three "jobs" after retiring from USMC. Outside roofing sales (not a good experience), Contract security for 15 months (another uneventful experience), and Assistant Mgr. of Golf Department at Honolulu International Country Club (a minority hire for a Japanese owned club.) Volunteer at Church and with Pearl Harbor Aviation Museum. Play a little golf and like to cook and do woodcrafts. Still married to my original wife for the past 51 years. Both children live here on Oahu, are married and produced 4 grandchildren, for whom we have provided early/ newborn day care. Life is Good! Good Health, balding, registered with VA for hearing aids. Have been to several aviation reunions since 2000 and am looking forward to this TBS reunion. Have good reports from friends from other TBS classes on their reunions. I didn't leave anything in Vietnam so have no had a desire to go back. I do fine on a computer, but I have not gone the route of "Smart Phone" as I use a "Flip Cell" for emergency purposes. DO NOT TEXT!!!

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: PRIDE! Honored to be a member of the greatest fighting force on the planet. I gave 110% for every day under contract and wouldn't trade a single day. Some were very tough, but still wouldn't trade. Met and associated with

America's Finest. Not all were perfect nor am I, but I am still so proud to have served with all the men and women Marines that I had the pleasure to serve with.

My Home Address: 649 Kealahou St., Honolulu, HI 96825-2907

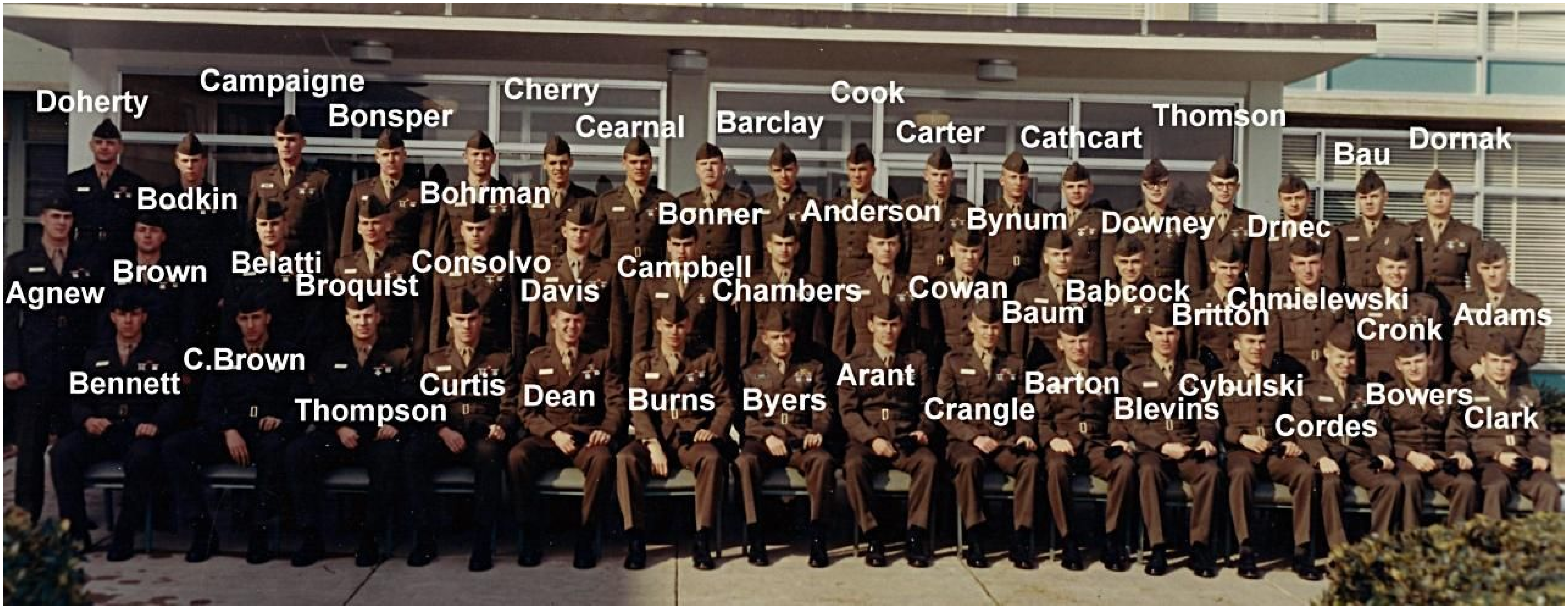


UL: John and Marlys Campbell and "Mike" and Dave Belatti

LL: Dave and Gen. Butcher

UR: Tom Gay greets Dave and "Mike"

LR: Dave Belatti and Len Dornak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Agnew
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Chambers
Cowan
Baum
Babcock
Britton
Chmielewski
Cronk
Adams
Bennett
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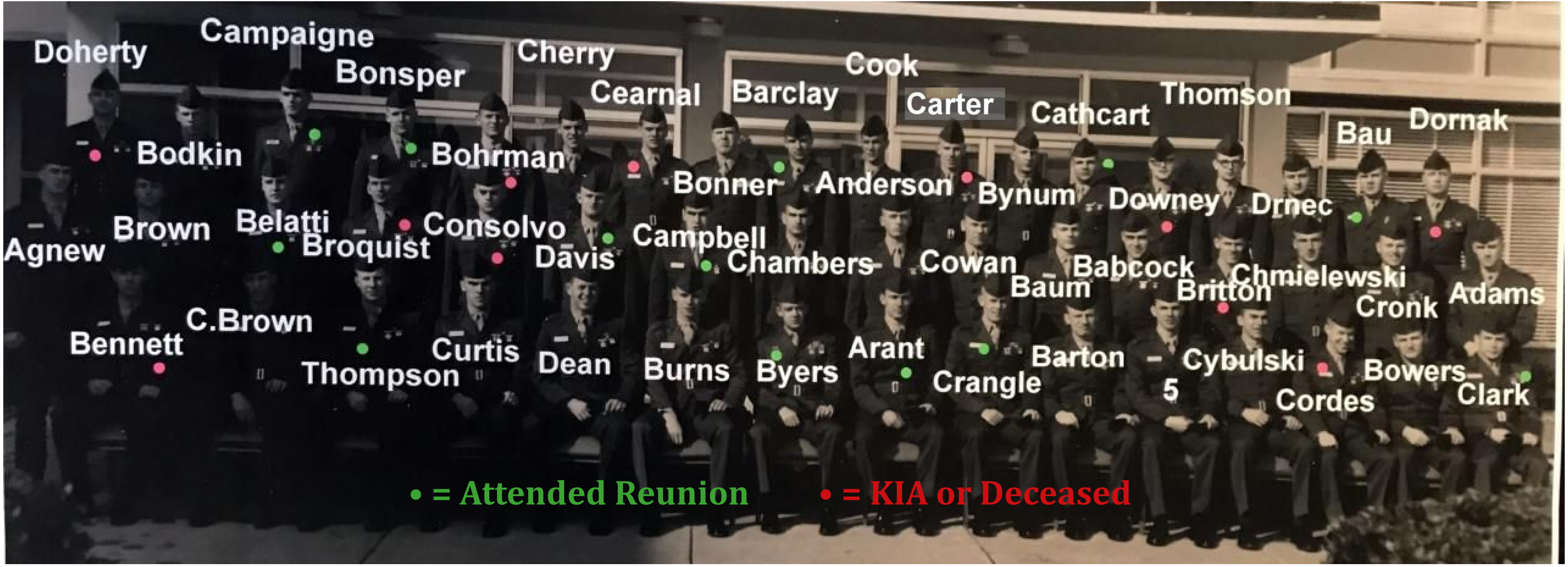
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Curtis
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Burns
Byers
Arant
Crangle
Barton
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Cybulski
Cordes
Bowers
Clark

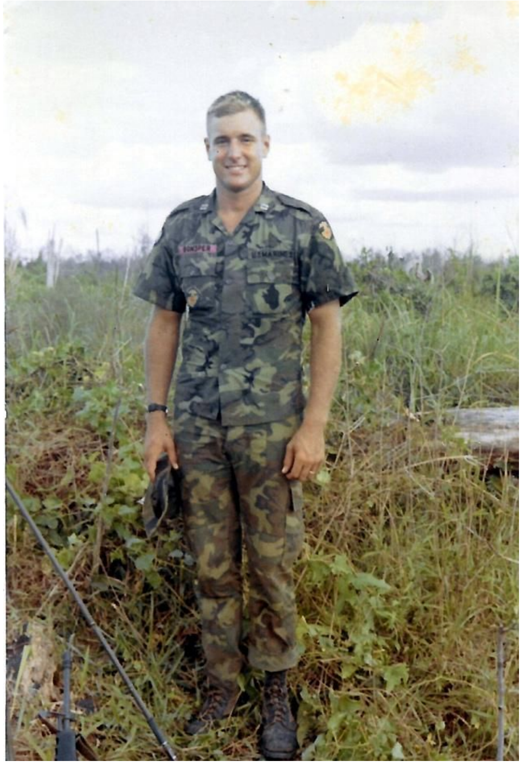
🟩 = Attended Reunion 🟥 = KIA or Deceased

Donald Edward Bonsper

Nickname: Don

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born and raised in the small town of Portville, NY. I attended all of my schooling in the Portville Central School District, graduating as class President and Valedictorian from Portville High School in 1961. I lettered in football, basketball, baseball and track. Archery was a hobby that continues today. Upon graduation I immediately entered the Naval Academy. Two of my uncles had served in the military during WWII but not my father. I joined the Marine Corps after seeing the differences between life in the Navy and the Marine Corps during our summer training. A love of the outdoors and desire to focus more on people rather than equipment led me to the Marine Corps. The influence of Major John Riley Love, my company officer at USNA, cannot be overstated. I played plebe baseball and three years of rugby. Our 29th Company intramural field ball team won the brigade championship during our first class year. Upon graduation from the Academy in 1965, I spent one year on a Fulbright Scholarship to Costa Rica. Upon return to the States in 1966 I entered TBS.

My Memories of TBS: While on my Fulbright in Costa Rica I traveled throughout South and Central America. I had driven to Costa Rica in my Olds Cutlass so was able to travel freely within Costa Rica and the nearby countries. During summer break from my studies I caught a military aircraft into South America. I spent four months visiting many parts of the coastal cities of Peru and Chile. Much of my travel was hitchhiking which is how I ended up in Rio de Janeiro for Carnival in 1966. It was there I met an American girl who later became my wife. We hitchhiked together from Rio back to San Jose, Costa Rica. She returned to Costa Rica in June 1966 and traveled back with me to the States. I arrived at TBS alone in August, 1966. Within a week I knew that I needed to be married. I called Pam and made an offer for a Labor Day weekend wedding within three weeks. She accepted and we were married in the Quantico Chapel on 3 September 1966. As a result I had no roommates at TBS and really no close friends. Larry Barton, a married lawyer, rented the apartment next to mine in Dumfries. I know we did things with other married classmates but it is hard to remember exactly who. I later connected with classmates as we all went through life: Jim Cathcart, Bill Cowan, Steve Clark and others. I liked all physical aspects of our training. I was fortunate on qualification day to do well with both the rifle and pistol, receiving the Edson Marksmanship Award. I received my sword from my grandmother and a financial compensation from the school in lieu of the



Honor Man sword. I did not play football. The Mad Moment was a great show, especially for my wife Pam. I remember all of the staff for their sincere attempts to make us better Marines. I think Lt. Fagan and Capt. Myers stuck out for some reason.

TBS Graduation: I received an MOS of 0302. It was my first choice. I don't remember my second choice, probably artillery.

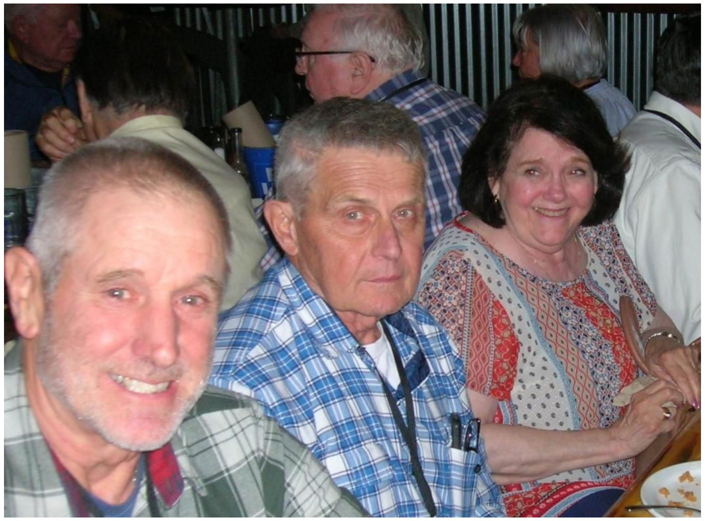
After Completing TBS: After TBS I attended 12 weeks of Vietnamese language training in Monterey, CA. During the time before classes started, Pam and I drove to the west coast via a number of stops in Mexico. When school finished in May,1967, I took leave to visit family and then headed to Camp Pendleton for deployment to Vietnam. The wonderful time in Monterey was critical to my decision to eventually retire in that area in 1985.

Don Bonsper VN '67

Vietnam Era Service: After language training, I proceeded to Camp Pendleton for deployment training. It lasted about three weeks. I arrived in Vietnam in late June, 1967. I was assigned to the Third Marine Division and eventually arrived at Echo 2/9 where I became the 1st Platoon Leader. Because of my time on the Fulbright I had been promoted to 1st Lieutenant at TBS. I was senior to the XO in Echo but asked to be a platoon leader. The CO agreed. It turns out I was the replacement for Lt. Robert Waller of our TBS class who had been killed a day or two before. I did not know this at the time. I stayed as the 1st Platoon Leader from June until the end of October. I also had time where I served as the XO as well as a platoon leader. After returning from a patrol at Camp Carroll in late October I learned that I had been promoted to Captain and also was being reassigned to the Marine Advisory Unit in Saigon. Within a few days I was on an airplane to Saigon via Okinawa to finish my year tour in Vietnam. In the Marine Advisory Unit I was assigned as the assistant advisor to the Second BN, VNMC. Later I moved into the position of senior advisor. I feel the training and preparation I received at TBS and the language school prepared me well for my assignments in-country. I met Pam in Hawaii for R&R. I returned from Hawaii after the initial attacks of Tet in January 1968. During those initial days I worked with Captain Dat who was a TBS classmate. I finished my tour in June, 1968. I was awarded a Silver Star and Bronze Star for my time in Vietnam. After coming home, I was assigned to the Naval Postgraduate School for an advanced degree in Operations Research and Systems Analysis. Pam and I were blessed with a son, Dane, during this assignment. Upon graduation I was sent overseas for a second unaccompanied tour. The original orders were for Vietnam. The orders were changed to Okinawa the day before I left CONUS. I felt both relief and disappointment after having gotten so prepared for a second tour. My experiences and lessons learned in Vietnam are best expressed in my two books: "Vietnam Memoirs Parts 1 and 2."

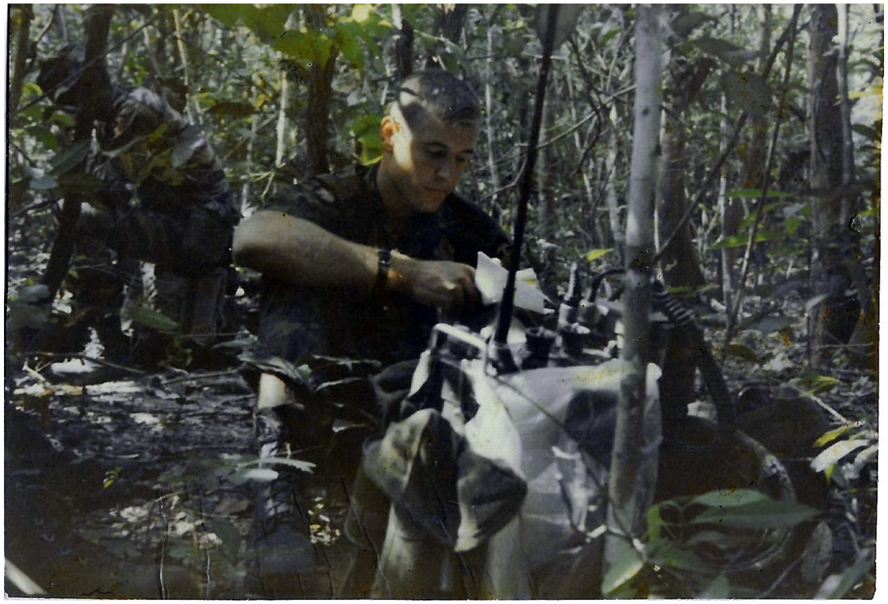
After Vietnam: When I was reassigned to the Marine Advisory Unit I was able to travel to Saigon via Okinawa. This gave me a chance to go to the big warehouse and recover my uniforms and gear that had been left behind. It took a while to find it in the giant warehouse. I remember the condition being ok. I took everything with me when I went to the MAU to finish my tour. The advanced degree at the navy school was my first assignment after Vietnam. During my second tour I served as the BN S-4 in 1/4 for a couple of months and then as company commander of two rifle companies. I returned to the states after the second tour in October 1971. Pam, Dane, and I drove cross country to visit family and to report to the Marine Corps Development Center in Quantico, VA.

After My Initial Obligation was up: In 1971 I went to the Development Center at Quantico as a payback tour for my advanced degree. Pam and I received another gift, Derek, after my return from Okinawa. I was selected to attend Command and Staff College after two and a half years as a captain selected for major. Colonel Love was instrumental in this decision. He was the Director of C&SC and had room for 4 more students. AWS had a full class with four senior captains. Col Love executed the reassignment of those 4 captains to the C&SC. AWS found 4 more captains to fill their class. The last captain included in the four added to C&SC was me. I started as the most junior member of the class and one who many classmates thought did not deserve to be there. Upon graduation from C&SC with a high class standing I went to Venezuela to serve as the Marine Advisor to the Venezuelan Marine Corps as part of the US Military Group. I left Venezuela after 2.5 years in 1977 to join the SouthCom staff in Panama for 18 months. In the summer of 1979, I finally returned to Camp Pendleton and joined 2/5 as the XO, immediately deploying to Okinawa for 6 months as part of the unit rotation program. In the summer of 1980 I was selected for LtCol and moved to the division staff. Nine months later I became the CO of 2/5 and deployed to Okinawa again. I returned to CA in Feb 1982 and surrendered the battalion in June for assignment as a faculty member of the Defense Resources Management Institute at the Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey. I had declined



Don Bonsper, Jim Hintz, Karen Muller

Pam and Don Bonsper



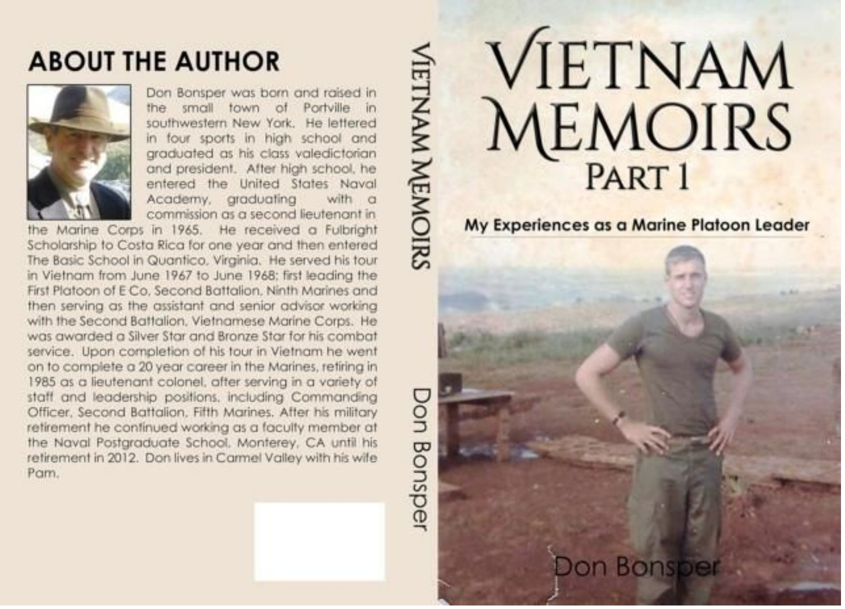
Don during his tour with the VNMC '68

selection to top level school two times and indicated my intention to retire at the end of my tour in Monterey. I retired as a LtCol at the end of September 1985. I stayed on at the Navy School until I retired a second time as a civilian in 2012. My military and civilian retirement careers took me to more than 70 countries.

My Current Life: Now 53 years later, what is important? First, I am married to the same woman who hitchhiked across South America with me under incredible conditions. She proved she was a keeper early on and today reigns supreme in a tribe of wonderful people. Derek has a wonderful wife and two children. One, Dalon, is severely challenged with Down Syndrome and Autism. He is 10 years old. The second, Lyric, is a totally typical young lady of 8 wonderful years. Dane remains single and a true model of independence. The two boys work together in their own business and are doing very well. We all live close together in Carmel Valley, CA. During my time in Argentina in 1966 I created a daughter who was unknown for 28 years. Today Shannon is an integral part of the tribe. She is a school teacher living in Portland which means we see her often. We have always had dogs, the current version is a 125# American Mastiff.

Plans for the Future: I live in a remote, rural area of Carmel Valley. I will continue to focus on my immediate family and the demands of living in the country. I am a member of the local fire district board to help with the provision of emergency response in our area. Pam and I will travel when we can. We did visit Vietnam, north and south, a couple of years ago. It was not intended to be a visit for me to find where I had served but rather as part of a tour to Indochina. Still, it was very emotional to be back in that part of the planet.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: I had a wonderful career and was allowed to be myself every step of the way. TBS was a solid beginning for a young man who was ready to be serious. The remainder of the career took me many places with many challenges which fortunately had happy endings. My regret today is how little real contact I had with my classmates. This reunion will help me remember what actually happened during our time together at TBS.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Don Bonsper was born and raised in the small town of Portville in southwestern New York. He lettered in four sports in high school and graduated as his class valedictorian and president. After high school, he entered the United States Naval Academy, graduating with a commission as a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps in 1965. He received a Fulbright Scholarship to Costa Rica for one year and then entered The Basic School in Quantico, Virginia. He served his tour in Vietnam from June 1967 to June 1968; first leading the First Platoon of E Co, Second Battalion, Ninth Marines and then serving as the assistant and senior advisor working with the Second Battalion, Vietnamese Marine Corps. He was awarded a Silver Star and Bronze Star for his combat service. Upon completion of his tour in Vietnam he went on to complete a 20 year career in the Marines, retiring in 1985 as a lieutenant colonel, after serving in a variety of staff and leadership positions, including Commanding Officer, Second Battalion, Fifth Marines. After his military retirement he continued working as a faculty member at the Naval Postgraduate School, Monterey, CA until his retirement in 2012. Don lives in Carmel Valley with his wife Pam.

VIETNAM MEMOIRS Don Bonsper

VIETNAM
MEMOIRS
PART 1

My Experiences as a Marine Platoon Leader

Don Bonsper

My Home Address: 19301 Cachagua Rd, Carmel Valley, CA.

Markham B. Campaigne

Nickname: Mark

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born in December 1941 in Glen Ridge, New Jersey which is where the closest hospital was to my parents home In Montclair, New Jersey. Not long after the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor my Dad joined the Marines and served until after V-J Day. Thus began events that led up to my interest in becoming a Marine. Our family moved from NJ to Indianapolis, Indiana when I was 5 years old and that is where I was raised and where I became obsessed with basketball. I attended a county public school until 7th grade when I was enrolled in a private school, Park School, where my serious education really began, as well as my introduction to another person who influenced my ultimate decision to become a Marine - my football coach who had also served in WWII as a Marine. After high school I attended Williams College in Massachusetts until half way through my sophomore years when playing cards, varsity basketball, and intramural sports caught up with me and the college suggested (strongly) that I take time away. During my sabbatical from college, I joined the Marine reserves in 1961 and was off to Parris Island. While at boot camp I was encouraged (by my parents, not my drill instructors), to apply to the Naval Academy through my congressman, which I did. That decision almost led to me being dropped from basic training as my DI's were not happy. I completed boot camp and my ITR training at Camp Lejeune and did receive an appointment to the Academy where I enrolled in the summer of 1962. During my summers, prior to USNA I worked for the Indianapolis Water Company reading meters and eventually moving up to repairing the meters - not a glamorous job but it paid minimum wage, kept me busy; and if I ran through my routes (as a reader) I had the afternoons free. At the Academy I worked hard, earned decent grades, played on the varsity squash team, tried, and failed, to make the tennis team, (didn't try basketball as I only had 2 years of eligibility left after Williams College), majored in French under some great instructors, and roomed with Carl Fulford and Bob Spooner (future Marines) among others.

My Memories of TBS: Before TBS I went to "Jump School" at Fort Benning, GA and did complete my mandatory jumps. At TBS I sort of kept to myself. Actually went to DC several times to Arthur Murray dance studio. My future wife, Mary Ann, was living in France so that was a long range romance. I was rooming with Bill Bau but mostly hung out with Academy classmates that I knew fairly well. My most enjoyable time was at the rifle range where I repeated my boot camp success earning the "expert" badge. I also fired expert with the pistol. I do remember the "Mad Moment" and was impressed with the interlocking fields of fire and the death and destruction they wrought. I don't remember actually purchasing my Mameluke sword, but do know that it was engraved. (That sword was stolen from me while at a reserve training weekend in San Diego years later and has been replaced (and not engraved).)

After Completing TBS: Immediately after TBS I was off to Fort Sill, OK, and artillery school having been assigned an 08 MOS. I opted for 03, 08, 1800 having been assured that anyone bold enough to do that would be assigned 03, my first choice. Training at Fort Sill was excellent and thoroughly prepared me for what was to come. Following that my name must have been pulled from a hat because I was selected to attend Psychological Operations training at Fort Bragg, NC, another three month school. Finally I had a month to visit Mary Ann in France where we became engaged. Following that I was given orders to report to Vietnam in July of 1967.

Vietnam Era Service: In Vietnam I was assigned to Hotel Battery, 3rd Battalion, 11th Marines (a 105mm battery). I began my tour as the Fire Direction Officer (FDO). I was with Hotel for about six months, I believe, and then was transferred to battalion headquarters where I became the S-3A. After serving in the capacity for about three months I was assigned as executive office of "I" Battery. My last duty was to take two guns (with crews from "G" battery), out to the Arizona Territory and support a combined USMC - ARVN unit on Hill 52. This month or so was fairly uneventful and my Vietnam tour ended in late July '68. Sadly, I did learn that our position was overrun shortly after I left. I learned this from a lance corporal who had taken some pictures that I asked to be sent to me. I heard from him a year or so later, a year that he had spent in the hospital! Timing is everything I guess. On a positive note, when I was stationed at the Battalion Headquarters I did take R & R in Japan for four or five days. While there Mary Ann, (who had been conducting business for a textile factory in Saigon until it was blown up and subsequently left the country), and I were married in a small chapel in Tokyo, which she had been able to arrange. It was a glorious few days, but soon a memory.

Right: Mark on the Northern Tour
Below: USNA '66 show up as swordsmen for Marks Son's Wedding
Ken Moore, Jack Jewell, Skip Stephenson, Mark, Bob Spooner

After Vietnam: After Vietnam I was assigned to the Marine Barracks in Washington, D.C. That sounds like a great posting but it was a pain. We all worked for a very difficult (in my opinion) Colonel and the situation in D.C. at the time was tense. Any thoughts of continuing on active duty were put aside and I took a reserve commission and left for a teaching position in Kansas City, MO. in 1970. I continued working in four different Independent Schools until retiring in 2003.

After My Initial Obligation was up: The high points of my career in private schools were many. I earned my Masters Degree in Education Administration in 1974 while teaching math in Kansas City. I took my first administrative position at a military school in Tennessee in 1976. Following a pretty miserable year in Tennessee, I became the Assistant Headmaster and Principal of The Bishop's School in La Jolla, CA. After nine years at TBS (The Bishop's School) I accepted the position of Headmaster of St. Margaret's Episcopal School (SMES) in San Juan Capistrano, CA. This school was good, but not great, when I arrived, with 600 students on six acres in 1986. When I retired in 2003 we had 1220 students, on twenty acres and were ranked as one of the finest independent schools in California. My four children all graduated from the school and have been doing well. My oldest son is a Marine Colonel and his oldest son just completed boot camp at San Diego. Four generations of Campaigne Marines.

My Current Life: Currently I am retired, and except for a year when I agreed to help turnaround a small school in Temecula, CA I have stayed retired. I have continued to evaluate schools for the Western Association of Schools and Colleges, and have served and continue to serve on the Boards of Private Schools. I also served on the Board of the local Boys & Girls Clubs and have done some basketball coaching. My main hobby is riding road bikes and have ridden several Centuries in California, Georgia, Florida and most recently the Natchez Trace starting in Tennessee and ending near New Orleans. I now ride a recumbent three wheeled bike after suffering one too many falls from my bike.

Plans for the Future: Mary Ann and I did visit Vietnam several years ago with Academy Marine classmates and that was instructive. We would like to do more traveling but can't seem to get moving in that direction.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: What sticks out the most is the brotherhood which will be with me until the day I "look on heaven's scenes,where the streets are guarded by US Marines."

My Home Address: 28526 Paseo Diana, San Juan Capistrano, CA 92675

Mark and Dat

John H. Campbell

Nickname: John Henry (Bureau name)

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born and raised in Minnesota. Attended Burnsville High school with three of my brothers and a beautiful sister. We all played all of the sports and were good at them. Graduated from University of St. Thomas with a degree in Psychology and Sociology. I survived the PLC program. I joined the Marine Corps because of the finest reputation and because Air Force ROTC was required at St. Thomas. My older brother Pete, was a Navy flyer and my younger bother Jim was an Army Platoon Commander.

My Memories of TBS: While at TBS I roomed with Jim Cybulski. Some of my friends included Len Dornak, J. D. Carter, Steve Broquist, and many other- some of the finest young men of our time. I remember the New York trip described by Dave Belatti. " Oh what a night". I also recall the JOPA exchanges. I was " in charge" of the machine guns at the MAD Moment, we were very lucky on that one. I have my Sword and still wear it for very special occasions (Just kidding). The best part of TBS was the outstanding men I met.

TBS Graduation: After TBS, I moved to Mainside and attended Comm School. I enjoyed the training and did well in the program. We completed the course and

John, Marlys, Tom Taylor

Back to Front: Mottard, Griggs, Belatti, Campbells

received our 2502 MOS

After Completing TBS: Upon completion of Comm School at Quantico, I went to the West Coast and was the CommO and Company Commander, in the 5th MPs. That secondary MOS served me well in the future.

Vietnam Era Service: I felt like I was spinning my wheels on the West Coast so I contacted my Monitor and he sent me to WestPac almost free of charge and almost immediately. I was assigned to Force Logistic Command at Red Beach. After about six months as a CommO, I was picked up as the Aide De Camp for a Brigadier General, When General Olson rotated state side I stayed on with the new CG.

After Vietnam: Upon completion of my tour, I received orders to Cherry Point but I got a call from General Olson who had picked up another Star and asked if I would join him in Philadelphia at Tun Tavern and so I finished my Marine Corps obligation there.

After My Initial Obligation was up: After finishing up as a Captain I went back to Minnesota and started Law School and stayed in the Reserves. My sister, Christy Ann set me up with a blind date and she was not blind. After the first date the rest was history. I have been married to my wife Marlys for 48 years. Thank you, Christy! I sometimes think that she was trying to get even with me for something I said or did. While attending William Mitchell Law school,I received an invitation from J. Edgar Hoover to join another elite group of men. I gave my future wife, Marlys, the choice of going back into the Corps or the FBI. She thought the FBI would be safer and less travel. After 27 years and about ten moves we finished that program as the Academic Dean at the FBI Academy with stops in St. Louis, Detroit, Quantico, Butte (under Hoover if you screwed up you were sent there, I requested the assignment), Hdqs, back to Quantico in charge of the infamous Behavioral Science Unit, Omaha and back to Quantico for a third tour, I spent more time on the base than any Marine. We retired and again went back to Minnesota. Somewhere along the way, I finished my PhD at Michigan State University and that translated into another career as a University professor. We were able to create a leadership master's program not unlike the Marine Corps experience. Finally, after 20 years we retired from that opportunity as well.

My Current Life: We have continued to travel, enjoy life, share our experiences with others, work on research grants, live part-time in Florida, enjoy our two children, Sean and Justine and their families and our two grandsons, Thomas and and Andrew. We have taken college students to explore the world including Ireland , Great Britain, South Africa and the Scandinavian countries for more than 15 years. What a great experience.

Plans for the Future: We are retired, sort of, and traveling while enjoying an active social life. We have been back to Vietnam and it is amazing to see the progress. Our bucket list has been met but we keep exploring.

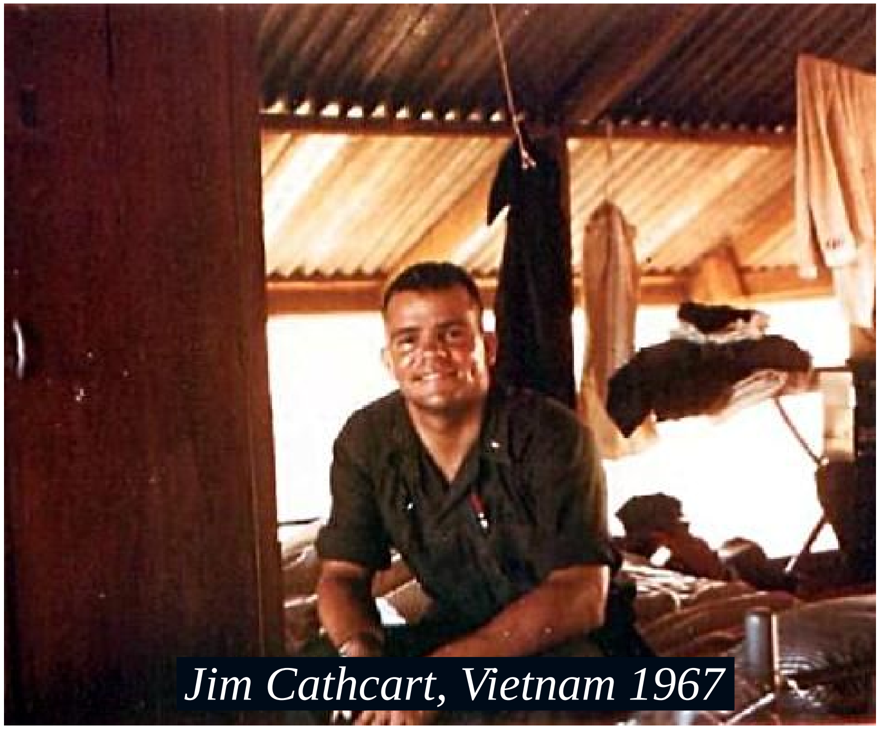
What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: I think that my initial evaluation of the participants of TBS 2-67 was at the time and has not changed- 'the finest group of young men that I have ever met'.

My Home Address: 24231 Belle Mede Drive, Leesburg, Florida 34748

James A. Cathcart

Nickname: Jim

My Life Before Attending TBS: My dad was a professional musician so I was raised all over the country and went to 9 elementary schools and 2 high schools. We finally settled in Spokane WA where I graduated from HS. I got a NROTC regular scholarship at the U of Washington, flunked out, went to a JC for a year, got my regular scholarship reinstated due to the letter of recommendation from Richard Nixon's brother, LT Ed Nixon, who was my freshman naval science instructor at UW. I graduated from Oregon State in 1966 as a Marine Option but due to the flunkout, I was behind one summer cruise so I went to Bulldog at OCS after graduation. I joined "C" 2-67 as a midshipman until I was commissioned on 09/01/66. My dad was in the USMC in WWII on Guadalcanal and elsewhere and his pride in his service was what encouraged me to join the Corps.


Jim Cathcart, Vietnam 1967

My Memories of TBS: I was single at TBS and roomed with Doug Brown. I hung with Doug, John Bowman, Bill Bau, Bob Hickerson and Raleigh Griffiths. I liked the 3 day war best and swim qual the least although that training saved my life after RVN when I went sailing and got dumped in the New River in a cold January afternoon a long way from shore. As for the staff, I liked Fred Fagan, whose unexpected retirement 25 years later resulted in my becoming Chief of Staff for MCB Camp Lejeune.

TBS Graduation: I was a 6708 (air support control) out of TBS. When I came back from RVN I was due to crossdeck to HAWK missiles but the G-1 at 2nd MAW made unflattering comments about that MOS and stuck me in wing G-3 Ops where I was the aerial targets officer and learned the dangers of "by direction" signatures by being dragged in front of MGen Marion Carl for a classic butt chewing.

After Completing TBS: I took leave and spent a week in Portland where I went to a party and met a very nice young woman who wrote to me in RVN. Then to MCAS Cherry Point for OJT in the TPQ-10 and DASC which did NOT adequately prepare me for real life. I was there for just over 3 months and then off to RVN.

Vietnam Era Service: Left Travis AFB 07/03/67 and landed at Kadena 07/05/67. The government still owes me a 4th of July. I joined MASS-2 at Da Nang and was pretty quickly sent up to Dong Ha as a Senior Air Director (SAD) in the DASC. Book organization of the MASS said it would support one DASC with field grade SADs, but we supported 3 or 4 so boot 2/LTs were SADs. We learned fast on the job. Was a member of the Airborne DASC over Khe Sanh during the days of the gaggles and supergaggles. After TET, and when the Army came up north I was transferred to the USAF DASC in Phu Bai because they needed people who knew the territory. I went to Hong Kong on R&R. Came back home in August of '68 and was never harassed. Lessons? Dig deep, overhead cover is priceless.

Jim Cathcart…'tagging' bear cubs
Camp Lejuene ~ 1992

Front, L-R: John Winkler, Steve Clark, Kathy Clark, Barbara Cathcart

Rear: "Mike" Belatti, Larry Byers, Jim Cathcart

Incoming artillery is scary as hell. Ballantine's Beer is the worst. Rolled up magazines don't get the job done when there are angry rhinoceros beetles loose in the tent. Ham and muthas are fully as bad as their reputation.

After Vietnam: On leave after RVN I spent a week with the woman I had met a week before I left. We decided to get married and I came back from Cherry Point over Christmas and we did...now 50 years and counting. As above, returned to MCAS Cherry Point in MAW G-3 ops. After the non-lawyer legal officer course, I was kidnapped by the SJA to be a trial counsel in SPCM and admin boards. This experience led me to apply to the Excess Leave (Law) program, and I was selected in 1970.

After My Initial Obligation was up: Although there were certainly good days and bad days I never woke up one morning in 27 years wishing I was doing something else. The men and women I worked with and for were, on the whole, great people. After graduating from law school I went to 1st Division SJA, then spent 3 years in Naples, Italy at the Navy Legal Service Office. What a great tour! Then Okinawa, then Army JA school in Virginia, SJA for MCAGCC 29 Palms and 7th MAB, Regional Defense Counsel for western US, SJA for 1st MARDIV, Army War College, SJA for MCB Camp Lejeune, Chief of Staff for Camp Lejeune, and Chief Defense Counsel, USMC as my final tour. Retired in 1993 at the rank of Colonel.

My Current Life: We celebrated our 50th anniversary in December. Our oldest daughter and her husband both retired as LtCol USMC 3 years ago. They have our granddaughters 15 and 11 who are still enjoying coming up to visit grandma and grandpa every summer. Our youngest daughter is a bigwig with Google. Health is decent except for various joints wearing out. Computer literate and text my kids. I refuse to join Twitter. No desire to revisit RVN although my cousin, who was a USAF Thud driver and spent 7 years in the Hanoi Hilton, took his daughters and visited.

Plans for the Future: I have retired twice and it still hasn't taken so I work for the family courts on a contract basis doing investigations into best interests of kids in divorces and custody battles. We love to travel and my latest count is 32 countries. Social media profile is medium except I do not discuss politics at all in that forum. Best trip was a month in Australia and New Zealand - truly the trip of a lifetime. Next up are a river cruise in Europe, and a tour of Scotland including the Royal Military Tattoo in Edinburgh.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: Let's see...Getting 2d platoon drunk off the alcohol fumes off our bodies on Monday morning company runs. The Mad Hisser in the big classroom infuriating the staff. The company choir singing "We're shoving right off again" at mess night. Trying to navigate back to TBS from DC after JOPA parties. As for the Green Weenie, I met men and women from every part of the world and every walk of life. I traveled to just about every clime and place. I occasionally got to blow things up and fire full auto. I was always proud of what I was doing and who I was doing it with.

My Home Address: 6825 Twin Hills Dr. W., University Place, WA 98467

Stephen Patrick Clark

Cuu, Clark, Winkler, Taussig

Nickname: Steve

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in Tyler, Texas. Attended Joplin Senior High School, Joplin, Missouri. Graduated USNA with Class of 1966.

My Memories of TBS: Not married. Frankly, memories of TBS are vague.

TBS Graduation: 0302 (1st choice)

After Completing TBS: Vietnamese language course at DLI Monterey

Vietnam Era Service: RVV 6/67 to 7/68. 1/7: Platoon Commander, C Company; Battalion S-2; Company Commander D Company.

After Vietnam: Married after return to U.S. Assigned to an infantry unit at Camp Pendleton for one year, then to desk job at the Division of Reserve in Washington, D.C. for a year.

After My Initial Obligation was up: I transferred to reserves in 1970 to attend law school at the University of Texas. Retired from reserves in 1992 (LtCol). After law school, I clerked for Texas Court of Criminal Appeals in Austin (73-74). Joined the U.S. Department of Justice in Washington, D.C. in 1974. Spent most of the next forty years as a federal prosecutor, with substantial stints in Washington, D.C., Puerto Rico, San Diego, and Knoxville, TN.

My Current Life: Married to Kathleen Walsh Clark. I have a Son, Colin, by a previous marriage. He works for Wells Fargo in Los Angeles.

My Home Address: 932 10th Street, Coronado, CA
92118

VIETNAM
1st Bn. 7 Marines

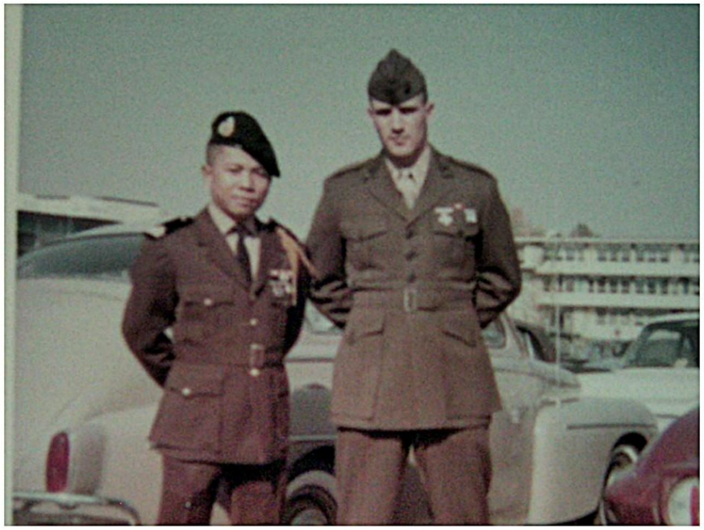
Le Van Cuu

Le Van Cuu was the first of the Vietnamese Marine Corps officers from our TBS Class that we were able to locate and contact. With his help and contacts within the VNMC organizations in the U.S., we were able to contact three others who had survived the "repatriation" camps in VN and who had emigrated to the US. Sadly, Of the ten VNMC officers in our class, we learned that two of our brothers were KIA, and four others have since passed away.

We hold a special place in our hearts for all of them, and were honored with the presence of Le Van Cuu and Pham Duong Dat at our recent reunion.

Le Van Cuu and Bill Bau

Fulford, Cuu, Campaigne



Belatti and Cuu

Pham Duong Dat

During Tet, Captain Dat and Captain Don Bonsper were together for a short time. Dat was a company commander with ? Battalion, VNMC and Don was the assistant advisor with the 2nd Battalion. Dat's company needed advisor support and Don was briefly assigned with his unit before being pulled back to the 2nd Battalion.

In early 2019 Dat sent this email to Mark Campaigne:

Dear Mark

"I am so surprised and very happy to receive your letter and also the picture that we took in December 1966 at your family in Indianapolis, I remember you and your family, and specially your hospitality very well, it was the best time I had in TBS in Quantico.

You often wondered what was happened in 1975 when the US's involvement ended so abruptly, yes we all had to be in re-educational camps located at VN and Chinese borders (that were VC' s prisons)in North Vietnam. I endured ten years (1975-1985) I was humiliated, I lost the honor, the self-respect and also was tortured mentally and physically crippled, one day was tortured in VC prison seemed to be as long as one year. I felt that I lost everything,I lost the light of hope, of coming back to the normal life. At least I did not succumb, thanks to God,and to the high commissioner of United Nations. After being released from the prison I was kept in " house arrest " for 3 years and everybody was scared of contacting, of being in touch with me. I myself had to look for all kinds of jobs for living and started from beginning...

In 1998, I, my wife and my 10 years old son came to United States under ODP as HO. With the help of the US Gov, the social worker of Fairfax, I went back to school, took the IT course in Virginia Tech for 10 months and was offered a job as computer operator I worked for National Geographic Society and then I was computer specialist and technical. After 14 years of working and now I am retired, My son started in Middle School and now he has had his Master of Finance, (MBA), worked for Blue Diamonds CO, and got a job as Financial Analyst.

Thank God,You got married and had 4 children, they are all majored and successful, You and your wife enjoyed with their happiness.

I would appreciate and thank you very much your kindness and your hospitality you have given to me."

Dat Pham

Dat visited with Mark Campaigne and his Family, Christmas '67

Dave Belatti and Dat

Mark and Dat 2019

William J. Davis

Nickname: Bill

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born in Mt. Shasta and raised in Weed, California. Graduated from Weed High School and California State University Sacramento with a BA in History. Joined PLC program in Junior year in college and attended 10 weeks of training during the summer of 1965. Main influence to join the Marine Corps was my Minister who was a USN Chaplain in World War II and in China, after the war.

My Memories of TBS: I married Janice 53 years ago. We met at Sacramento State. In the summer of 1966 we drove from Sacramento to Quantico. This was the first of seven trips driving from one coast to the other during 29 years in the Marine Corps. Yes, I engraved my sword and have passed it on to my grandson, Miles Davis who had his name also engraved on the blade. He is a 2d Lt. and a member of B Company currently attending TBS. During TBS Mike Kelly, John Burns and I carpooled. Our closest friends were Mike and Peggy Kelly, JD and Janice Carter, and Michael and Janice Downey. Before I got to Vietnam JD and Michael Downey were both killed in Vietnam.

TBS Graduation: I was assigned my MOS first choice, Tank Officer. My MOS training was at the Armor School at Fort Knox, Kentucky.

After Completing TBS: I didn't go directly to Vietnam but was assigned to 2d Tank Battalion at Camp Lejeune. In 1967, I deployed with BLT 1/2 on a 6 month deployment to the Mediterranean. This deployment and its training taught me how to be a Tank Platoon Leader. Upon returning to Camp Lejeune in 1968 I received my orders to Vietnam.

Vietnam Era Service: After attending the Army Civil Affairs School, Ft. Gordon, Georgia, I continued on to Vietnam and was assigned to B Company, 3d Tank Battalion. I served as a Tank Platoon Leader and Company XO. In January 1969, I was transferred to 3d Tanks as Bn S-2/5. In April I was lucky to return to B Company as CO.

After Vietnam: I was assigned to Marine Barracks, Alameda, California. This was followed by Amphibious Warfare School and then duty with the I&I Staff at 4th Tank Bn, San Diego, California.

After My Initial Obligation was up: In 1974 I was transferred to Okinawa and served on the 3d Marine Division Staff before going to Camp Fuji, Japan for a second tour as CO of B Company, 3d Tanks. Upon returning to the USA we moved to Fort Knox, KY and I was assigned as MCLNO to the Office of Combat Developments and the Armor Board. In 1978-1981 I served at the Pentagon on a Joint Army-Marine Corps program on Armored Combat Vehicle Technology. During this assignment I completed a MA Degree in Political Science at Georgetown University. Following Command and Staff College, I was assigned to 1st Marine Division and served as CO, 1st Tank Battalion and as G-3 Operations Officer for the Division. Returning again to Okinawa, I served as the III MEF G-3 Ops Officer. My second HQMC tour followed, before being assigned as CO of Marine Barracks Japan. Returning to Virginia in 1990 my next assignment was as Chief, Joint Training and Doctrine Division and Chief, Joint Special Operations Division for the United States Atlantic Command. My last tour from 1993-1995 was as the Deputy Director of History and Museums Division, HQMC.

My Current Life: Following retirement from the Marine Corps in 1995, I became the Director of the MacArthur Memorial and Historical Center, and the Executive Director of the General Douglas MacArthur Foundation. I retired from the museum position in 2014 but continue as the Executive Director of the Foundation and serve as the Chairman of the Veterans Commission for the City of Norfolk. I have been very lucky with my life's work and blessed by our son William and daughter Sheryl. Janice and I enjoy traveling and watching our 5 Grandchildren (2 boys & 3 girls) grow up and being able to attend their athletic and school events.

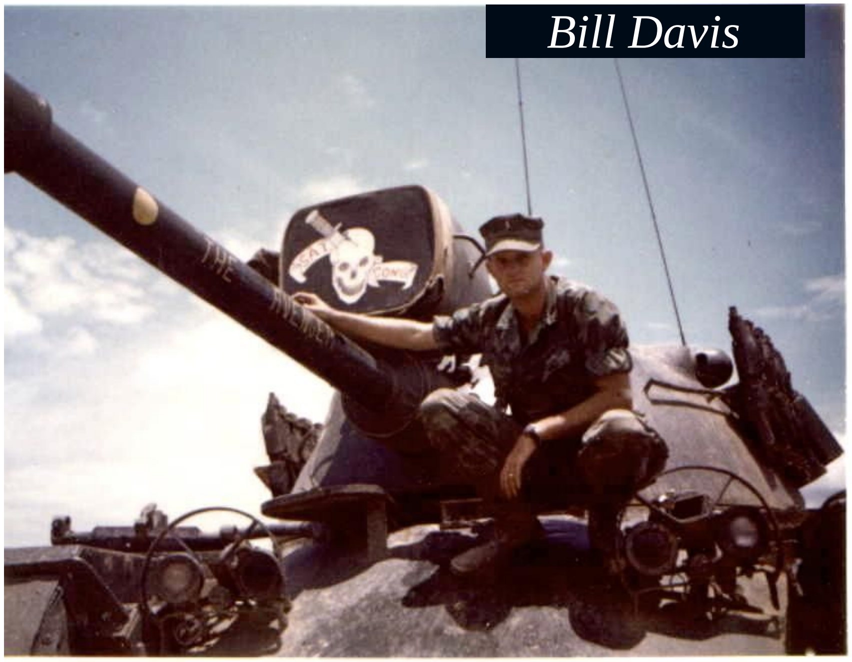
Plans for the Future: We are making great progress checking off the entries on our bucket list. My son and I visited Vietnam 8 years ago. I am glad I did it but don't have a need to go back again.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: I will always remember those I have served with, especially those remarkable men and women who are Marines.

My Home Address: 518 Mowbray Arch, Norfolk, Virginia, 23507

Gen. Douglas MacArthur Foundation Museum

Bill Davis and Rich Harrison


Bill Davis

James L. Thompson

Nickname: Jim
My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born in Long Island, NY and grew up in Montgomery County, MD where we moved supporting my father's career in the Navy at Bureau of Medicine & Surgery and later, in the Department of State in Washington DC. We lived in Chevy Chase and I attended B-CC High School. I played baseball and varsity football where I was the starting center, middle linebacker and co-captain. B-CC was the number 1 HS team in the metro Washington area with a record of 23-1 in the three years that I played . From there I went to Yale University where I also played sports, including football where I played varsity center and MLB and made the Dean's List. My major was political science. I concluded that the country would be in the cold war with the USSR for the foreseeable future and the draft would continue. If I was needed for the armed forces, I'd rather go first class and be a Marine. Therefore I signed up for the Marine PLC program for my sophomore and junior summers at Yale. This would let me serve my country and get into good shape for football which started in the Fall each year and get a commission as a 2nd lieutenant upon graduation. However, during my senior year in college I took an interest in law and audited some law classes at the Yale Law School. Before graduating, I wrote to HDQ Marine Corps and asked if they'd consider allowing me to go to law school before going on active duty and to TBS. Since I did well in the PLC programs and USMC needed lawyers, I was deferred for 3 years to go to law school. I went to University of Virginia Law

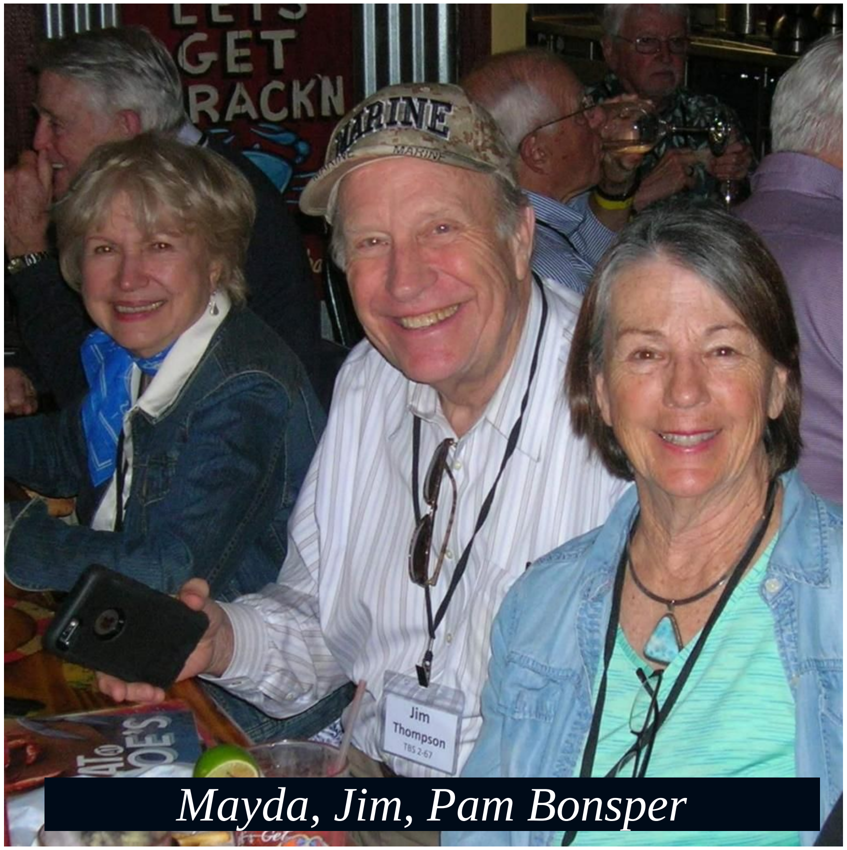
School from 1963 to 1966 and then I went to TBS as a captain in the TBS 2-67 class.

My Memories of TBS: I was married to Diana Thompson in 1963 and we had a son Jimmy, age 2, when I went to TBS in 1967. We rented a small house off the base and I commuted. Often liberty was simply resting my tired body. Some of my friends included Leonard Dornack, Charlie Babcock, Ted Florence, John Bowman, Don Bonsper, and Charlie Reinhart plus several others whose names are currently eluding me after 52 years. Being married, going on liberty was not the same event as it was in the PLC program. The best part of training was successfully completing the various tasks/assignments, knowing that you could do the job and realizing that you had some time to rest. I qualified as an expert with both the rifle and pistol although on occasion I had a chance to see the scorer wave Maggie's drawers when I shot from a standing position. I did have my sword engraved and I display it proudly on my family room wall. Never played on the Quantico football team.

TBS Graduation: I was assigned a legal MOS and a secondary MOS as 0301.

After Completing TBS: As I recall, I went to Camp Lejeune and then to Navy Justice School in Newport Rhode Island. It did prepare me to do military court martial cases but not Legal Assistance work which I learned on the job.

My Current Life: I'm still practicing law with Miller, Miller & Canby in Rockville, MD on a half time basis. I do trial work and handle tax assessment cases and eminent domain (condemnation cases) where the government takes private property for various projects and the owner is entitled to "just compensation"...which is seldom paid in the initial process. Law practice has been good to me. I've been active in the Montgomery County Bar Ass'n with about 3,000 lawyers and then, in 2000, I was elected to serve as President Maryland State Bar Ass'n (MSBA) with over 20,000 lawyers. That gave me a chance to practice law on a wholesale basis and set up programs to help the legal profession and the citizens of Maryland. We were able to improve pro bono services, cut litigation



Mayda, Jim, Pam Bonsper

expenses, develop programs to "Seize The Future" and get a new federal court for the southern part of Maryland including Montgomery County. I enjoy travel, golfing, fishing, sailing and playing with my grandchildren who unfortunately all live on the west coast with my sons Jim and Tom in San Francisco and Seattle, respectively. Fortunately Mayda, my domestic partner and a fine lawyer, has three young grandsons, two in DC and one in Brooklyn NY. They are bright and full of enthusiasm and their engines run at high speeds about 14 hours per day, so being with them for a day gets you in great shape

Plans for the Future: I'm in the process of retiring but working part time. Here are several "like to do's" when I retire completely: to find some interesting projects, in addition to golf and travel, that will be worthwhile to me and to the community; to feel as though I still matter; and to develop a social network of friends outside the legal community, to include friends like you.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: That we were men with a mission and wanted to learn the skills of Marine leadership so we could proudly wear the Marine green and accomplish our assignments.

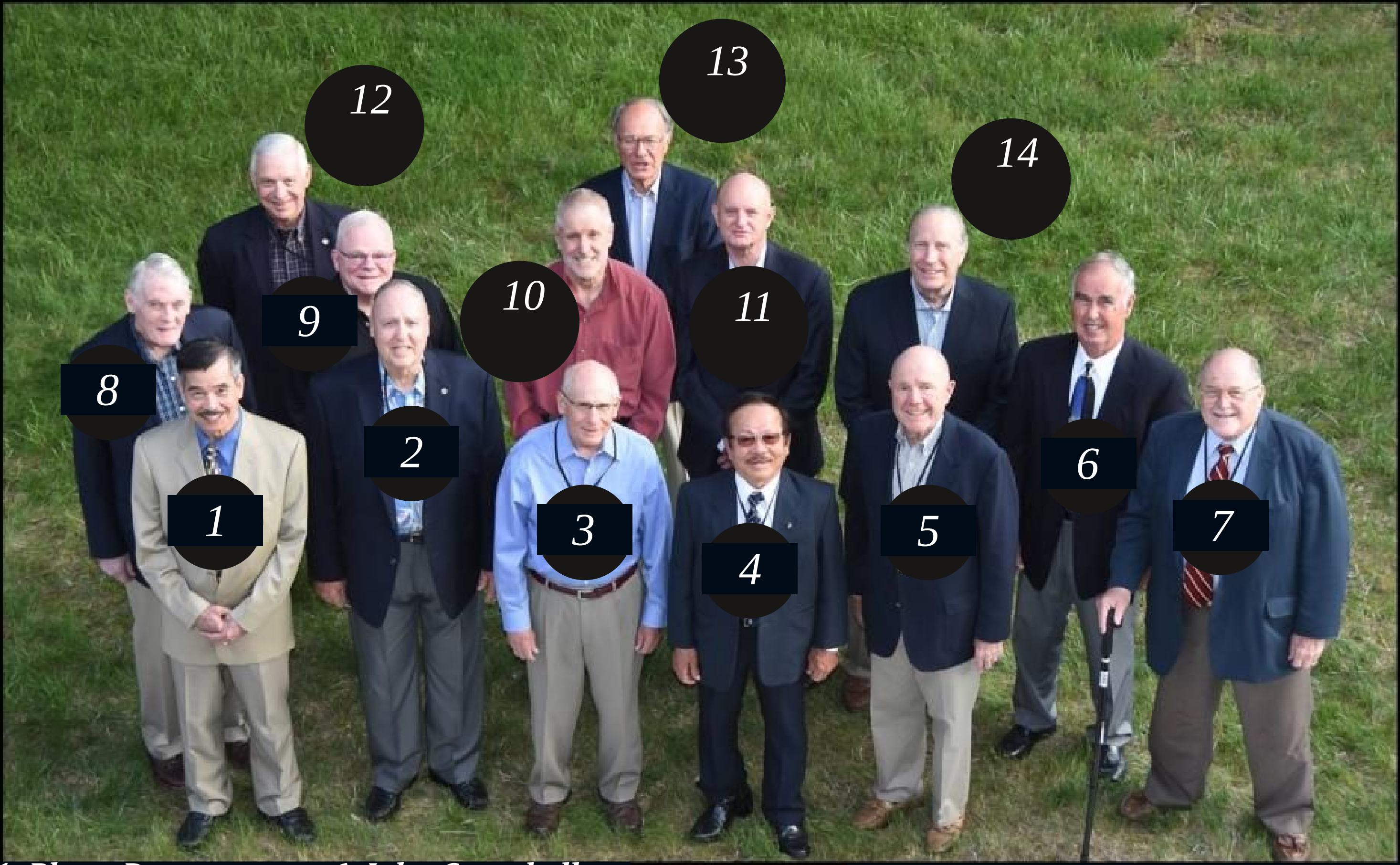
My Home Address: 335 Fellowship Circle,
Gaithersburg, MD 20877

Standing L-R: Rich and Patti Klauer, Bill Davis, Jim Thompson

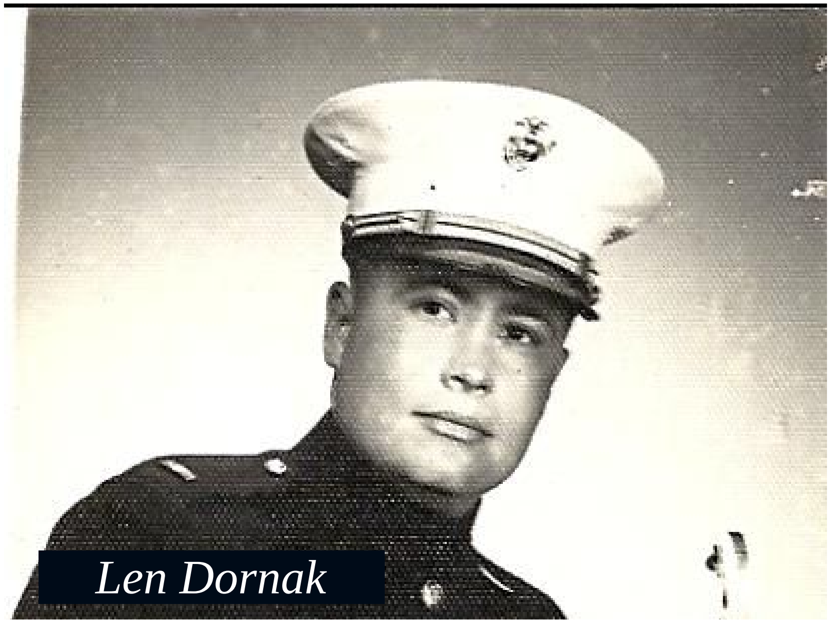
Seated L-R: Chris and Janice Mead, Mayda Tsaknis

First Platoon

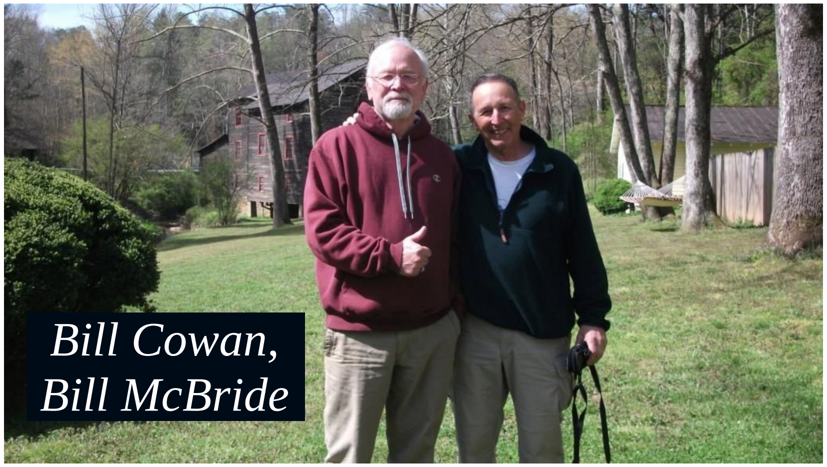
1st Platoon TBS Class 2-67



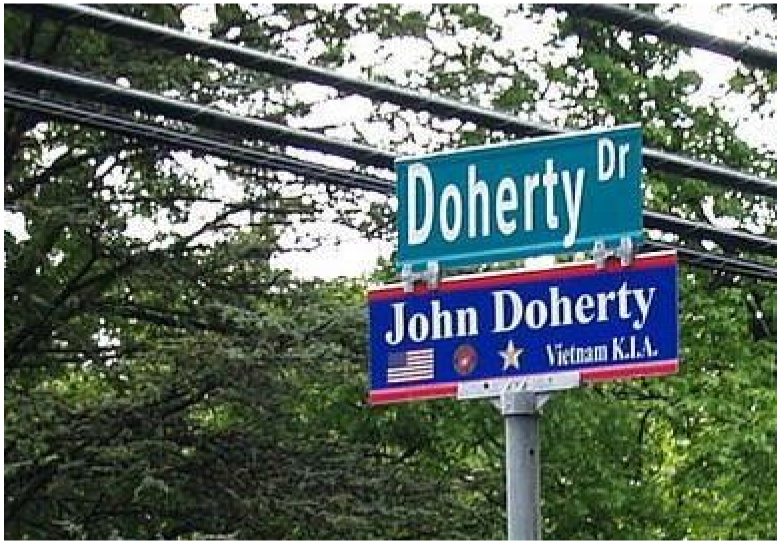
1: Pham Dat
2: Dave Belatti
3: Steve Clark
4: Le Van Cuu
5: Bill Bau
6: John Campbell
7: John Bowman
8:Mark Campaigne
9: Jim Cathcart
10: Don Bonsper
11: Bill Davis
12: Bob Barclay
13: Bill Arant
14: John Thompson

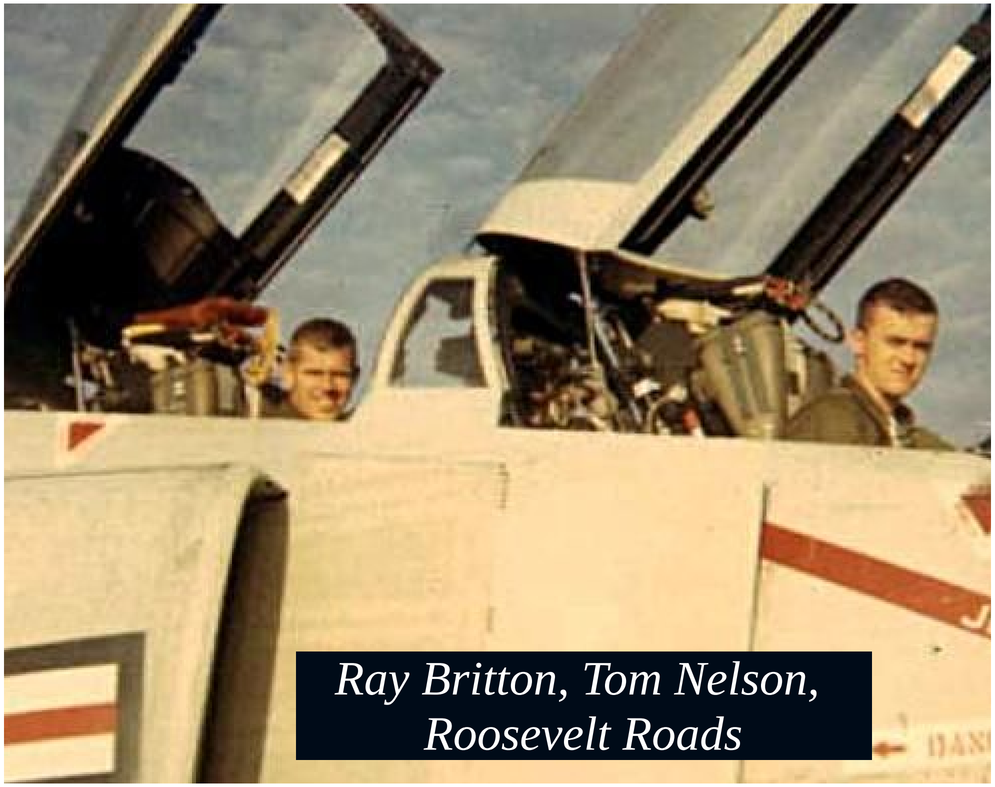


Len Dornak



Bill Cowan,
Bill McBride


Doherty Dr
John Doherty
Vietnam K.I.A.



Ray Britton, Tom Nelson,
Roosevelt Roads

Belatti and Dornak

Jack Consolvo and Tom Nelson '68

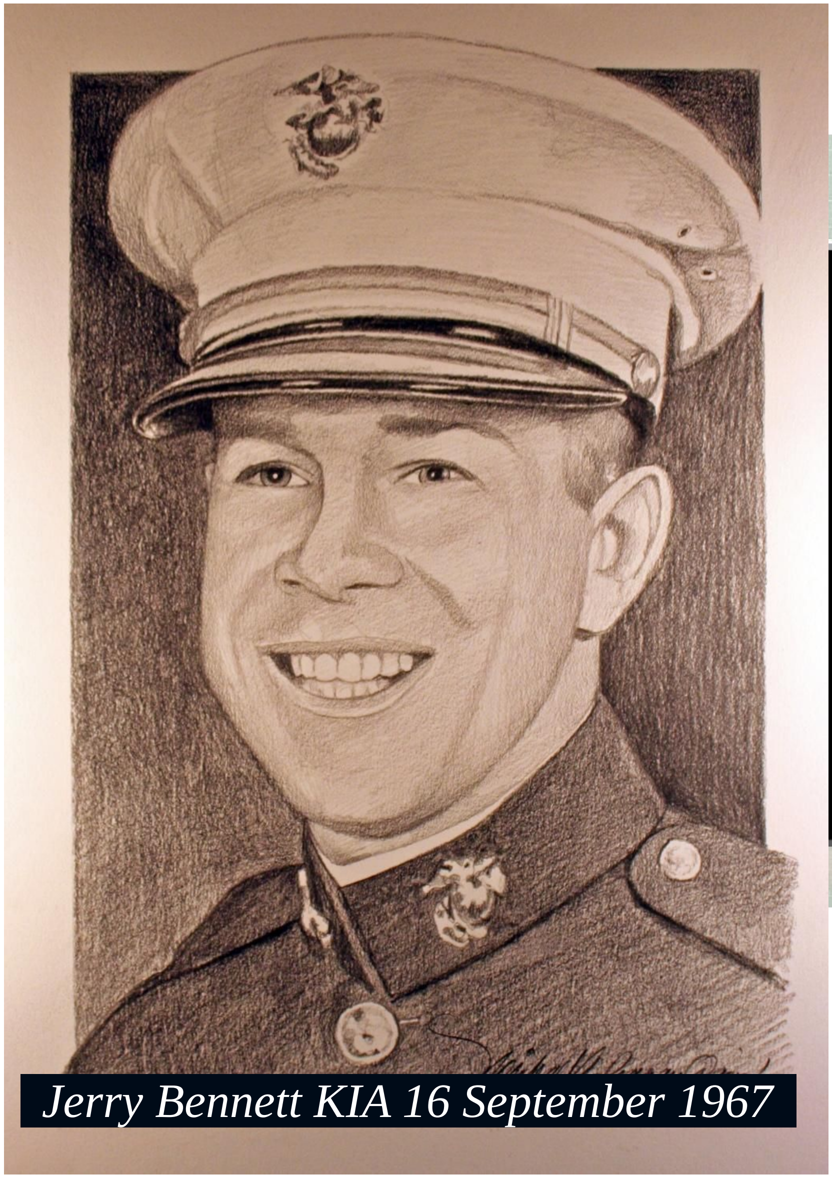
McBride, Cuu, Dat, Campaigne, Hartnett

Grace and John Bowman, Cuu and Tom Newman, Candice and Gary Gruhl

PFC APRIL 18 1944
NC
NO
EL
CT
L DIAZ
G 25 1947
ARY P DIETZ
CPL JULY 31 1946
LEONARD E DORNAK
1ST LT DEC 26 1943
INDIA CO.
3RD BN. 26TH MAR.

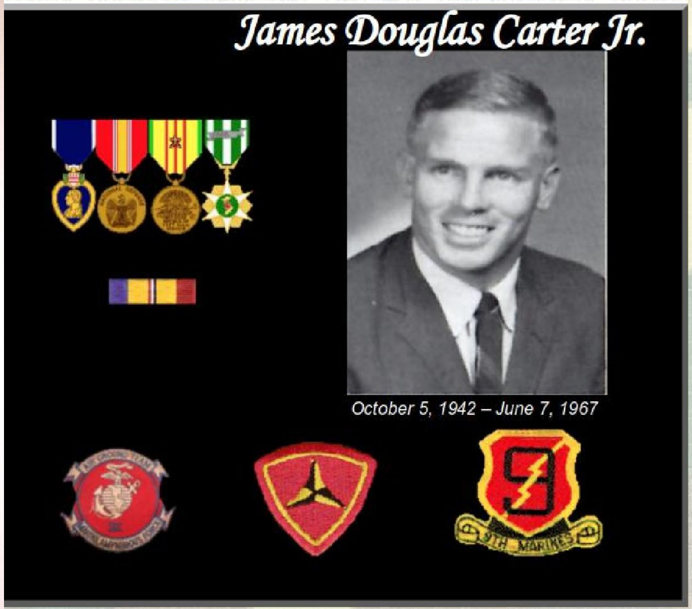
Bill Cowan, Khe Sanh July '67

John Bowman and Chan Crangle



Jerry Bennett KIA 16 September 1967

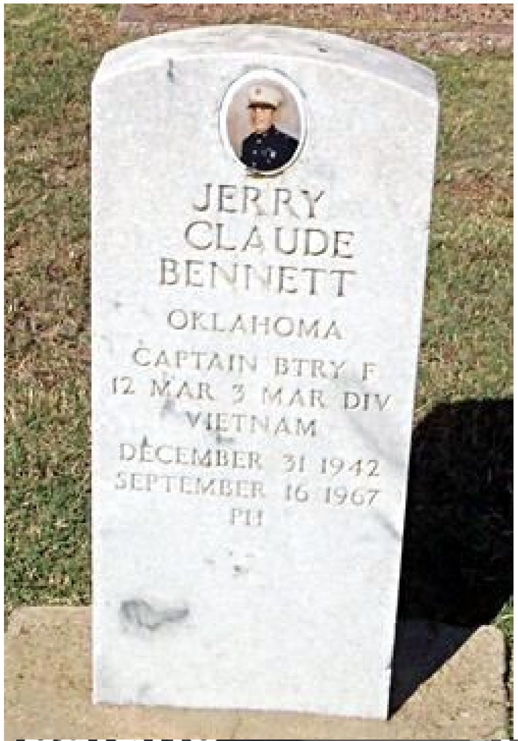
James Douglas Carter, Jr.



James Douglas Carter Jr.

October 5, 1942 – June 7, 1967

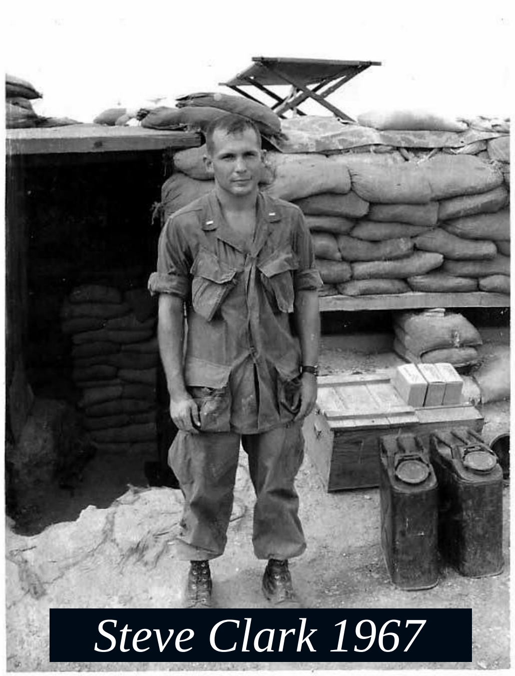
9TH MARINES


JERRY
CLAUDE
BENNETT
OKLAHOMA
CAPTAIN BTRY F
12 MAR 3 MAR DIV
VIETNAM
DECEMBER 31 1942
SEPTEMBER 16 1967
PH

Bonsper
Bohrma
latti
Consolv
Broquist
wn

CLASS 33-68 VT-
CORDES

Skip Cordes



Steve Clark 1967

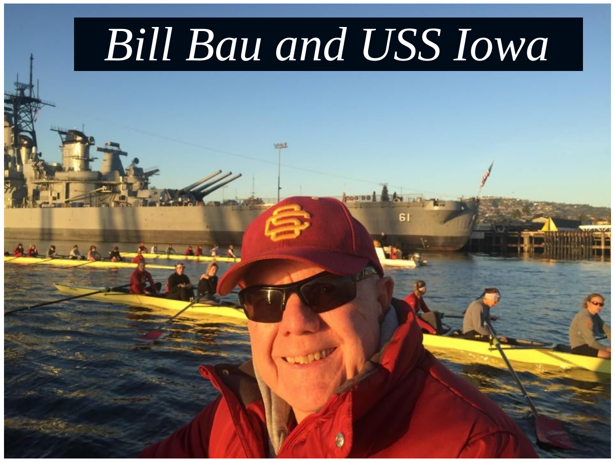
L-R Seated: Jim Cathcart, Bill Bau, Helmuts Feifs

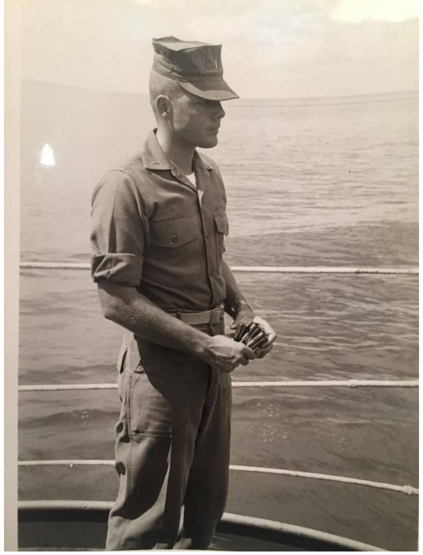
L-R Standing: Barbara Cathcart, Joe and Claire Moosbrugger, Pat and John Suhy

B Co 3d Tanks HQ 1969 Vinh Dai

Bill Davis was the Skipper of B, 3rd Tanks

Bill Bau and USS Iowa

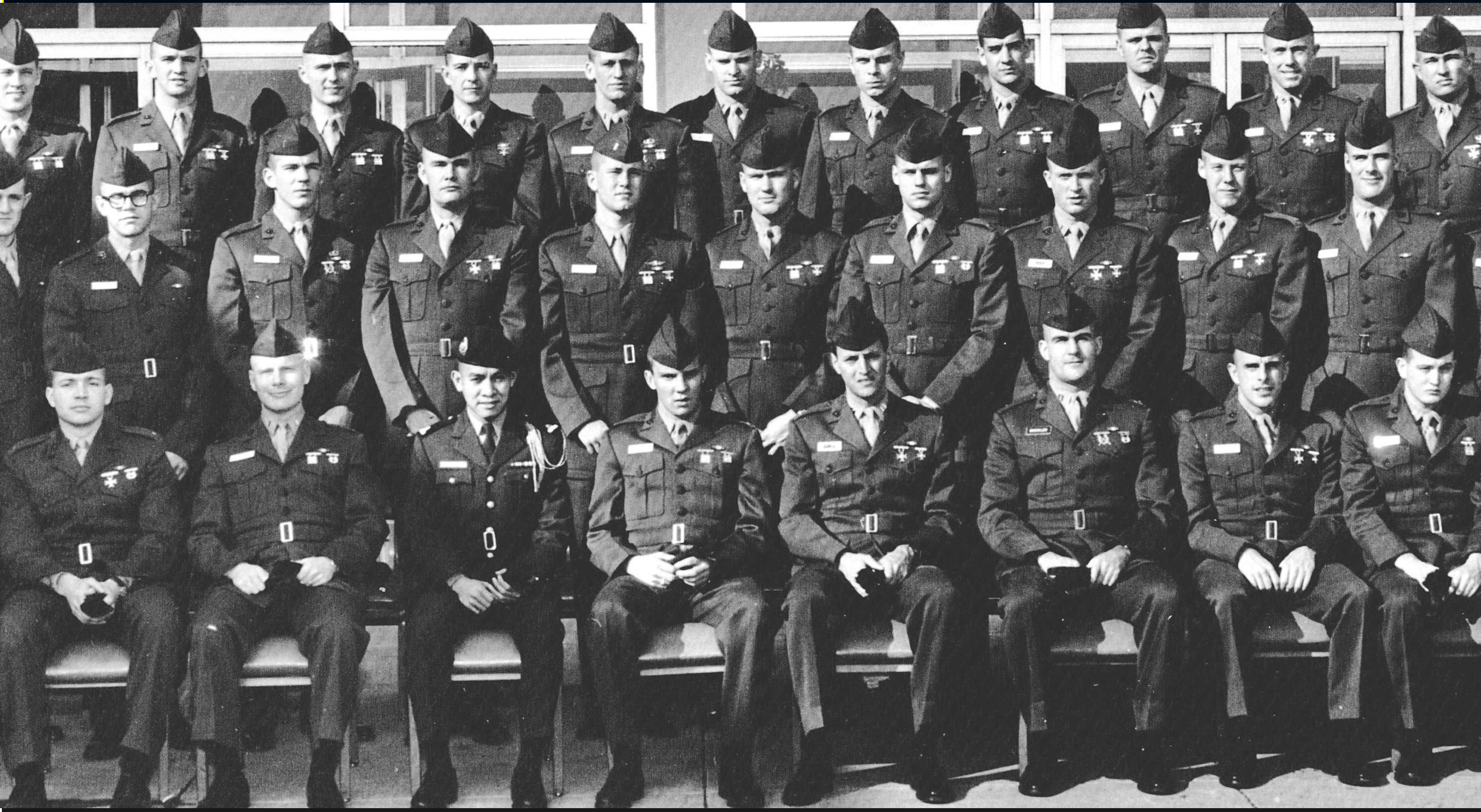




Bill Bau CO MarDet USS St. Paul

SMEAC

SECOND PLATOON



TBS 2-67 Charlie Company August 1966 - January 1967

2nd Platoon Table of Contents

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Donald V. Esmond
Helmuts Feifs
Carl Fulford
Logan T. (Tom) Gay
Henry P. Giedzinski ■■
Raleigh R. Griffiths
Ainslie A. (Scott) Gray Jr.
T.W. (Toby) Griggs III
Gary L. Gruhl
Ernie L. Hall

Richard G. (Rich) Harrison
Robert (Ted) Hart
Ron Hartnett
William G. Hayter ■■
Bruce A. Heitz
Kenneth J . Herr
Peter (Mac) Hesser
Robert (Bob) Hickerson
James D. Hintz
Joseph C. (Clarke) Houston III
Chris Jameson

Click on any of the BLUE Links to Jump to the item
Use the SMEAC link at the top of this page to return to the main index

Second Platoon, Charlie Company, TBS 2-67

Version 1B 28 Sept 20

This is the "Landing Zone" for the Second Platoon. In it you will find:

- **A Table of Contents with clickable links to the individual sections.**

- **A Listing of Platoon Members, including those Killed in Action and Deceased.**

- **Biographies of most of the Platoon Members. Some are short, others are long. These were submitted by the individual Marines. The content is original. Minor edits and formatting were done to correct obvious errors and present them in a somewhat uniform manner. Included are photos related to Second Platoon Members and their lives since TBS.**

- **An Annotated Photo of the Platoon taken in early January, 1967 prior to graduation. A few Marines were not present when the photo was taken.**

- **An Annotated Photo taken of Platoon Members at the Reunion held during May, 2019. A few Attendees didn't make the photo shoot. The Company Landing Zone section includes Reunion Photos taken of all attendees and their guests.**

- **Photos from the Reunion and other photos and platoon information.**

Second Platoon

John P. Brickley (SPC)
Tran Xuan Bang 🟦🟦
James A. Epps 🟦🟦
Donald V. Esmond
Helmuts Feifs
Morris O. Fletcher 🟦🟦
William S. Foss
Carl Fulford
Stephen G. Gardner
Logan T. (Tom) Gay
Henry P. Giedzinski 🟦🟦
John J. Gilece Jr. 🟦🟦
Harvey G. Gleason
Michael L. Gilman
George W. Gorman
Charles A. Graham
Ron Green
John W. Greenfield
Raleigh R. Griffiths
Ainslie A. (Scott) Gray Jr.
Bruce E. Griesmer 🟦🟦
T.W. (Toby) Griggs III
Gary L. Gruhl
Andrew M. Haglage 🟥
Ernie L. Hall
Godfrey J. (Jeff) Hammel
Richard G. (Rich) Harrison
Robert (Ted) Hart
Ron Hartnett
Harold B. (Barney) Hauptfuhrer
William G. Hayter 🟦🟦
Bruce A. Heitz
Wallace Q. Henderson
Kenneth J . Herr
Peter (Mac) Hesser
Brian J. Hewitt
Robert (Bob) Hickerson
James D. Hintz
Stanley M. Holmes 🟦🟦
Lucius A. Hornsby
Brian J. Hotard
Joseph C. (Clarke) Houston III
Robert D. Huie 🟥
Homer G. Hutchinson 🟦🟦
Larry W. Hutson
Dennis D. (Don) Jackson
Randall N. Jacobsen
Chris Jameson
Gregory N. Jannetta
Frank E. Jordan III
Ho Quang Lich
Joseph V. Myers Jr.

🟥 KIA

🟦🟦 Deceased
(As of May 2019)

My Memories of the Second Platoon, Charlie Co.

by Captain John Brickley
Staff Platoon Commander
The Basic School, August 1966-January 1967

I was ordered from Marine Barracks duty in Newport, R.I. to TBSin 1965, a surprise to me and the CO of TBS who was expecting officers returning from Vietnam to staff the school. I had a short"snapping in" from TBS staff and discussions with current platoon commanders. It didn't take long after our company was activated, to realize that our platoon was 100% ready for training and enthusiastically attacked the program.

During our five plus months together, not a single member of our platoon needed prodding from me to complete assignments in class and in the field. I honestly can't remember any… shall we say "goof-ups" or "holy s--t" …incidents that needed to be spelled out. I could not have been more proud of your individual and collective performances. Our Corps was going to be exceptionally well served by you in whatever MOS you were assigned.

John P. Brickley

Nickname: Brick

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born and raised in Massachusetts. Attended Boston College High School and the College of the Holy Cross. Played football and basketball in HS and intramural sports at HC. First job was hauling lobster traps off Peaks Island ME during summer vacation (lobster was $.25/lb !!!) Had two uncles who served in the Army during WW11. Influence to join the Corps-a priest who had previously served as an NCO/SNCO in WW11 and Korea and was my HS football coach before entering the seminary.

My Memories of TBS: Single going through TBS. Always enjoyed the field training. Did much better with the rifle than the pistol. I was the Plt. Cmdr. during the "Mad Moment" and only remember almost freezing to death during the exercise. Sword is engraved and my son used it during his USMC career.

After Completing TBS: Reported to the 1stBn, 9thMar on Okinawa and served as a Plt. Cdr. and Instructor at the Northern Training Area after TBS leave. Reported to Marine Barracks, Newport, R.I, and served 3 years as Guard Officer and Executive Officer. I had two very difficult training assignments during those 3 years--teaching the Navy Chaplains and Navy Nurses how to march!! I was next assigned to TBS and 2-67 and remained there as a Company XO until Fall.

Vietnam Era Service: Left TBS for RVN in September '67 and reported to 9th MAB. I was assigned as the C.O. of the ONTOS Co in RVN but it returned to Okinawa as not required for further use in country. I was then in and out of country for several months before assigned as CO, HQ Co, 26th Marines at Khe Sanh. I was severely wounded on Apr 1 and spent the next 2 years recovering from wounds at the Naval Hospital, Chelsea MA. March 1970, married in June and attended AWS

After My Initial Obligation was up: Remained on active duty and retired in August 1991as a Brigadier General. Career highlights include: Senior Aide, CG

FMF, Pacific; OpsOff 1/6, 8th Mar, 24thMAU and Staff Sec, 2ndMarDiv; student Naval Command and Staff College; CO, 2ndBn, 4thMar; student, Air War College; Section Head, Manpower Dept, HQMC; Special Asst and Marine Corps Aide to SecNav; CO, 8th Mar; G-1, 2ndMardiv; Director, MarCorpsSchools; DepDir, MarCorTraining and Education Command, Inspector General of the MarCor; and CG MarCor Logistics Base, Barstow CA.

My Current Life: After retirement returned to MA and served as ExecDir, American Lung Assoc while our children completed college. After an unexpected 3 foot snowstorm in March, 1999 we called some friends in Florida, visited in Tampa and moved into our new Tampa home in October 2000. Yes, to some degree I'm computer literate and can text. Have only visited in Europe since retirement and have no desire to return to Vietnam. Maureen and I will be married 49 years in June and we have 3 children, Paul (LtCol USMC Ret), Cara, and Patrick, and 4 grandchildren. I had to give up golf but the VA hospital in Tampa provides great service. I'm authorized to get PT and acupuncture services from outside sources as needed.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: The privilege of wearing the Eagle, Globe and Anchor and serving in the finest fighting force that is honored and respected (and feared) world-wide.

My Home Address: 18018 Avalon Lane, Tampa, FL 33647

Donald V. Esmond

Nickname: Don / Ez

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born in Akron Ohio March 18, 1944 graduating from John R. Buchtel High School in 1962. I received a Regular NROTC Scholarship to Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago majoring in Chemical Engineering before switching to Business & Economics after losing all trust in my slide rule. No calculators in 1962. Would not have been able to afford school with out the NROTC financial support. IIT produced a lot of Navy graduates who went on to Nuclear Powered Subs if they survived their interview with Admiral Rickover. After riding out a Hurricane aboard the USS Essex (CVS-9) in the Atlantic on my 1st cruise I decided maybe Marine Option was for me. Out of the 30 NROTC candidates in my class I would be the the only one who chose to be a Marine Option. It made for interesting 7:00 am classes of 3, myself & instructors Maj. Rice & Gunnery Sgt. Marion. I was President of the Semper Fidelis Society, Student Body President, member of the Drill Team & Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity. Met my future wife Cheryl Whigham, who worked for Eastern Airlines, at a fraternity rush party. We fell in love but had to wait until I graduated & was commissioned before being allowed to marry. My father passed away while I was in my Junior year so in order for me to afford to finish school I was forced to take a summer job with U.S. Steel in Gary Indiana missing my 6 weeks of OCS in Quantico. Following graduation in 1966 I attended OCS before being commissioned a 2nd Lt. On 2 Sept. 1966.

My Memories of TBS: I married my wife Cheryl Ann shortly after starting TBS & honeymooned at the newly opened Woodbridge Apts, with that wonderful early morning & late evening commute. My memory of names is not the best but many friends were also destined to go to Flight School with me. Bob Huie & Hank Giedzinski also married, & Andy Haglage come to mind as friends. For me I enjoyed the Leadership courses & exercises, map reading & going to the range & at least qualifying Marksman with the rifle & Expert with the pistol. For a 1st time shooter not bad. The worst TBS experience was the night compass march where the Lt. In front of me let a branch fly back deeply scratching my right cornea. For a future aviator who needed 20/20 vision I was panicked as was my wife that weekend, when I flew to Iowa for our Wedding & meeting a lot of her family for the 1st time. The big question was did I wear the black pirate patch on my eye at the Ceremony or squint it out. She opted for no patch & they had to paint in a eye in our Wedding photos. I did purchase & had my sword engraved with my wife's wedding dance money. She continues to remind of it 53 years later.

TBS Graduation: I received my 1st choice & was assigned with 52 others of the class to Air & headed to Pensacola.

After Completing TBS: First reported TAD to Chicago for recruiting duty before reporting for flight school where we found our 1st home to rent. Soloed in a T-34 right before our 1st son Michael was born in Aug. 1967 in a Quonset Hut at the Navel Hospital in Pensacola. The three of us reported to Whiting Field in Milton Fla. & I flew T-28's including instrument qualification & carrier-qualifying with 7 hooked landings aboard the

USS Lexington. With my wings pinned on the needs of the service then dictated I would be flying rotary-wing aircraft so transitioned at Ellyson Field into Bell's & H-34's. I was then transferred to New River in Sept. 1967 transitioning into the new CH-46 which was destined to become the work horse of the Marine Corps. After 3 months of flying 46's and being instructed by many Vietnam Combat Pilots, I left New River Dec. 1968 & took leave so Cheryl, I, & our new son Mike could spend his 1st Christmas with his Grandparents in Ohio & Iowa before I headed to WestPac. Cheryl accompanied me to California spending a couple of days in San Francisco before I flew out of Travis AFB on a Pan Am flight through Okinawa to the RVN.

Vietnam Era Service: Reported to duty to Mag 16 Jan. 1969 & was assigned to HMM-364 the "Purple Foxes", joining them in Marble Mountain (Da Nang). It was then I heard for the 1st time my good friend Andy Haglage was KIA the month before 4 Dec.68 while flying a H-34 with HMM-262 out of Marble Mountain. I flew as a co-pilot the next 3 1/2 months learning the lay of the land & experienced 1st hand what combat missions were all about. Checking my log book I flew 9 times with fellow class mate Jim Hintz. One of the flights was on 19 April when we heard in the O'Club that night that Bob Huie was KIA flying a CH-46 with HMM 263 also out of Marble Mountain that day. I also flew CH-46 Bureau # 153369 now in the Air Museum at Dulles. I guess I now also belong in a museum having flown 22.3 hours in that aircraft.

With hours & experience I was designated a Helicopter Aircraft Commander (HAC) in early May 1969 & since HMM-262 "Flying Tigers" needed HACs a couple of us newly designated HACs were transferred up North near the DMZ to Quang Tri. I spent my R&R with matching Aloha shirts with my wife Cheryl in Hawaii. I remained with HMM-262 for the remainder of my tour including the squadron's move & operations out of Phu Bai in the fall of 69. I flew a little over 900 missions in Vietnam including medevacs, recon inserts & extracts, troop lifts & resupply. Designated a Section Leader, Division Leader, Flight Leader & Test Pilot. Flew pretty much all over I Corps including the DMZ & North of the DMZ pulling out some downed pilots, Laos, A Shau Valley, Song Ngnan Valley, Charlie Ridge, Dai Loc, Khe Sanh, the Rock Pile, USS Repose & Sanctuary (AH-16 & 17). Those are some of the places I remember. Took, as we all did, a lot of hostile fire. Shot down twice & was awarded a Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross & Purple Heart. Lost many good friends including my Crew Chief Cpl. Rogers. These Marines lost their lives at a very young age. God Bless their sacrifice & our prayers are with "Those Who Gave All".

MQ
153369
400
MARINES
HMM-774

After Vietnam: I returned to CONUS flying directly into Marine Corps Air Station El Toro so no protesters around; in fact had a flag waving greeting. Flew from LA back to Iowa to meet up with my wife & son Mike. Cheryl met me at the airport. My son now one & a half years old had a crinkled photo of Daddy in his hand but came right to me & gave Daddy a big hug & kiss. Drove to my in-law's farm and was surprised to be greeted with a cold beer. This was the 1st time my mother-in-law had ever allowed alcohol in the house. Saw my Mom, sister & family in Akron on the drive back to New River, reporting in to HMM-264 in Feb.1970. I was a CH-46 flight instructor for Marine aviators headed to Vietnam & also to designated USMC aviators that were preparing to transition to fly the new Harrier Jump Jets going into service. Those jet jocks had a bitch of a time learning how to transition into a hover. Promoted to Capt. & got my 1st Command becoming the CO of MATCU-64, the Air Traffic Control unit at New River. Our 2nd son Daniel was born in the Naval Hospital at Camp Lejeune in Nov. 1971. Since I missed most to the diaper changing it was my turn. I resigned my regular commission 15 Feb. 1972 & pursued a career in the automobile business.

After My Initial Obligation was up: Landed a job with the Lincoln-Mercury Division of Ford Motor Company in Seattle, Washington. Did not know till much later reading the bulletin board by the water fountain that Ford was living up to the government's quota to hire Vets. I should thank them for it launched me on whole new career. Our third son Christopher was born May 1974 after I was transferred down to Southern Ca. Our home in Irvine was right under the night glide path of Marine Corps Tustin Air Station so I felt at home. In 1980 after numerous field assignments on the West Coast it was my turn to go back to Ford's Headquarters in Detroit. After one tough winter of snow & ice I moved the family back to sunny Southern Ca. & joined Toyota Motor Sales. After 30 years of service I retired from Toyota as Sr.Vice President, Automotive Operations responsible for the Toyota & Lexus Divisions, Sales Administration, Toyota Logistic Services, Toyota de Mexico & Toyota de Puerto Rico.

I have been dedicated to helping our Veterans. I was appointed to serve on the Department of Defense Advisory Board for Employer Support of the Guard & Reserve. Served 12 years on the Board of Directors of the Marine Corps Scholarship Foundation (MCSF) raising money for need based scholarships to deserving sons & daughters of Marines & Navy Corpsman. I also Co-chair the U.S. Chambers Veteran Employment Advisory Council for Hiring Our Heroes.

My Current Life: All three of our sons are happily married to great ladies & have given us 7 wonderful grand kids to enjoy. Mike & Chris & 4 grandkids live close by in Southern Ca. where we retired (paying the weather tax) & Dan with the other 3 grand kids are a 2 hour plane ride away in Portland. I continue with my pro bono work helping our Veterans find gainful employment, Co-Chairing Hiring Our Heroes & raising funds for the MCSF providing need based scholarships helping fellow Marines so they can afford to send their kids to college. With my wife Cheryl we have enjoyed traveling the world including our trip back to Vietnam. Believe it or not the Vietnamese people from Saigon, Da Nang to Hanoi all loved Americans. More travel is on the agenda. I do email & texting so I can communicate with my kids & grand kids but refuse to do any social media.

Plans for the Future: Hopefully keep healthy. Get my other knee replaced so I can start playing golf again

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: I can say the leadership qualities I learned in the Marine Corps gave me a clear vision of what needs to be accomplished & how to succeed as a team when others fail. "LEAD & SUCCEED". I feel blessed with the life I've been allowed to have with my wife Cheryl and family. I pray for those Marines & their families that did not have that opportunity when they sacrificed their young lives to keep our Country Free. God Bless America ! Semper Fidelis.

My Home Address: 2815 Setting Sun Drive, Corona Del Mar, Ca. 92625

Helmuts Andris Feifs

My Life Before Attending TBS: My war widow mother and I came to America to be born in December 1949 and started our life at Ellis Island. Grew up in Chicago close to Division Street on the near north side. Attended Tuley high school but transferred and graduated from Albert G. Lane Technical High School (all boys school). Left the University of Illinois and joined the Marine Corps on the buddy program. Hollywood Marine, went to and graduated from Air Control School in Olathe, Kansas. Went to NAPS, and on to USNA.

My Memories of TBS: Not married at TBS, went to DC on liberty at JOPA. Friend of Wally Henderson. Don't remember roommate. Best part of the training was the training, worst part was relearning what we spent 4 years learning,

TBS Graduation: Assigned 1302 , its choice, Artillery second choice.

After Completing TBS: After TBS went to Engineer school at Courthouse Bay and the training was excellent.

Vietnam Era Service: Went to RVN after Engineer school and joined 9th Engineers. Assigned my first platoon

After Vietnam: Came back to the world and was assigned to HQMC at Code DA, Congressional Correspondence Section. Spent my whole and last tour there. Married.

After My Initial Obligation was up: Got out as a Captain and now I wonder why.

My Current Life: Retired, still as good looking as ever. Still married, 3 sons, 4 grandkids. Immigrant family that I came to America with is largely dead but what a great time they had.

Plans for the Future: Retired.

My Home Address: 6242 Dello Street, Durham, NC, 27712-1506

Helmuts Feifs w/81mm Illum Dud

John Kukowski and Helmuts Feifs, 1962, NAPS

Carlton W. Fulford

Nickname: Carl

My Life Before Attending TBS: I grew up in Millen, Georgia. After graduation from high school, I attended the Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland. My Father was in the 8th Air Force in World War II. Instructors at the Naval Academy and Classmates influenced me to choose the Marine Corps.

My Memories of TBS: I was not married at TBS. My roommates were Homer Gray Hutchinson and Mo Fletcher, who was married and had a locker in our room.

TBS Graduation: I was an 0301 upon graduation from TBS. That was my first choice.

After Completing TBS: I went to VietNamese Language school in Monterey, California right after TBS graduation and then to Vietnam when that training was completed.

Vietnam Era Service: I arrived in Vietnam in May of 1967, and was assigned to Delta Company, 1st Bn, 5th Marines as a rifle platoon commander. I was wounded during Operation Swift in September of 1967, and spent a month on the Hospital Ship Repose. I rejoined 1/5 in October and shortly thereafter was transferred to 5th Marines as the S-3A. In April, I was transferred to 2nd Bn, 5th Marines and took command of Fox Company, 2/5. I returned to CONUS in June of 1968.

After Vietnam: After returning to CONUS, I was assigned as a Company Officer at the Naval Academy Prep School in Bainbridge, Maryland. I did return through Okinawa, picked up my sea bag without any problem, and returned home.

After My Initial Obligation was up: I remained on active duty in the Marine Corps until 2003, for a total of thirty-seven years of active duty. I had the opportunity to command a battalion, regiment, two MEFs, and Marine Forces, Pacific. I retired at the rank of General.

My Current Life: I married my present wife 50 years ago, raised three children -- one is an active duty Marine -- and am fully retired now, enjoying grandchildren when I can. I did go back to Vietnam in 2007, with a group of Classmates from the Naval Academy and their wives. I am glad I made that trip, but have no need to go back again.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: TBS prepared me for our first tour in Vietnam. It was during this tour that I realized I wanted to remain in the Corps for as long as they would have me. I have no regrets!

My Home Address: 240 South River Landing Road,
Edgewater, MD 21037

(Editor note: Carl's son, now a BG, USMC, was our guest speaker at our TBS 2-67 Reunion, May 2019)

Logan Thomas Gay, Jr.

Carl, Cuu, Mark Campaigne

Skip Stephenson, Carl Fulford

Mary Ann and Carl, Lois Moore

Nickname: Tom

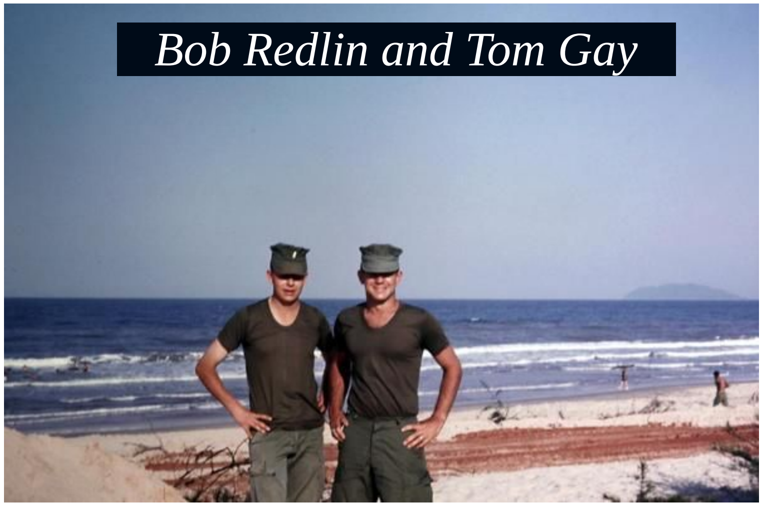
My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born in Cuthbert, Georgia, a small town in southwest Georgia, where we lived with my grandparents while my father was away in the Army in Europe during WW II. After the war we moved to Atlanta where my father took a job with a construction company. A few years later he started his own small construction company. I grew up in Atlanta and attended school there. When I was 12 I got my first summer job as a pin setter at a bowling alley. At 13 my summer job was pumping gas and washing windshields at a gas station...and just think, they talk today about job obsolescence as if it's a new thing. All through junior high and high school I played football, ran track, and during the summers I water skied. I graduated from Northside High School in Atlanta in 1962. At the urging of my high school counselor and my father, I applied for the NROTC Program and was offered a regular scholarship to Georgia Tech, which was my first college choice and was also my father's alma mater. I had an active and fun life at Georgia Tech. I was president of my class, president of my fraternity (S.A.E.), and I was the Battalion Commander of the NROTC Unit my senior year. I chose the Marine option because I had always believed the Marine Corps was the world's best fighting force. My MOI at Ga.Tech, Maj. Rollin Powell, also influenced my decision to join the Marines. I graduated in June 1966 and was off to Quantico for my Bulldog Summer experience. I received my regular commission on 02 Sept. and reported to TBS on 03 Sept. I was assigned to 2nd Platoon, Charlie Company, Class 2-67.

My Memories of TBS: I was newly married at TBS and lived in an apartment in Woodbridge. I remember carpooling to base with some of the other guys, notably Tom Williamson, my Ga. Tech classmate. Our second platoon commander, Capt. Brickley, and the other company staff officers were great role models for all of us. The field exercises were my favorite part of the training. I qualified "expert" with the M-14 rifle and the .45 cal. pistol.

TBS Graduation: Capt. Brickley called me in and told me I would be assigned to Artillery (my second choice) because it required a decent math and mechanical aptitude which he assumed I had from my Ga. Tech education. Infantry was my first choice, but I was pleased to be assigned to Artillery.

After Completing TBS: I went from TBS to Ft. Sill for Artillery School. Our TBS group stuck together there, and I recall that we performed well against our Army classmates. It was a good school, and this, combined with the excellent TBS experience, prepared me well for things to come. We completed artillery school in early April 1967.

Vietnam Era Service: After Ft. Sill and a 2 week leave I went straight to Vietnam via a brief stop in Okinawa. I arrived in Da Nang on 6 May 1967 and was assigned to Delta Battery 2/11. I joined the battery in Tam Ky. Shortly thereafter we relocated to the Que Son Valley where we participated in a series of operations throughout the summer and into the Fall: Union I, Union II, Adair, Calhoun, & Swift. I was an F.O. assigned mostly to A/1/5 and B/1/5. I served as an F.O. until mid fall when I took on other duties in the battery (Assist.FDO, FDO, Assist. XO & XO) for the remainder of my tour. In the fall of '67 we moved out of the Que Son Valley and went to a position near Hoi An. Then we relocated to Phu Loc which is north of Da Nang and just north of the Hai Van Pass. Phu Loc was not a good choice to locate the 1/5 C.P. and our battery, so we moved to Lang Co for a short time and then in late January moved up near Phu Bai. When the Tet Offensive started, we provided fire support to the 5th Marine units in Operation Hue City (mostly with 8" Howitzers attached to our battery). After Tet, we were a part of Operations Baxter Garden and Houston. In D/2/11 I was fortunate to serve with my good TBS classmates and friends, Hugh Ronalds, Bob Redlin and Stan Holmes. We had great camaraderie together. We also enjoyed being in contact with Mo Fletcher and Carl Fulford over in 1/5 until they took their early exits as WIA's. I departed Vietnam in May 1968.


Bob Redlin and Tom Gay

After Vietnam: I reported to Marine Barracks Norfolk, VA in June 1968 where I served for two years. My first assignment was OinC of the Rifle Range Detachment at Dam Neck, VA, a dream job for me since I loved shooting and marksmanship. After promotion to Captain I was reassigned as the Security Officer of the Barracks, responsible for the Naval Base perimeter and gate security and the Navy's nuclear weapons storage and security facility at NOB.

After My Initial Obligation was up: In September 1970 I resigned my commission and returned to Atlanta to attend graduate school. In 1972 I earned my MBA from Georgia State University. I made the decision to join my father's company, Gay Construction Co., and started as a project engineer/project manager. He later sold me his ownership interest in the company (on the installment plan!), and for the past 45 years I have had a very interesting and rewarding career in the commercial construction industry. The company has grown, and we have built projects in a wide array of markets including industrial plants, airplane hangars, hospitals and healthcare facilities, office buildings, retail, historic renovations and redevelopment, schools, churches, and others. We primarily build in the Southeast, but we have built across the USA and in Canada and Puerto Rico.

I believe it is important to support our communities by sharing our time, talents and resources where we can. I have been involved in a number of community organizations, as well as supporting my alma mater, Georgia Tech, through the years. I have served as Chairman of the Georgia Tech Alumni Association and currently serve on the Georgia Tech Foundation Board. I also currently serve as Chair of the Emory University Board of Visitors. I have been a long time supporter of the Boy Scouts of America and served for three years as President of the Atlanta Area Council. I have served as Chairman of the Kiwanis Foundation of Atlanta. I have been a long serving Board member at Hillside Hospital, a mental health hospital serving young people, ages 9-18. I serve as an Elder at my church. I have two daughters from my first marriage. Ginny is an Ole Miss alumna and lives in Atlanta, and Laurie is a UVA alumna (and Univ. of Texas Law School grad.) and lives in Charlottesville, VA. I have a granddaughter, Amelie, age 4. In 2017 I married Sandy, and we live in Vinings, a suburb of Atlanta. We have a farm south of Atlanta where I have raised cattle for 35 years, and we also enjoy spending time at our lake home in north Georgia.

Hugh Ronalds and Tom Gay

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: I look back on my service in the Marine Corps as one of the most meaningful and rewarding experiences of my life. I learned leadership, and I learned the importance and the value of teamwork. I learned that those with lower ranks and limited authority can oftentimes make major contributions to the goals and objectives of the organization if given the opportunity. I have been able to apply these timeless lessons throughout my business career. I am forever grateful for having had the opportunity to serve our country in the United States Marine Corps.

My Home Address: 4340 Farmington Pl., Atlanta, GA 30339

Tom and Sandy

Henry "Hank" Giedzinski

Nickname: Hank

Note: Hank passed away in 2013. This touching account of their life together was written by Hank's wife, Kathy.

Hank and I were married June 1966 at St. Maurice Catholic Church in New Britain, Connecticut. It was a beautiful Military wedding taking place three days after he graduated from the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis, MD. That was the day I became a Marine Corps wife! Hank was a friend of my older brother, Peter. It was 1959 and they were seniors in high school and I was a “lowly” sophomore. Little attention or conversations ever included me on our journey to school each morning in Hank’s 1950-something Buick. That was fine with me for my life was fun and filled with friends, sports, and cheerleading. Our relationship changed after Hank graduated and went off to Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, NY. He was interested in dating a few of my girl friends when he would come home through which we became good friends and “buds” so to speak.

Upon graduation from high school I went to work for The Connecticut Light and Power Company in Berlin,CT and by then Hank had joined the United States Navy through which he received his Appointment to The Naval Academy. We started dating during his first Christmas home on leave. Hank asked me to wear his class pin (meaning we were engaged to be engaged) in 1964. He then proposed to me in May of 1965 with a beautiful “Miniature” of his Class ring. The three and a half years until his graduation were filled with wonderful times at the Academy both sailing on the Chesapeake, attending formal affairs and dances and planning our wedding day. It was now 1966, just months away from Hank's graduation and our wedding day. All the invitations were printed and ready to be mailed when Hank announced he was going to take his Commission in the United States Marine Corps. He was very proud of this selection for he really wanted to be a Marine Corps Helicopter pilot. I then had to rush and change his title to "Second Lieutenant, USMC" instead of "Ensign, USN."

After a wonderful honeymoon in Jamaica we headed for Hank's first Duty Assignment being on the Plebe (first year Midshipmen) Detail for the summer in Annapolis. The summer past quickly and we were off to TBS (The Basic School) in Quantico, VA for six months. It was the Basic Training for Marine Corps Officers. This was #2 out of sixteen moves in 47 years. On to Naval Flight School for Hank in Pensacola FL. Because the Vietnam War was escalating now "pools" were formed waiting to go through pilot training. Hank earned his Wings as Designated Naval Aviator about a year later. I was very proud and he was thrilled! Our first child, Gail, was born July 1967 at The Naval Hospital, Pensacola! How happy we were she was healthy and beautiful and we thanked God for this blessing! Off we were to New River, NC, the Marine Corps Air Station near Camp Lejeune. Shortly after our arrival at New River in the Fall of 1968 Hank's Squadron was deployed on a three-month Caribbean Cruise. Gail and I kept the home fires burning in our cute little rented house in Jacksonville, NC.

Hank returned home from that Cruise just in time for the birth of our son, David, born Christmas Eve, 1968 at The Naval Hospital, Camp Lejeune. Once again we thanked God for our healthy, handsome baby and we were thrilled with our little family! A month later, in January 1969, Hank had orders to Vietnam. We returned to New Britain where my in-laws found me a small town house for rent in the neighborhood that they and my mom lived. The three of them and loving extended family members became my support system for the next 13 months. We still never spoke of the "what if's" and said our very tearful goodbye's. If "anything were to happen" Hank told me, I would be contacted in person by a Chaplain and a Military Officer. Hank flew a CH-46 Helicopter which carried troops and did medevac missions. He was stationed at the Marine Corps Air Facility, Marble Mountain just south of Da Nang. He sent pictures of his Hooch (a Quonset hut) where he lived, volleyball games they played, an outdoor movie screen and the airfield with helicopters spaced just so in case of an attack from the North Vietnamese. Knowing exactly where he was, I would faithfully listen to the news every morning and then again before I went to bed on the evening news. If there were a report of a CH-46 crash (which there were many) I would wait saying prayers, looking out at my front window with a pounding heart for the Chaplain and Officer to deliver the worst news possible to me. I never shared that worry with our families and tried to make life as normal and fun as possible for everyone's sake.

Hank did arrive safely home early in 1970. His parents had a Mass in their small living room for family to thank God for his safe return. There were no parades, parties or recognition of our troops coming home in those days. It was a sad time to say the least for many of our friends died in the War. Hank wrote little or spoke little of the war while there or when he came home. It wasn't until Hank died in 2013 and we were planning his funeral that we found out he had flown 500 Combat Missions while in Vietnam. Our third child, Sara, was born healthy and beautiful, thank God, March 1971 at the Naval Hospital, Annapolis, MD. Hank was a Company Officer there for the next three years. Hank became one of President Jimmy Carter's helicopter pilots in Marine Helicopter Squadron One in Quantico. It involved many weekends that he would be away at Camp David, taking part of Presidential trips or on stand-by near DC. He was thrilled the time he had the duty on September 17, 1978 at Camp David. It was the day the Camp David Accords Peace treaty was signed between Egypt and Israel. During that same period Pope John Paul II visited the United States on the request of a small farming town in the Mid West. The Presidential Squadron was then in charge of transporting the Pope. Hank said as they flew the Pope above the thousands of waving people over the beautiful landscape that it was THE ("no offense, Kathy") "highlight' of his life! I never resented being #2 to the Pope.

E.G. GOY
RESCUE
RESCUE

Hank left periodically on three-and six-month Cruises and had a one year unaccompanied year tour in Japan. Hank retired as a Lt. Col. after 20 years in the Marine Corps and went to work for Boeing Vertol in Ridley Park, PA for 27 more years as an engineer working on the same helicopter he flew in the Marine Corps. Sadly, Hank died unexpectedly at age 72. He died on September 12, 2013 a year and a half after he retired from Boeing. He now rests at Arlington National Cemetery where he was buried with Full Military Honors he so well deserved. Daily (from Vietnam), Hank wrote wonderful long and beautiful letters from his Hooch and I wrote back from our little two-bedroom apartment. We sent cassette tapes back and forth. I would tape the kids' little voices, sing our favorite songs like, "I'll Have A Blue Christmas Without You" and include pictures of us in my letters. Not thinking, we would receive a tape from each other and then tape over it to send back. Sadly, that did not leave many tapes saved to date.

Separations were many but we all adjusted. Whether Hank was picking the President up on the White House lawn, mine sweeping the Suez Canal, or safely landing a helicopter after losing power in Mexico, when he arrived home he was "Hank" or "Daddy" and we were glad to be altogether and thanked God for his safe returns. We vacationed in our green pop-top VW Camp Mobile, took train and car rides to Connecticut to visit family, and lived a wonderful loving family life we all believed. Our three wonderful children all earned their college degrees and are now raising our four terrific grandchildren.

Kathy Giedzinski,
November, 2017

Ainslie A. Gray

Nickname: Scott

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in Chicago, raised in Michigan and on to college as a " Middie" in the NROTC at the U. of Wisconsin. The oldest of six kids, the Navy free ride was the only way I was going to go to college. My dad rode an LST to Normandy, Sicily, and Southern France so the Navy was my only option. But my freshman summer cruise aboard the Essex (then called "The Oldest and the Boldest") in the North Atlantic where I learned how to push S2Fs around a hangar deck and how to change boiler tubes in a 126 degree engine room plus the excitement of watching an A-4 try three times to come aboard as we sailed on the edge of a hurricane...all convinced me that the Marine Corps Option as a land based Naval Flight Officer was the only sensible alternative for my pay back career in the military.

My Memories of TBS: I was married and the first of my three girls was born in November at Mainside. My wife had the good sense to go into labor on a weekend but didn't deliver till early on Monday morning. Capt Brickley was not at all pleased when I called to ask to be late for our first class as I hadn't yet seen either wife or child. A box of cigars didn't count for much, I had missed 81mm mortar class. Tom and Jo Taylor were our next door neighbors in Dumfries and we used to carpool with Mo Fletcher and others. The worst part of training was the night compass march and the three hours of brambles, burrs and impassable creeks and potholes we endured while our Vietnamese compatriots breezed through the course in twenty minutes with perfect scores. The best part was that I had to take a make up flight physical at Mainside on the day of the Company 50 mile hike. I still feel guilty about missing that disaster, especially after seeing the company struggle back in at dawn after having been lost in the outback through most of the night.

TBS Graduation: Got my first choice 7500 basic flight student

After Completing TBS: Like all of us sent to Pensacola we were put in a pool awaiting class spots. For most, that meant up to six or more weeks of reporting in in the AM, then being dismissed and off to the beach. John Suhy and I somehow were the only two who were given make work, 8 to 5 jobs at the BNAO school where we tried to look busy in the flight office scheduling once a month fam flights in their bugsmashers and filing FAA pubs. The experience did give us a bit of a leg up on our classmates as we learned some of what was to come. Did enjoy the water training, the Dilbert Dunker and the hunting and eating of raccoons on the Eglin AFB survival training trek. Out of Glynco we were put on the ECMO track and seven of us were sent to Cherry Pt. for training in Electronic Warfare in the relatively new EA6A which only the Marine Corps had, and which turned out to be the best Active platform in the US arsenal. The Air Force had the only EW school around and Ray Britton and I went to Mather AFB for six months of excellent training. The VMCJ squadrons at the time also flew the EF10-B, a converted Korean War nightfighter that had some interesting flight parameters but was a good training platform. J-2 at Cherry Pt. also flew the RF4-B, the Photo Phantom, but that was another MOS that you could cross train for if you were in the community long enough. At the completion of Mather and Flight Quals, I was awarded the 7584 MOS (Electronic Countermeasures Officer). Because the Reserves had to get their tours in before their enlistments were up, I, as a Regular, was sent off to Naval Justice School at Newport, then back to Cherry. Pt where I got a stint as Legal Officer as well as Asst S-1.

Vietnam Era Service: Finally got orders to VMCJ-1 in Sept '69. On the night I landed in Da Nang was read in on a major investigation that would last most of my tour, but only as an advisor. The CO needed an S-1 for the largest tactical squadron in the M.C., no matter that I was an O-2 in an O-4's billet. In between SRB and Unit Diary entries I managed to get in 178 missions of two to six hour length against Hanoi's SAM and Radar AAA sites. Primary mission on passive flights was intel, location mostly, for which the EA6-A wasn't very good. But on active flights for attack aircraft and drone support, between bombing halts, the EA6-A with it's 20 tunable, steerable jammers was the best plane in the air. With the drawdown in 1970 we were one of the first air units pulled out. We were sent to Iwakuni in Aug. My twelve month tour ended in Sept with orders to the 3rd MAW in El Toro. It was a relatively easy tour with really good people, only a few hairy moments over Hai Phong and Da Nang rocket attacks, some great R&R in Tokyo, Hong Kong and U Bon, but primarily the feeling of accomplishing something positive for our own but also for the Vietnamese. This was made clear by the heavy losses, especially the B-52s, after we left and bringing us back, albeit from Cubi Pt. six months later.

After Vietnam: At El Toro my first assignment was in the G-3 where I learned that the mysterious "They and Them" actually did know what they were doing and weren't enemies of the squadrons. Got to run the helo and C130 desks a few times when their primaries were on leave or deployed and participated in VIP activities for the Western White House in San Clemente. After a year I was sent down to Squadron VMCJ-3, which had just gotten its first four EA6s from WestPac. Unfortunately, they came without avionics, still needed in WestPac, so we drilled holes in the sky for the next four years until the war ended. Hard to train. But I was flying and I was in California! Spent my last year in the Marine Corps at H&MS-11where I was the S-3 of a squadron without aircraft.

After My Initial Obligation was up: After four years at El Toro it was time to go overseas again. The prospects were not bright. After an eighteen month unaccompanied tour in Iwakuni the Navy wanted Marine EA6s in the Med on carriers with a six year rotation of six months in the Med followed by six months at Cherry Pt. Also the CMC decided that there were soon to be no two seat A/C in the M.C. and all NFOs needed to look for work. To avoid further family separation, I resigned my commission in June 1974 with the best rank in the officer's corps, Captain. Have done a few things since getting out----mostly without a plan . Sold office equipment, got a Business degree. Ran a large deposition firm in L.A. Ran my own small landscaping and plant maintenance firm for twenty years with my third wife. Traveled widely, especially with my middle daughter 's family in Europe where she's lived for the last 20 years.

My Current Life: Now fully retired, but life continues to change. Youngest daughter and my ten and twelve year old grandsons have moved in to my formerly-quiet Mission Viejo home and child care is now part of my routine. Have been involved in adult-ed for the last six years and routinely take two to four classes a semester. Continue to be active in the market so that I can continue to live as I want without a paycheck or a M.C. retirement.

Plans for the Future: No longer married and no longer looking but still enjoy adult conversation and contact. Still traveling but knees are no longer what they were. After the disappointments and resentments after the results of the war I have no desire to return to Vietnam, certainly not to Olongapo let alone any Third World country.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: From the basic military skills class I taught at El Toro as prep for an IG inspection to the "Hearts and Minds" tour of the rural village outside Da Nang with an I Cap platoon, to a fuel stop landing at Gitmo, a low level bird strike over the Grand Canyon at 460 knots, and a wailing "Missile Launch" siren over the Red river delta---all of my eight years in the Marine Corps are the most alive, most meaningful, most fulfilling experiences of my seventy-six years.

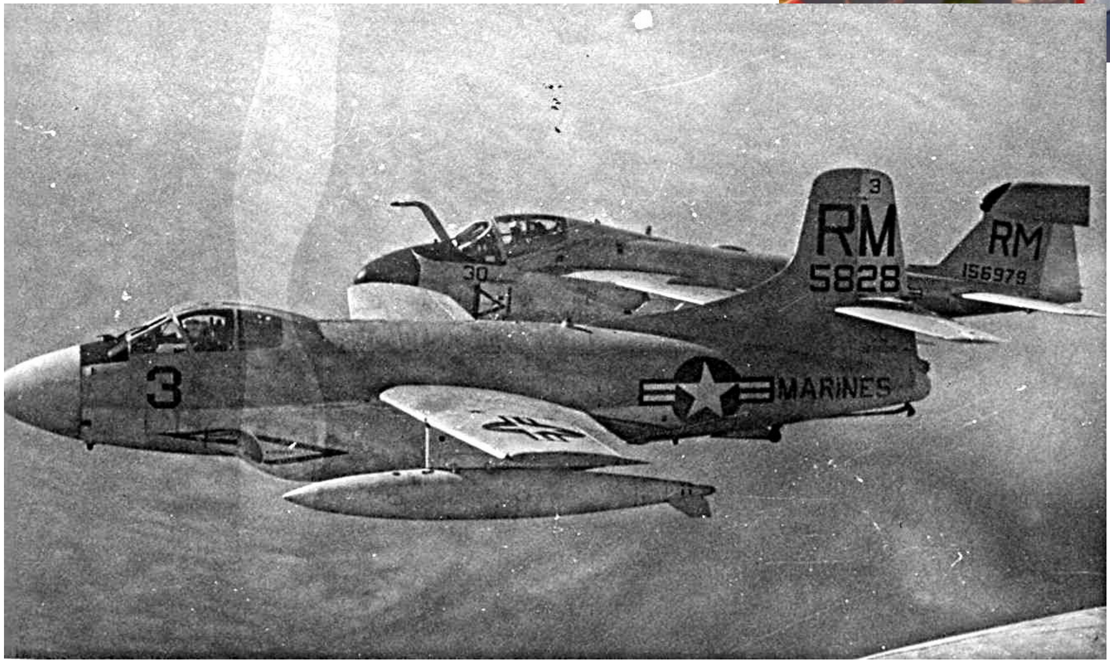
My Home Address: 26692 El Mar Dr., Mission Viejo, CA 92691

Second Platoon

JOE'S
CRAB
SHACK

Right: Don and Cheryl Esmond, Tom Taylor

Seated: Jim Hintz, Bob Kirkpatrick, Scott Gray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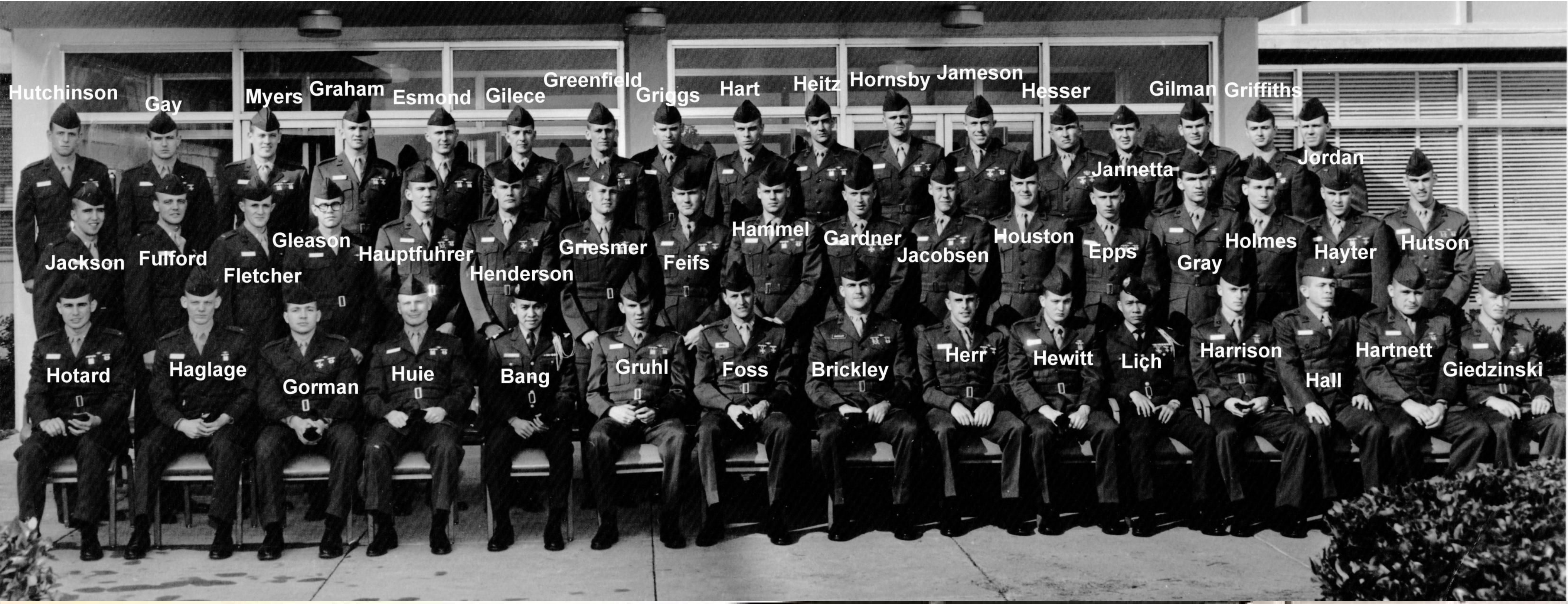
MARINES

Scott Gray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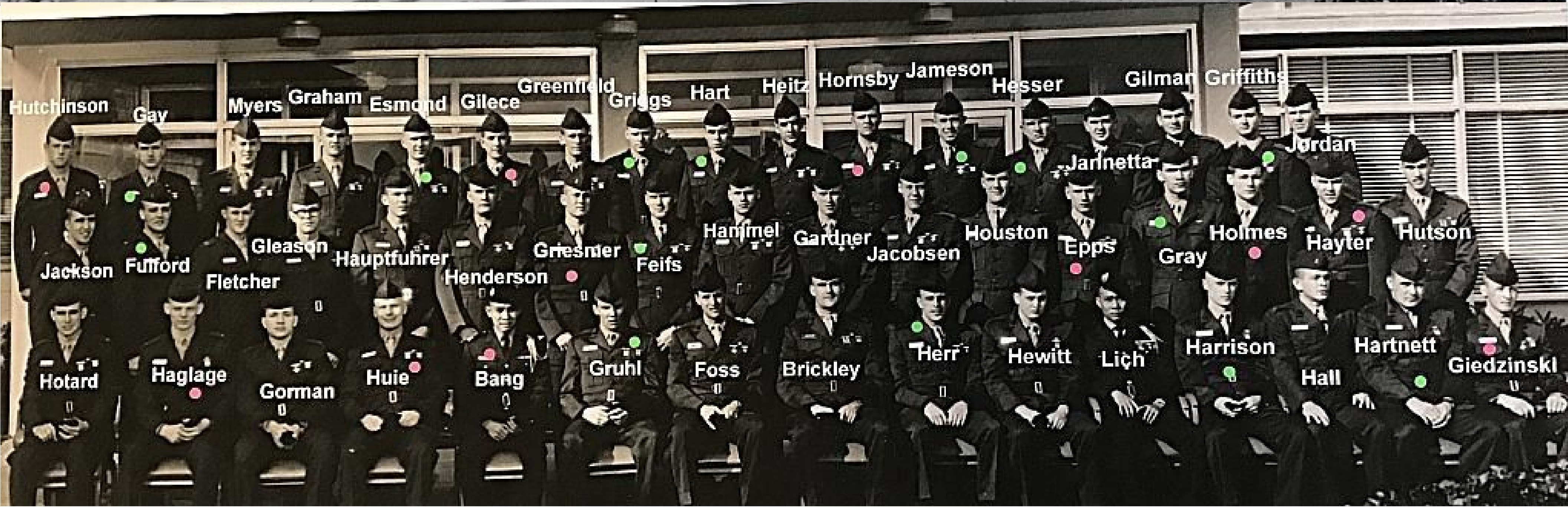
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Hewitt
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Harrison
Hall
Hartnett
Giedzinski

🟢= *Attended Reunion* 🔴 =*KIA or Deceased*

Raleigh R. Griffiths

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born and raised in Long Beach, CA. I attended Lakewood High School and attended college at University of California, Berkeley where I majored in Genetics. I went through the NROTC Program. I played water polo while in high school. I was involved in Orchestras from Junior High all the way through college. My first real job was The Marine Corps . My father was in the Army Corps of Engineers and was stationed in Iran during WWII. I wanted to fly but the Navy didn't have any openings while the Marine Corps did. I chose the Marine Corps as my option as a Junior in NROTC.

My Memories of TBS: I didn't get married until after TBS. I don't recall any specific roommate but those in the TBS facilities included Ken Herr, Bob Hickerson, Jim Cathcart, Doug Botkin and others. These were my close friends at TBS and beyond. I spent some time in Washington DC on liberty. The best part of the training: the ad hoc public speaking where my talk was on Biological Warfare. I qualified Expert on the pistol range and Sharpshooter on the rifle range. I did have my sword engraved.

TBS Graduation: My MOS assigned after graduation was in Aviation. I don't remember my 2nd and 3rd choices.

After Completing TBS: Right after TBS, I took leave and got married. Because flight training was backed up, I was assigned 2 weeks of recruiting duty in the San Francisco area. The recruiting staff didn't think it was wise to send me back to Berkeley because of the violence toward the military, so the 2 weeks were spent as a kind of vacation, with me reporting in regularly.

Vietnam Era Service: I went to Vietnam directly after my MOS training as a Radar Intercept Officer. I was assigned to VMFA-314 in Chu Lai under Col. Frank Peterson. I was there from late 1968 to late 1969. Ken Herr was my roommate in Vietnam. My training in Glynco Georgia on radar helped me in air to air assignments and my training in my initial F4 squadron, VMFA-513, taught me close air support. While in Vietnam, I flew 440 combat missions. I was in charge of the ejection seat shop. I was involved in a midair collision while on a tanker and had to eject over the ocean. Ken Herr, his wife, me and my wife went to Hawaii on R&R. I returned to CONUS in late 1969 and was assigned to a squadron at El Toro, CA. I got out in 1971.

After Vietnam: After Vietnam, my wife and I went on a week tour of Europe. After that, I spent another semester at Cal State Long Beach to prepare for a career in medical. I ended up selling medical diagnostic equipment, and ultimately X-ray equipment. My marriage ended after a total of 12 years together.

After My Initial Obligation was up: I didn't have any other contacts with the military after I resigned. I refined my X-ray skills over the years and held both management jobs and specialist jobs supporting Vascular Equipment sales and training. I did get into sailing and did several trips to Cabo San Lucas. I did get married a second time and that lasted 8 years. I retired in 2007 and am living in the Seal Beach area of California. I love to travel and have done several cruises along the West Coast, including Canada.

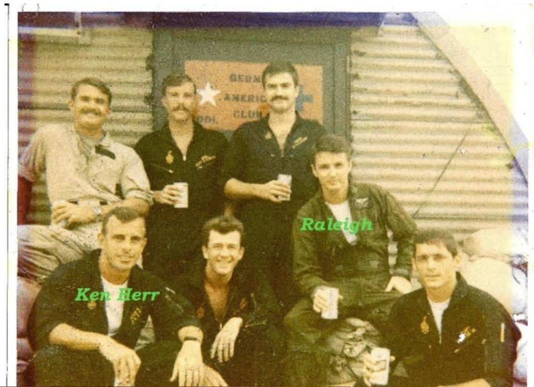
My Current Life: I have no kids. I still have hair. I am involved in the VA and have some effects due to Agent Orange (Agent White in Chu Lai). I have had cats over the years. I would have had dogs, but they were limited in size due to my housing regulations and with my travel, they take too much care. I did get a certificate in Graphic Arts in 2007 and do some rendering work for various people around my area. My computer skills are excellent and I text or email everyday.

Plans for the Future: I am retired and travel. I have no desire to go back to any of my wartime places. I have seen Hong Kong and Japan, and plan to keep cruising.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: This is a re-submission of my original Bio. The TBS reunion was incredible. The others I talked to had the same reactions I did. We were uncertain in the beginning because of the time lapse after TBS . It didn't take long to find out how great the whole experience was.

My Home Address: 1550 Homewood Rd. 120J, Seal Beach, CA 90740.

Raleigh
Griffiths



Raleigh and Ken Herr

Mo and Raleigh

Theodore Wright Griggs, III

Nickname: Toby (call sign 'Mongol')

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born Cooperstown, New York, July 13, 1944. Mom and a sister residing with my Grandparents while husbands fighting WW II. Dad's family old St. Paul Minnesota so when Dad returned from WW II we went there. Lived on old farmstead south of the metro area for 5 years where I spent the days in fields and orchards and gardens with my Beagle named Bugle. Moved into St. Paul at age 5 and by age 10 now had 3 younger brothers and a sister in the oven. Then we moved to Tampa (yes Florida) in May of that year. Midwest to Redneck culture shock. Attended public schools and was active in athletics- baseball, football, tennis, sailing. Also got into Boy Scouts and earned up to Life Scout before they sent me off to The Lenox School in Massachusetts, September 1959, a boys boarding school where I made it on the football team, hockey and lacrosse. From Lenox to Colgate University 1962 where I majored in Biology, scrubbed for the Football Team, made Varsity Lacrosse (defenseman), and joined fraternity Phi Gamma Delta. To help pay my way I worked on kitchen crew all 4 years. My junior year I decided to become a Marine and attended PLC (1) 1965 at Upshur. Graduated Colgate May,1966 and completed PLC (2), commissioned 2nd Lt. July 8, '66.

My Memories of TBS: Arriving TBS and assigned to Charlie Company I volunteered to be roommate with Vietnamese Marine Tran Sun Bang. Took some leave before serious classes began and took Bang to visit my family at Lake Toxaway, NC where they rented a "cottage" (4 bedrooms) many summers. Upon return I was "drafted" to Quantico Marines football team where I "scrubbed" as center, enjoyed the participation, and resulted in not very commendable class standing. My eye-opener was the January Field Exercise- I became a machine-gunner, and forgot to put my boots into my sleeping bag the 3rd night when it snowed and froze and had to force my feet into frozen boots and make the march all day in spite of it. Major lesson learned. Class standing 123/196. Headed to Flight Training.

TBS Graduation: Had to look this one up in my jacket (yes I still have it.) 7399. Was headed for flight training and was told they were backlogged.

1st Lt Toby Griggs - Beaufort, SC

After Completing TBS: Departing TBS assigned TAD back at Colgate Campus to "recruit" Marine Officers. Bunked in the old Frat house and partied (and recruited) my Fiji brothers for 2 weeks. Took leave to visit family in Tampa enroute to NAS Pensacola. While there my cousin, newly trained Green Beret 2nd Lt, stopped in en route to 'Nam and we congratulated each other for our present successes. He was killed by a VC sniper the next year leading Montagnards in an assault on VC position in the Central Highlands. Arrived at Pensacola 2nd week of March '67 to start flight training and greeted at the BOQ by old friend now in USMC Helo flight training. Tragic news – my good friend from Lenox and Colgate, Pete McCabe, died in a T-28 doing night touch&go's. Sucking it up, I buckled down and tore through ground school, primary training in T-34's at Saufley Field, and was selected for Jets. At NAS Meridian, MS, tore through the T-2A primary jet syllabus. The next phase (Sherman Field, Pensacola) was over-booked got put on hold for 2 months, assigned to the Legal Officer to do help with accident investigations. Made acquaintance with the SAR pilots and got to fly left seat with them several times in their H-34.

Met my (first) wife, Ginger. We married in the base chapel March 8th, 1968. Departed Meridian to report to Sherman Field, Pensacola, January, 1968 and completed the air-to-air gunnery training in the T-2B, a 2-engine version of the T-2A, in February. Then it was carrier landing practice. Got my first traps (arrested landings) aboard USS Randolph in the Gulf south of Pensacola end of that month. Next stop: NAS Kingsville (TX) and advanced jets flying the F9 Cougar, a post-Korea jet nicknamed the "lead sled" for it's not-too-much-power and slow to accelerate down the runway characteristics. Here we trained in advanced aerobatics, instrument flight qualification, Air-to-ground gunnery, strafing, rockets, bomblets, and first look at air-combat-maneuvering. FUN! Lastly it was carrier-quals in the "Sled", and graduation July 5, 1968. Ginger and BGen Homer Hutchinson pinned on my wings of gold.

Assigned to 2dMAW Cherry Point we detoured to Pensacola where I stood in as Best Man at 2nd Lt Gray Hutchinson (now deceased) wedding to Trisha. Then on to MCAS Cherry Point where I was asked by the G-1 "What would you like to fly, Lt. Griggs?" "A4's Sir!" I said. "You got em" he said. And I checked in at VMAT-203. Completing basic syllabus in the TA-4J in August then reported to MCAS Beaufort, SC, and checked in to VMA-324 where I became familiar with the A-4C, had weapons qualification deployment to MCAS Yuma, AZ during January, 1969, qualified in air-to-ground and Close Air Support. Received my orders to WestPac in February

Vietnam Era Service: Taking enough leave to park Ginger, now in her 8th month with our daughter Jessica (JJ for short), went to her parents' home in Meridian (MS) and got her comfortably settled. I said my good-byes and caught a flight to LA, then to March AFB and departed for WestPac. Arriving on Okinawa I spent 5 or 4 days orienting and getting immunized. On charter flight from LA met up with 3 aviation WO's bound for Marble Mountain and they took it upon themselves to "assist" the Lieutenant in USMC orientation to his first overseas tour. Which, of course, meant showing this "newbie" around the sights and color of "the rock". Surviving that we landed in Da Nang 8 Mar69. Trucked over the 1stMAW-G1 with orders in hand was quickly assigned to MAG-12, VMA-

311, Chu Lai, trucked back to the tarmac to catch chopper ride, and after about 2 hours and 37 minutes in country was standing at attention at the desk of C.O. of the “Tomcats”, former Blue Angels flyer, Lt. Col. Chuck Hiett. Next reported to Aircraft Maintenance where I was assigned OIC Flight Line. The Aircraft Maintenance Officer was Major Jim Skinner, a soft-spoken Texan who I knew right away would be a good influence and a pleasure to work with. (Fast-forward another year and a half he was killed on his next tour, NATO, in a chopper he was riding when it impacted a mountain.) Over the next 3 days, briefings, flight equipment checks, sidearm issued, M1911A1 and 4 extra magazines. If I was going to have to make a nylon landing in gook territory I wanted a substantial weapon. Luckily, that didn’t happen. Came close once, but will leave that for a bit later.

During tenure with the Tomcats (March thru mid-September, ‘69) I was fortunate to be teamed up with a bunch of real attack pilots who took their job “Marine Serious”. My hooch-mate was Pete Oatis. We’d met at TBS before moving on to Flight Training at NAS Pensacola. There was also Bobby Light, product of the West Virginia hills and another TBS grad. I should also mention both of these men were Naval Academy grads and considered them “Lifers”, as in staying active duty in the Corps until they couldn’t anymore. Excellent “sticks” and straight shooters to boot. Bill Good was another friend I met during flight training in Pensacola. He went on to become a commercial pilot after his stint in the Corps. Majors Miles Mixon and Dick Upchurch, steady and serious attack pilots I looked up to and learned immense stuff for both. Major Bill Wilson who had been one of my instructor pilots in flight training, and a serious, hard-working one to boot. (Wilson died at MCAS Cherry Point, after returning from Vietnam, while transitioning to A-6 Intruder.) Lt.Col. Dave Kelly joined the Tomcats midway through my time there and took over as CO relieving Col Hiett. Other fellow A-4 “sticks” are so many and so many years ago I’d be foolish to tell you I remember. But having recently attended a “Skyhawk Reunion” in 2018, I got “The LIST” and will mention several I had good memories with, starting with Pat Blackman, Larry Wood, Pete Hanner, Dick Bishop, Roy Edwards, Ron Hellbusch, Homer Palmateer, Larry Hutson, Bob Hickerson, Kit Wells, and who could forget Wally Bishop (of the Hazel Bishop clan)?

Flying missions in Vietnam during my tenure there were mostly limited to I-Corps North to the DMZ, South into II-Corp around Pleiku, and West to the Laotian border. Missions were predominantly CAS (Close Air Support) for Marine Grunts, the ROK Marines, some Special Ops units snooping in the jungles when they asked for help, or US Army units in II-Corps to our south. Typical ordnance load out was six 500 lb. bombs and 2 Napalms; or two Zuni Rocket pods (4 rockets per pod) instead of Napalm. In addition we had 2 internal-mounted 20 mm guns and maybe 300 rounds of ammo. Our typical attack was coordinated by an airborne Forward Air Controller (FAC) in radio contact with the ground command unit. Sometimes the FAC was Air Force or Army, but mostly they were Marines, aviators like us but on “special” assignment, in single-engine spotter planes or twin-engined OV-10 Broncos. Occasionally we’d have helo airborne FAC but seldom during my time in-country. We would either have a pre-planned mission or emergency scramble mission. In the former we launched from Chu Lai as a two plane flight with planned overhead arrival time at a specific location, checked in by radio with the FAC who would then direct our attacks. At other times it was an emergency “scramble mission” and the 2-plane team would jump in their jets and get airborne as fast as possible. Other times, like when trouble was expected, the 2-man teams would be sitting in their jets with radios on listening to a specific channel and they would get the call to launch now and check-in with a FAC at a specific geographic location and altitude ready to go right into the fight.

There was a particular mission I flew that had a profound impact on my life. Well, to be truthful, the entire span of my participation as a warrior from the skies made a huge impact, on who I am, what I believe in, and my relationship with God. This particular mission resulted in a deeper relationship with God. We were called out on a scramble mission south of Chu Lai near Pleiku. Upon switching frequency to the Forward Air Controller and checking in he gave us a hurry-up brief. We had him in sight as we orbited the target area orienting ourselves with the terrain and friendly troop positions. We were told that a VC unit had holed itself up in a Church, which turned out to be a Catholic Church. (Many Vietnamese were Roman Catholic oriented due to the French occupation of their country prior to WW II.) Our target assignment was the Church.... (Short pause for thoughts)....Well, okay, this is war and our job is to kill the enemy. And the enemy are in the Church. The FAC confirmed it, "put two 500 pounders on the Church, make your run from south to north on a heading of 020, you are clear to release on my call." As flight leader I repeated the directions of the FAC and called target in sight, lead in Hot. Rolling out on the heading and setting the 10 degree dive angle I put the bombsight reticle on a path to the target, switched on the Master arming switch and wing stations 2 and 4 (where the bombs were hanging) and began tracking to the target.

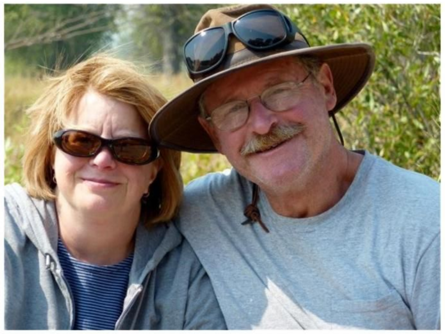
As I approached the release altitude of 500 feet I made a slight correction for wind drift and dive angle and hit the release button on the control stick. Feeling the two 500 pounders jettisoned from the wings as I went through 500 feet I pulled back hard on the control stick and away from the ground and pushed full throttle. The Skyhawk nosed up to about 30 degrees and climbing and I made a hard left turn for the downwind leg of the attack pattern. As I began the pullout the FAC came on the radio and was screaming “those are perfect lead perfect, perfect” then abruptly stopped, and a noticeable pause, then “right into the church!, right into the church!”...then another pause...."but they didn’t blow”. DRATS! I thought. Then it suddenly hit me. I based the release on altitude above ground level and the Church building (roof) was about 40 or 50 feet above ground level. So, it was my opinion that the bombs hit the roof before the detonator mechanisms finished arming the bombs and that caused them to not detonate.

God was looking out for his Church. Toby had a serious learning experience, and it’s had a very profound effect on the rest of my life. The remainder of that flight we dropped ordnance on additional enemy

Second Platoon

Toby Griggs - Harrier Det - USS Guam '74

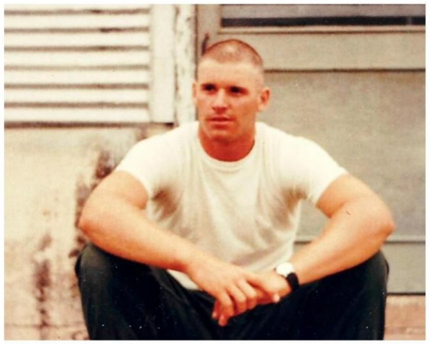
Toby Griggs - AV8 "Iceberging"


Pam and Toby Griggs….Nowadays

Mo Mottard Toby Griggs Rich Harrison

Toby Griggs with AV8 Harrier

VMA 513 - China Lake - Toby Griggs


1st Lt Toby Griggs - Chu Lai '69

Toby and Pam Griggs with their calves….

positions as the Grunts called for them, until we were "Winchester" (code for "out of ammo") and released by the FAC to RTB (return to base). Landing at Chu Lai and parking the jets and debriefing the mission at Group Headquarters we were back in the Ready Room and boy howdy was there a lot of pilot talk about this one.

And the days and weeks moved on and more missions were flown in support of our troops. My time at Chu Lai with the Tomcats was a great experience in building my career in the Marine Corps. My roommate Pete Oatis had to eject from his A-4 while flying a close air support mission for the grunts in ElephantValley when the bad guys hit his aircraft with gunfire damaging the ailerons during his pullout from an attack run. The ejection damaged his leg badly but he ended up staying in-country doing mission briefings for his fellow fliers. He is lucky to be alive. And we are glad of that. I pulled an "all-nighter" as Ready Room Duty Officer and after being relieved at 0600 caught the transport six-by back to my hooch for a nap. About an hour or so after I hit the rack I was awakened by loud explosions . My reflex action was to roll out of my rack and under it for protection. The explosions didn't last long and I fell back to sleep. About 10 AM I woke up and got dressed and caught the shuttle six-by truck back down to the flight line. It was all bedlam and was explained to me that there had been a rocket attack and several aircraft were badly damaged. I missed the whole show catching ZZZs from the all-nighter. I felt "guilty" for not being there to help.

There were many other missions flown through that summer of '69 and many lessons learned in the flying. That time came to an end in September after I returned from R&R with my wife Ginger in Hawaii where I got to meet my new daughter, Jessica (JJ for short) who was born 17 March, about a week after I arrived in-country. The Corps is an outfit with many traditions and one of them is re-assigning pilots to other (non-flying) jobs so to build their experience and knowledge in how the Corps operates. I was re-assigned to Wing Headquarters in Da Nang to work in G-3 Flight Operations. My job was taking ground Marine's requests for air support and assigning them to appropriate aviation units. I shared the desk with a Warrant Officer A-6 Systems Officer (not a pilot) named Rex (can't remember his last name) and we worked pretty well as a team. We had odd shifts around the clock so after I was trained-in we only saw each other briefly to do the daily turnover and when we were off, sometimes 6 hours, sometimes 12, we did other things besides just sleeping.

Toby's Story is continued at the end of this section. Click on this button to finish reading it:

○

Gary LeRoy Gruhl

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born in Fargo North Dakota December 29, 1943. I grew up on a farm outside of Hawley Minnesota. Graduated from Hawley High school in 1961. Attended Concordia College in Moorhead Minnesota and graduated in December of 1965 and received my commission at that time. Assigned to Pensacola for flight training. After being grounded for almost 3 month for various reasons, I requested DOR and was assigned to TBS for training. I had attended PLC during two summers while attending college. My brother had been in the Air Force. But I had, from a very young age I had always wanted to join the Marine Corps.

My Memories of TBS: While at TBS, I was single and roomed with several people, but the longest was with Andy Haglage. I shot sharpshooter with rifle and pistol. The person I remember most vividly is John Paul Brickley, our platoon commander. My public speaking was on turkey dinner. I did have my sword engraved and it hangs on my wall now.

After Completing TBS: After TBS, I was sent to the motor transport school at Camp Geiger, North Carolina. (Camp Lejeune) The training was adequate, but I learned a lot more from my first Gunnery Sergeant. I was assigned MOS 3502. I did enjoy my time as an MTO even though we were sometimes looked down on.

Vietnam Era Service: I deployed to Vietnam March 9, 1967 and was assigned as the Motor Transport Officer for the 4th Battalion, 11th Marines. During the time I was with the 4th Battalion, I extended my tour, and received a promotion to 1st Lt and then later to Captain. I also applied for a regular commission at this time and was accepted into the USMC. I was transferred in January to Hq Battery, 11th Marines in January of 1968 and was assigned as Regimental Motor Transport Officer. In August of 1968, I was assigned as the Battery Commander with MTO being secondary.

After Vietnam: In Late December 1968 I received orders to return to CONUS and was assigned to the 2nd Marine Division at Camp Lejuene as the Assistant Division Motor Transport officer. Served in this capacity until 30 June when I was assigned as the Division Motor Transport Officer. In October I was assigned to the Supply Officers school (since the MC had done away with my MOS as a primary). Upon completion, I was assigned as the Division Mountout Officer for the 2nd Division. I served in this capacity from August 1971 until March 31, 1972 when I resigned my commission. (Due to my son's health) During this period, I had married my first wife and had a son born to us.

My Current Life: After the Corps, I worked for UPS for 30 years and retired from there in December 2001. While there, I worked in HR, operations, safety, engineering, all over the state of Minnesota. After that I worked at the Mayo Clinic for 5 years as manager in the courier department delivering everything throughout the campus. I left there in February of 2006. I enjoy reading, although right now with the problems that I have had with a cornea transplant on my left eye and laser surgery on my right, that is difficult. I have had prostate cancer and lung cancer and I am registered with the VA. I lost my first wife to cancer in February of 2003. I remarried in September of 2004. I brought 3 children to the second marriage. My wife brought 4. We have eleven grandchildren (all from her children. I had two boys and a girl. She had two boys and two girls. Grandchildren - 6 girls and 5 boys. I am computer literate, but don't go on social media much.

Plans for the Future: Travel. Live life.

My Home Address : 841 21st Street SE, Rochester, MN 55904

Ernest Lenard Hall

Nickname: Ernie

My Life Before Attending TBS: Enlisted USMC 16 Dec 1958, MOS 2311- Ammunition Technician, AmmoTechCrs 1959, AmmoHGrsOrdSchl 1959, ABC Def Sch 1959, NCO Leadership Sch 1960, IOC Scol, 1960, NavPrepScol Bainbridge, MD, 29 Aug61-5Jun62, USNA Session, NavPrepScol Bainbridge MD, 6 Jun 62-10 Aug 62 NESEP

After Completing TBS: Specialty Number 6709 - Air Defense Control Officer

Plans for the Future: Retired in 2010 from University of Cincinnati. See https://www.researchgate.net/profile/Ernest_Hall2

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: "Everyday is a holiday and every meal a feast. Lift your head up, lean your shoulders back, Count Cadence, Count !!"

Richard G. Harrison

Nickname: Rich

My Life Before Attending TBS: I Graduated from Bucknell University in Lewisburg PA with a degree in Electrical Engineering in June of 1966. I entered the Marine Corps through the PLC program having completed PLC training at Quantico in the summers of 1963 and 1965. I was married in August of the same year to Sally Ashton who I had dated while in college.

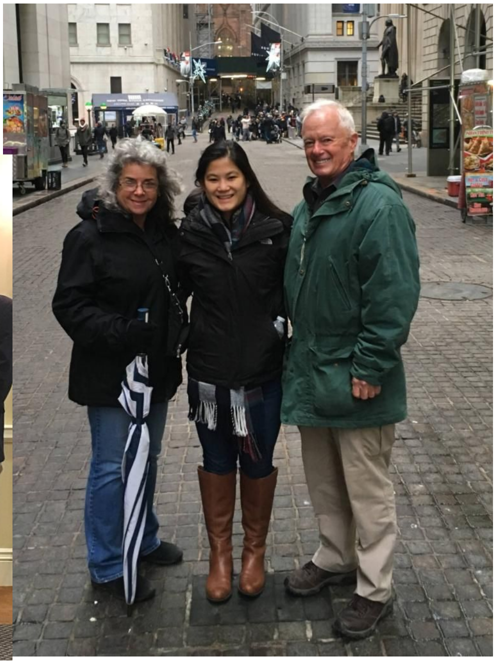
TBS Graduation: I was given a MOS of 1811, Tanks.

After Completing TBS: Next was assignment to the 2nd Tank BN at Camp Lejeune for a few months before starting the US Army, Armor Officer Basic School at Ft. Knox KY; the school was five months so I got back to 2nd Tanks in February 1967. In April 1967 my first son Brett was born at the Naval Hospital at Camp Lejeune. At 2nd Tank Bn I had a platoon of Tanks until August 1967 when I received orders to be the Executive Officer of the Marine Detachment on the aircraft carrier USS Shangri-La, CVA-38 with a home port in Mayport FL. I arrived at the ship the day it returned from a Mediterranean Cruise. The ship stayed in port for a few months with short deployments to the Caribbean and Guantanamo Bay Cuba before leaving on a 7 month deployment to the Med. Returning from the Med in August 1969, I was stationed at NAS Jacksonville FL for one month before leaving the MC.

After My Initial Obligation was up: After I left the Marine Corps, I was unemployed but waiting to hear back from the FBI for employment as a Special Agent. In 1969 as I recall unemployment payments were limited to 6 weeks. I was living at home with my wife and son and not wanting to use up the short unemployment I worked in a gas station, quite a change from MC Captain with a degree in Electrical Engineering to gas station attendant. Living at home in Boston Mass and working in a gas station was not ideal, so one morning I got up and drove to Washington DC and went to the FBI office and asked to see my FBI contact. I was told he was out of the office and it was unknown when he would return. I told the receptionist I would wait and I took a seat. About 3 hours later the Agent returned and I requested to know if the FBI was going to hire me and in true government fashion he told me that he did not know and the application process takes time. I returned home and made plans to move to the Northern VA area with the hopes of the FBI hiring me.

About one week after arriving in VA I had a note left on my door. (no cellphones) stating that the FBI had a cancellation in a New Agent class starting the next Monday and wanting to know if I was available. Bottom line: I started New Agent training 11/17/69. New Agent training is about 6 months and after graduation I was assigned to the Norfolk VA field office. At that time a new agent would work in a small office and then be transferred to one of the 12 large field offices until they, in theory, could request a transfer to an "Office of Preference" which was not normally a large office. My large office was Philadelphia which in the general scheme of things was not too bad since my parents were living outside Boston. I remained in Philadelphia until 1987. While in Phila I worked general criminal matters and because of my MC background became involved with the FBI SWAT program which at that time was in its infancy. In 1970 my second son Gregory was born. I stayed with the SWAT program becoming the Senior SWAT team leader until leaving Phila in 1987. While in Phila my wife and I separated and then divorced in 1983. In 1986 I was remarried to my current wife Linda, The next move was an Office of Preference transfer to the Atlantic City Resident Agency of the FBI. This assignment did not last long since my wife who was also an FBI Agent with a Master's Degree in Microbiology was summarily transferred to the newly-formed DNA Unit at FBI HQ in WDC. In the warm sensitive way of the FBI I was given the" opportunity" to ask for a transfer to the WDC "Area". I requested a transfer to the Baltimore office but was instead transferred to the Washington Field Office (less desirable). We were not happy about this "opportunity" but were not really given any choice. Deciding to make the best of our unhappy situation, since we both wanted to live on the water, we purchased an acre of land on Kent Island, located across the Chesapeake from Annapolis MD and built a house that was completed in 1989, where we live today. After moving to MD we both made the daily 56 mile drive to WDC.

My Current Life: I did this (commute) for 5 years and retired from the FBI after 25 years. Linda managed to escape from the lab and WDC about the same time as was assigned to the Baltimore Office until her retirement in 1994. In 1998 we traveled to China to adopt our daughter Julia who is now getting ready to graduate from the University of Delaware. Since retirement I have been running a small investigative agency, which keeps me busy and generally out of trouble.



Robert T. Hart

Nickname: Ted

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in Detroit, MI. December, 1944. Graduated Bentley High School, Livonia, MI 1962. Attended Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York. Played football and golf, graduated in 1966 with a Bachelor of Science degree in Building Sciences. I was influenced to join USMC by fraternity Big Brother Bill Edwards who was captain of our football team. Did PLC in summers of 1965 and 1966. Went right from Senior PLC to TBS in August 1966.

My Memories of TBS: Was single at TBS, but did get engaged to a young lady from Mary Washington College. We were subsequently married in 1968 at the Quantico Chapel after my return from Vietnam. Sam Martini was instrumental, through his girlfriend at MWC, in my meeting her. Best part of the training was the Obstacle Course, seems like I always came in second behind Pete Hesser for best time in our second platoon!! Three Day War was the best, I got to use the flamethrower, and the worst, frozen boots at wake-up in the morning.

TBS Graduation: Assigned 1302 Engineer as MOS, was first choice. The Corps thought that my science and engineering college education was a fit. I agreed!!

After Completing TBS: Engineering School was at Camp Lejeune for, I believe 6 weeks. Very good training, learned to use explosives, both TNT and C4, and how to use Det Cord (clothesline that would explode). Also hands on training for mine detection and removal, quite stressful. In Vietnam the Korean Marines used Det Cord to tie up Viet Cong, very clever and effective. Remember Helmut Feifs, Greg Janetta and Sam Martini from that school as well.

Vietnam Era Service: From Engineer School Sam Martini and I were assigned to Westpac and went together (same plane) in early April 1967, assigned to 9th Engineering Battalion, 1st Marine Division in Chu Lai, about 40 miles south of Da Nang along Hwy 1. Remember, when we arrived at Da Nang, Sam and I went to the transportation office to find out how we would get to Chu Lai. There we, strictly by accident, met our Battalion Commander, Lt Col Babe, who had us hop in a truck with him headed for Chu Lai. He had a memorable handlebar mustache and immediately advised us that all officers in his battalion would sport a mustache, which of course, being obedient 2nd Lieutenants, we complied. I was made the Asst. S-3

Part of 2nd Plt C Company, 9th Eng Bn at newly constructed bridge on Hwy 1 near Tam Ky - Ted Hart

Officer doing road and bridge condition reconnaissance on Hwy 1 from Quang Nai to south of Da Nang. Also did bridge design work and construction materials procurement, we used a lot of Philippine mahogany for bridge timbers. A couple months later, took an equipment platoon to work about 3 months with a Korean Marine Engineer Battalion near Quang Nai assisting them with road and bridge construction and running a rock quarry. They were mostly in the field blowing up caves and other Vietcong activities. Also learned about kimchi, hot & spicy!! Did R & R in Hawaii with then fiance, great week, tough to leave but duty called. Spent rest of tour until early May, 1968 as 2nd Platoon Officer, "C" Company, doing bridge construction (built Bridge #40 four times because VC would blow it up) and road improvements, and minesweeping every day on Hwy 1. We were not permitted to booby trap the bridge because of civilians.

After Vietnam: May 8, 1968 I flew directly from Da Nang back to CONUS, El Toro MCAS with a planeload of happy Marines, glad to be back home. Got married in Quantico in June and was assigned to Headquarters Company, 8th Engineer Battalion, 2nd Marine Division. Actually became the Company CO as a 1st Lt. because we were missing Captains. Had a great First Sergeant White who helped me tremendously as the CO. After 3 months Capt. MacDonald arrived, I became XO and Battalion Special Services Officer. Best part was doing coaching (with Capt, Joe Mancini) of our battalion 7-man football team, we won the base championship. 8th Engineers also won the base championship in bowling and we went to Norfolk Naval Base where we won the all-east coast FMFLANT championship. I still have the very nice silver plated trophy we won. Last training I received was at the Atomic Demolition & Munitions School at Fort Belvoir, VA. in the Spring of 1969. That required Final Top Secret security clearance and also got the FBI to contact me about joining their organization. My Dad's first cousin was a career FBI agent who shared with me some of the realities of the life of an FBI agent. I chose not to pursue that path.

After My Initial Obligation was up: I ended active duty August 31, 1969 and took a job in Construction Management with the Argonaut Realty Division of General Motors Corporation in Detroit. I left the Corps because, quite honestly, I did not want to return to a combat situation in Vietnam. On April 1, 1968 my platoon went from 29 to 16 men in an instant from a mine explosion. I was only a couple hundred yards away when it happened and I will never be able to put that day out of my mind. By the grace of God I survived, but it is hard to ever erase the feeling of guilt. Could I have done something different to have prevented that? I will never know. I was on inactive reserve duty for three years and ended with the rank of Captain. After 5 years with GM, I went to Michigan State University where I received my MBA in Real Estate Finance in 1974 and was divorced from Miss MWC. Was married to Alice a couple years later. We had three children and in 1983 moved to Racine, WI where I worked in commercial real estate development with Johnson Wax Corporation, and Alice worked in secondary school administration. Alice passed away in 2011 after a three year illness. All three children are graduates of the University of Wisconsin, Madison, WI.

My Current Life: I retired from my commercial real estate brokerage at the end of 1969 and moved to Hot Springs Village, AR, the largest gated community in the US at 26,000 acres, with 11 lakes and 9 (yes 9) 18 hole golf courses. Play golf three times a week almost every week of the year because of the moderate Arkansas weather. Have been an active Kiwanis member for 35 years and a MOAA member here in Hot Springs Village for 5 years. We have an outstanding Veterans Memorial here and I am a Veterans Memorial Foundation Board member as VP Maintenance. We have many retired military veterans here in Hot Springs Village. About four years ago I found a wonderful lady, Iris, here in Arkansas and we became married in May of 2017. My children have so far given me four grandchildren which we enjoy greatly .

Plans for the Future: Iris and I very much enjoy traveling throughout the US and love having the grand kids visit us at our Sheraton Vistana timeshare near Disney World in Florida. Mickey also has some good golf courses!

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: Once a Marine, Always a Marine and all the other military branches know that SEMP

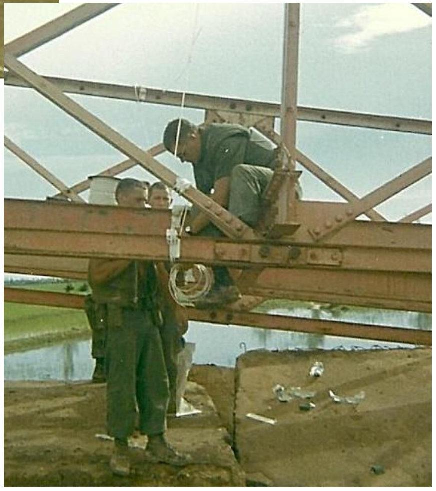
something.

My Home Address: 6 Quie

AR 71909

Above: Ted and Iris Hart

Left: Ted Hart and Sam Martini



Right: Lt. Ted Hart attaching explosives to bridge

Ronald Hartnett

Nickname: Ron

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in Battle Creek. Mich. Raised in Ft. Lauderdale, FL and attended Ft. Lauderdale High. and USNA. Played football and baseball in high school and football at USNA. Attended NAPS. Father was in the 82nd Airborne during WWll. Going into the military was what we did back then and the Marine Corps seemed right for me.

My Memories of TBS: Not married at TBS. Friends Sam Marrone, Carl Fulford and Stan Holmes. Expert pistol, NQ rifle. I had my sword engraved and passed it down to one of my sons in 1997. I was a member of the Quantico football team. I don't remember an adhoc public speaking gig.

TBS Graduation: Assigned MOS 0801, my second choice.

After Completing TBS: After TBS I reported to the Field Artillery Officers Basic Course, Fort Sill, OK. The course was 8 weeks long and prepared us in the basics of field artillery

Vietnam Era Service: Went directly to VN after a period of leave. Arrived in VN on April 6,1967 and joined Battery B, 1st Bn., 13th Marines. 1st ten months Artillery Forward Observer and Fire Support Coordinator for 2nd Bn., 26th Marines. Rest of the time various positions in the Battery. Tour was 12 months and 26 days. Briefly saw Stan Holmes in Phu Bai. Went on R&R to Hong Kong. Returned to CONUS on May 29,1968. No protester issues and no second tour.

After Vietnam: Assigned to MCB Quantico. Played football for the Quantico Marines and then did two tours as a SPC at TBS.

After My Initial Obligation was up: I stayed in the Reserves and retired on December 3, 1987 as a Lt. Col. Spent most of my Reserve time in 4th ANGLICO in South Florida. Graduated from law school at the University of Miami in 1980

My Current Life: Still have hair and health is good. I am presently training up a 9 month old Lab. I am registered with the VA and have issues from Agent Orange exposure. I can do basic computer stuff and don't get involved in social media. A group of us went back to VN in 2007. The villes we walked through now have electricity and TV; etc.

Plans for the Future: I am retired and would consider another trip back to VN.

Ron and Sam Marrone

Barb Oatis and Ron

Right---Reunion Dinner: L-R Carl Fulford, Ron Hartnett, Sam Marrone, Pete Hesser, Mark Campaigne

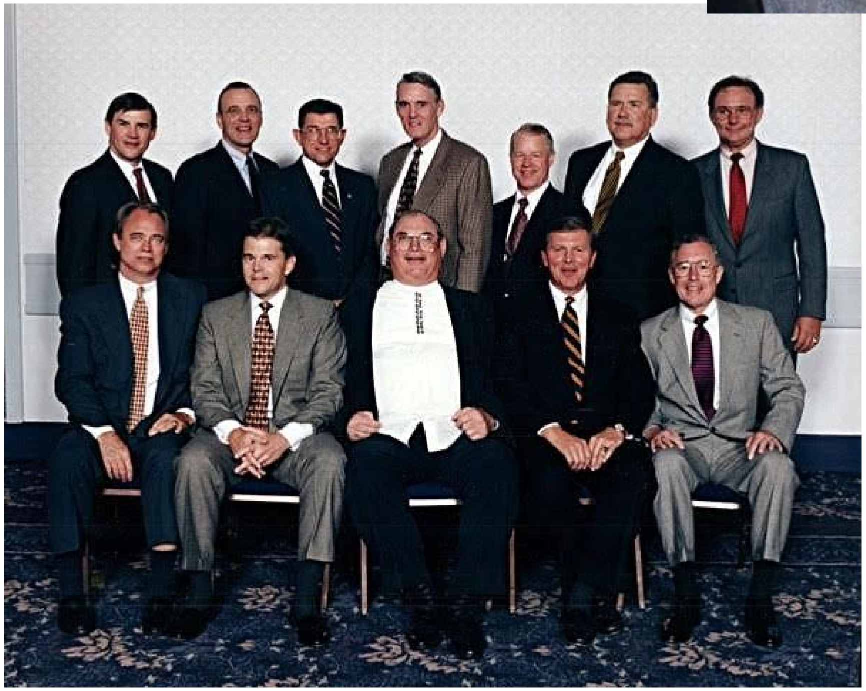
Below: L-R Scott Gray, Jim Cathcart, Gary and Candice Gruhl, Mo Mottard, Toby Griggs, Rich Harrison

Table Centerpiece

Made by Ty Trainor

Rich Muller
Bill Pedersen
Ken Herr
Jim Leslie
Ed McMenamy
Bill Arant
Mike Chambers
Helmuts Feifs

Above: Tom and Sandy Gay, Don and Cheryl Esmond



Left: USNA '66 Marines:

Standing L-R: Sam Marrone, Carl Fulford, Pete Hesser, Mark Campaigne, Skip Cordes, Helmuts Feifs, Ray Gadberry

Seated L-R: Elkanah Burns, Skip Stephenson, Ron Buschbom, Mike Kelly, Chris Jameson

William Gordon Hayter

(Our TBS Classmate Bill Hayter passed away several days before he was to attend our reunion in Quantico. Semper Fidelis, Marine!)

Nickname: Bill
My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born July 31, 1943 in Long Beach, CA. I attended Woodrow Wilson High School, where I played basketball, baseball and golf. I worked at Buffums' Dept. Store, and at Douglas Aircraft Company in Long Beach during college. I began at UC Berkeley, where all lower division males were required to take 2 years of military science. I was assigned to the Army ROTC program. However, in that all of my family had been former Marines, I signed up for the PLC program at the end of my freshman year, and attended 2 6-week summer sessions at Quantico (Camp Upshur) during college. In my junior year, I transferred to the University of Southern California (USC), where I completed my Accounting degree in Business Administration in July, 1966, and immediately left for TBS. My two uncles were Marine Corps Aviators during WWII. I was given the name of my uncle lost on a nighttime training mission off Guadalcanal shortly before I was born. My dad, with 2 young sons, was stationed at El Toro MCAS during the war. My only brother, Dr. George Morris Hayter, USN Medical Doctor, (now deceased) served as a Navy Doctor (psychiatrist) stationed at Pensacola, FL NAS during Vietnam, training Marine and Naval pilots before deployment overseas.
My Memories of TBS: My roommate at TBS was Andy Haglage. I typically drove into DC on week-ends, got a room, had a good meal, made some calls home, and got some rest. I was single and remember enjoying the TGIF functions in DC, and dating the girls at Mary Washington in Fredericksburg. Capt. Brickley was my Platoon Leader. I still have my sword, but have not had it engraved.
TBS Graduation: 0802 (2nd choice)
After Completing TBS: I was ordered to attend Artillery School at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. Then, following a brief leave, departed for Vietnam.
Vietnam Era Service: I entered Country in May, 1967, and was assigned to serve as a Forward Observer for an infantry platoon stationed on Go Noi island outside of Hoi An, south of Da Nang. I served as an F.O. until October, 1967, when I was assigned as a Fire Direction Officer (F.D.O.) of Bravo Battery, 1/11, which was stationed out near the Rock Pile (Ed note: Rock Crusher), west of Hue. On February 7, 1968, 7 days into the Tet Offensive, while serving as XO of the battery, I joined in a convoy of some 30 vehicles, riding in the right front seat of a Jeep, driven by a LCPL, and the "B" Battery 1st Sgt. riding in the back. The publication "The Road to the Graveyard" describes in detail what we encountered that afternoon. In summary, we lost nearly 20 Marines, with over 40 of us wounded, out of 90 or more personnel in the convoy. As the driver was instantly killed, I rolled out of the Jeep, sprayed out the remaining rounds from his rifle, expended my .45 rounds, and then pulled out my k-bar, and resigned myself to the the fact that unless I could stick the onrushing NVA, that I would be executed.

I believe they must have thought I was dead, as I observed them throwing their charges onto our vehicles. I laid there for a half hour, when Huey gunships arrived to drive the NVA from the immediate area. After nearly 3 hours, during which time I applied a tourniquet to my left leg, USMC tanks approached from both East and West, and with this, the reactionary force, I was loaded on to a "deuce and and half" given a rifle, and we shot our way out of the area, and returned to my Battery, where I was subsequently medevac'd to a mash unit at Phu Bai, south of Hue. Even though I had received multiple gunshot and shrapnel wounds, my wounds were not considered life-threatening. I remember the two young surgeons, exhausted after a 16 hour shift, the busiest week of the war for them, and the deadliest week of the war for our servicemen killed during this Tet Offensive. I was subsequently flown out of Country to Clark AFB in the Philippines, and then on to Yokosuka, Japan, where I had a second surgery, and remained hospitalized for 5 weeks, before Dr. Wilson, USN, Chief of Surgery, determined that by the time I completed rehabilitation, was returned through Okinawa and back into Country, that my 13 month tour would have been completed, and that it was time for me to rotate back to the states. I didn't disagree with his analysis. My hometown paper printed an article, and I was inundated with letters while hospitalized in Japan.

After Vietnam: Following discharge from the USN Hospital in Long Beach, and 30 days convalescent leave, I reported to MCB, Camp Pendleton, CA, where I spent the last 1-1/2 years of my 3 year commission as an Embarkation Officer in Staging Battalion, where we would train and logistically prepare units of 165 Marines for deployment through Okinawa, and on into Country. I would escort them to either March AFB in Riverside, CA, Norton AFB in San Bernardino, CA, or MCAS, El Toro, CA, for nighttime flights overseas.

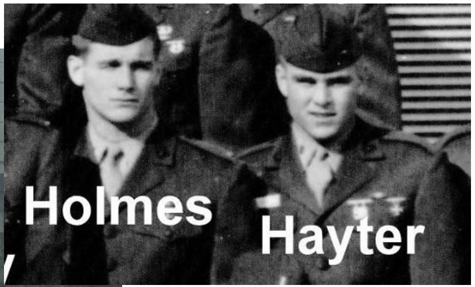
After My Initial Obligation was up: My Reserve Commission was for 3 years. Although I grew up in a Marine Corps family, served my country proudly as a Marine, was married in my Marine Corps dress whites, and will always be a Marine, I had never intended to make a career of the service. I left the Corps on a Friday afternoon, and started law school on Monday morning. The Marine Corps taught me discipline, and I made Law Review (top 10 in my class) after my first year. I graduated from law school in 3 years, took a job with a Long Beach, CA law firm, later worked in Sacramento for the State of California, and subsequently settled back in Long Beach, CA, where I opened my own law office, and have successfully practiced for the last 46 years.

My Current Life: I have been married twice. I have 2 children and 3 grandchildren, under age 5. I have traveled extensively, and I enjoy golfing. I'm generally in good health. I am definitely computer illiterate. A few years ago, Bill Bau (1st Platoon TBS 2-67) and I toured North and South Vietnam. We visited the Hanoi Hilton, where the late Sen. John McCain was imprisoned; Da Nang, where I'd never seen China Beach before; Hoi An, where instead of eating C rations as I did when I lived in that bunker for 5 months I attended cooking school where I learned how to make spring rolls and other Vietnamese dishes; Hue, where I'd never seen the city nor the Citadel while there in 1967-68; Saigon, a city the size of New York in both appearance and size; and the Mekong Delta, where locals still market from their boats. All in all, it was was wonderful experience...one that I had not contemplated ever being interested in undertaking; but one which I found most rewarding. I would highly recommend it.

Plans for the Future: I'm working on an exit plan from my law practice. I envision future travel to include more time with family and friends.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: It was a time when our generation was asked to stand up and fight for what we believed was best for our country. We attempted to do that.

My Home Address: 4432 Elder Avenue, Seal Beach, CA 90740



Left: Bill Bau and Bill Hayter in Vietnam 2003

Bruce Allen Heitz

Nickname: Duke

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born and raised on the West Side of Cleveland, Ohio. I attended James Ford Rhodes High School, graduating in June of 1961. I then attended Mount Union College in Alliance Ohio for one year where I played football. I then gained admission into the Academy in the summer of 1962. I joined the Marine Corps because I don't like boats.

My Memories of TBS: I was not married while at TBS but was dating my future wife, Patty. My roommate at TBS was a Vietnamese Marine, Lich, who I have lost touch with. Every weekend, which began at 12:01 pm on Saturdays, Larry Dean and I would drive up to New Jersey to see our future wives. The drive entailed about a six pack of beer. I do have fond memories of our TBS staff officers, including Lieutenant Buse. I qualified on the rifle and pistol ranges. I do not remember the Mad Moment; I did not have my Mameluke Sword engraved.

TBS Graduation: I was assigned an 0302 MOS, which was my first choice. I took leave first and took my MOS training at Quantico. If I remember correctly, it was 21 weeks long. I don't believe that any amount of training could have prepared us for what we encountered in Vietnam.

Vietnam Era Service: I went directly to Vietnam, arriving in March of 1967 and returning to the US in April of 1968. I joined the First Battalion Fifth Marines. I was a Platoon Leader and we conducted combat operations in the Da Nang operating area. I spent the last approximately 5 months with the Headquarters of the First Marine Division where I was fortunate to serve with Kenny Moore. My tour was 13 months. I think that TBS did the best they could to prepare us for the ever changing circumstances occurring in Vietnam. I served as a Rifle Platoon Leader, the Leader of the 81 mortar platoon, and as a G-2 Watch Officer. I did not make a second tour.

After Vietnam: After Vietnam, my new wife and I were assigned to FMFPac in Hawaii. I have no recollection of having any problems with my uniforms and other belongings in Okinawa on the way back.

After My Initial Obligation was up: I was able to attend Law School while stationed in Quantico, Virginia. I passed the Virginia bar examination and received my Law License in 1973. I became a 4402 with a secondary 0302. I practiced law in the Marine Corps, at Headquarters Marine Corps until late 1975 when I transferred to the Marine Corps Reserve . Since then, I have been practicing law for 46 years. I am a Bank Law and Regulatory Expert. The highlights of my career have been my selection in 1985 as a Colonel and the wonderful family that I have been blessed with. Patty and I have three (3) sons and a daughter and six (6) grandchildren who are all located in the Dallas Fort Worth Texas area.

Plans for the Future: I am still practicing law and would like to continue the Good Lord willing. The #1 item on my Bucket List is to improve my golf game which sucks. Patty and I take several trips a year mainly to Florida where my sister and husband live in Stuart, and where my best friend spends most of the year in Clearwater Beach.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: The pride of being associated with my Marine classmates and those Marines who took different routes to become Marines . Even today, I take pride in meeting those former Marines who are so much younger that us.

My Home Address: 7200 Riverbrook Ct., Arlington, Texas 76001

Kenneth Herr

Nickname: Ken

My Life Before Attending TBS : Born in Bronxville, NY. High School - Iona Prep. College - Villanova University. Did NROTC at Villanova & took the Marine option. Hobbies include skiing & biking. Went into banking after the Corps. Then Wall Street with an Investment Banking firm. Spent last 27 years with a Fleet Leasing Company and retired as its Treasurer.

My Memories of TBS: Not married. Expert in both pistol & rifle. Hated running through the woods with a pack on my back. Loved the obstacle course. Had my sword engraved. Good times at the bar and weekends in Washington.

TBS Graduation: Assigned to Pensacola for flight training. Was first choice. Then to Beeville, Tx and on to Glynco, GA. for RIO training.

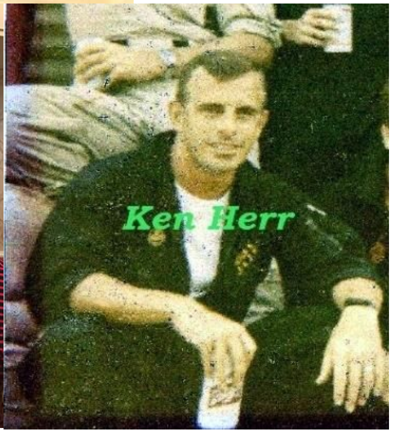
After Completing TBS: Took leave right after TBS and was assigned to Philadelphia Navy Yard for 3 months TDY as flight school was full. Went to Pensacola for flight training and ultimately to Cherry Point with VMFAT 201 flying in the F4 Phantom as a RIO. Training was intense and short.

Vietnam Era Service: Went to Vietnam right after Cherry Point. Assigned to VMFA 314 at Chu Lai flying in the F4. Raleigh Griffiths from TBS was my roommate. Spent 13 months in-country and flew 466 missions. Went to Hawaii with my wife & Raleigh & his wife for R&R. Squadron trips to Cubi Point, Okinawa, Japan, Formosa & Thailand. Met our wives in Hong Kong prior to return to CONUS in late 1969. Was spit on as I went through Oakland Airport. Lessons learned - politicians did not want to win the war.

After Vietnam: Assigned back to Cherry Point after Vietnam.

After My Initial Obligation was up: Was not a hard decision to exit the Corps. Got out as a Captain. Landed a job at First Pennsylvania Bank in Philadelphia. After 7 years, joined Bache Halsey Stuart on Wall Street and then Dean Witter Reynolds. Spent the last 27 years with a fleet management company in NJ and retired as its Treasurer.

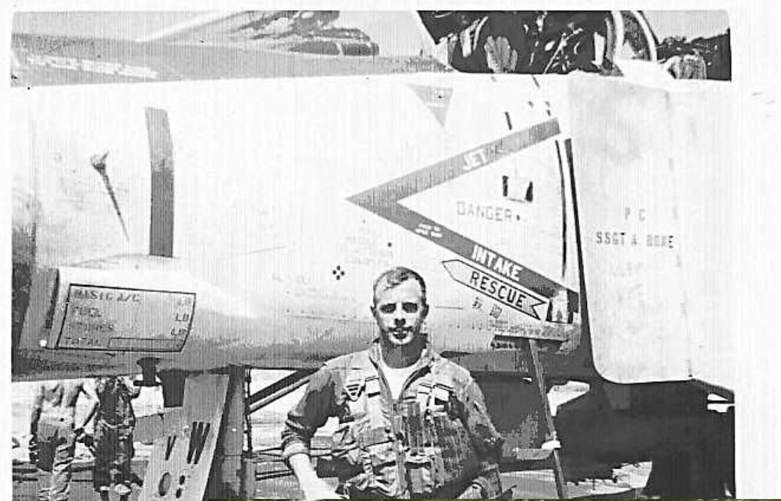
My Current Life: Enjoy golf & traveling. Visited Europe, Canada & the US. Loved Normandy. Have been with a local volunteer First Aid Squad as an EMT for 35+ years. Was a first responder with an EMS unit on 9/11 in NY. Now volunteer at the 9/11 Museum and am a tour guide at the Memorial Park. Know some of my squadron mates have had negative effects from Agent Orange but so far I have had none. Am registered with the VA and volunteer at the local VA hospital in their hospice area. Have 2 daughters & 4 grand kids all in Colorado. Am fairly proficient with a computer and cell phone. Have not been back to Vietnam and don't care to visit.



Plans for the Future: Retired and wish I had done it years ago.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: Great bunch of guys all dedicated to serving their country.

My Home Address: 97 Essex Rd., Summit, NJ 07901



Ken Herr and Fred Smith 2019

Peter M Hesser

Nickname: Pete

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in Stillwater, OK. Grew up in Benson AZ. Graduated from USNA

TBS Graduation: 0302

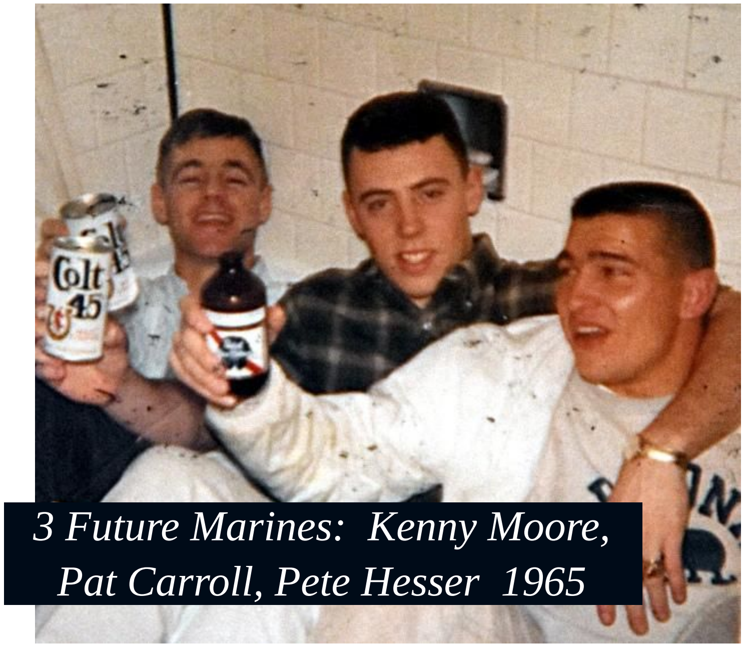
After Completing TBS: Directly to Vietnam as part of 9th MAB out of Oki. Assigned to G/2/3 along with Sam Marrone. Bruce Griesmer was assigned to H/2/3.

Vietnam Era Service: Spent entire tour in G/2/3. Eventually was CO when the Capt was killed. Most of tour was in I Corps with later part near Marble Mt.

After Vietnam: 22 years in Corps. Several assignments at HQMC, Quantico, and in the FMF

After My Initial Obligation was up: Became a CPA upon retirement from the Corps. Worked at Johns Hopkins Applied Physics Laboratory for 18 years. Later was CFO/ VP of Navy Marine Corps Relief Society from 2006-2011. Retired and moved to Southern Illinois where we live on my wife's family farm growing corn and soybeans.

My Home Address: 19839 Scobey Ln, Pittsburg, Illinois 62974



3 Future Marines: Kenny Moore, Pat Carroll, Pete Hesser 1965

Marrone, Hesser, Campaigne

Robert Hickerson

Nickname: Bob

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born in Fort Smith, AR, when my dad was mustering out after WWII, but I was raised in LaGrange IL, through high school. I competed for a regular NROTC slot and was assigned to the University of California, Berkeley, beginning September 1962. I majored in physiology, which was mostly biology and chemistry. I graduated in June 1966. I decided to try for the Marine Option, mostly because I was favorably impressed by our Marine Instructor, a Major Dunleavy (probably misspelled).

My Memories of TBS: I had to complete my Bulldog cruise after graduation due to enrolling in summer school between my Junior and Senior years. For that reason, I was part of a small group of midshipmen that was sent to start TBS before being commissioned. This allowed us to avoid a long delay between the NROTC cruise and the start of Basic Class 2-67. I believe we were only in that status for a couple of weeks (memory is vague), but it made for a very different beginning experience at the Basic School. Qualifying with the M14 rifle was another interesting TBS experience. I shot a low marksman score and had a very hard time explaining that to my father. He was an infantry officer in the National Guard in the 1930s and had been assigned to the All-National Guard shooting team for several years. Due to his influence, I was very active in international-style rifle competition throughout high school and college. I even held a few national records for a period, and due to that, my father had a hard time understanding my low qualification score. I blamed the rifle, of course, and requalified as soon as possible after leaving Basic School. I thought that the training I received in Basic School was excellent and a primary factor in any success I had later in my career. (see last paragraph).

TBS Graduation: My first choice was aviation, based upon my exposure to naval aviation during NROTC training. My first NROTC cruise was during the summer after completion of my freshman year. I was assigned to the USS Midway, which was homeported in Alameda, CA. For the entire six-week cruise the ship was conducting trials and workups off San Francisco, so I was able to spend many hours in the catwalks watching flight operations. That experience, and a follow-on NROTC trip to Pensacola, FL, between my sophomore and junior years, was more than enough to convince me that I wanted to fly. I applied and was accepted.

After Completing TBS: After TBS, I was issued orders to the Marine Aviation Detachment at Pensacola, FL. I had time for some leave, so I went skiing and visited family. When I checked into Pensacola, I found that there was a backlog of Marines awaiting training. For a few months, I was only required to muster and participate in physical training each day, leaving several hours open. Because I had heard that assignment to jet training required top-notch grades in the first six weeks of ground school and primary flight training, I obtained a copy of the ground school curriculum and worked through the entire syllabus before I even started ground school. That strategy worked, and I was assigned to Basic Jets in Meridian, MS, at the end of Primary flight training in Pensacola.

Vietnam Era Service: My basic pilot MOS training was about 15 months in length, with Advanced Jets in Kingsville, TX, following basic jets at Meridian, MS. The training cycle was intensive, with most days (including weekends) involving both instructional flights and ground or simulator training. A highlight of the training was two carrier qualifications: one in the T-2B between Basic and Advanced Jets and a second in the TF-9 Cougar toward the end of Advanced Jets. Between primary flight training in Meridian and advanced training in Kingsville, TX, I married the former Judy Marilyn Martin, a Texas girl, who is still with me after 52 years. I received my wings in a ceremony at NAS Corpus Christi on 1 July 1968. Orders to MCAS El Toro were waiting, and when I arrived at El Toro, I was assigned to VMA-214 for continued training, flying the A-4 Skyhawk. In just over four months in the Black Sheep squadron, I flew approximately 100 hours and received very intensive training in ordnance delivery.

In early January1968, I left for Chu Lai, VN, for my first combat tour which commenced soon after assignment to the VMA-223 Bulldogs. In 223 I was assigned to Operations and wrote the daily flight schedule. Because the frag for the next day's flying didn't arrive from higher headquarters until very late at night, I generally stood the overnight squadron duty. Our missions were well-suited for the Skyhawk, most often close air support (with some interdiction included). Gound duties included production and maintenance of the Squadron SOP and the Command Chronology. During August 1969, I was assigned to H&MS-11 in Da Nang to fly the Playboy mission, which was visual reconnaissance and fast-forward air control, over the

Ho Chi Minh trail in Laos. At H&MS-11, I was assigned collateral duties as S-1 Officer, and because the squadron was very large, that was a demanding job.

I went home from my first tour in VN in January 1970, and was assigned to VMA-324 in Beaufort, SC. While in 324, I was assigned as NATOPS officer to work with the team developing publications for a brand-knew model of the Skyhawk, the A-4M. The work on standardization and procedures for the new aircraft was challenging and rewarding, but the best part was being in the squadron that received the new aircraft straight out of the factory in Long Beach, CA. Skipping forward to spring 1972, I was slated for a second tour in VN, and was assigned to the Navy Carrier Air Wing 21 (CVW-21) aboard USS Hancock for the purposes of training to be a Landing Signal Officer (LSO). I joined the ship (which was already deployed) in June 1972 and was assigned to fly with VA-55. The flying was intense due to the recent Easter Offensive and primarily involved interdiction missions in the far north of VN. Hancock left Yankee Station in late September 1972, and I was fortunate to skip riding the ship to CONUS in order to ferry an A-4 home ahead of the ship.

That was the first of three TransPAC flights in the A-4. I remained with CVW-21 until September 73, after deploying for my second cruise with the ship in April 73. Because the war had ended (for us) by the time we arrived in the western Pacific, flight time and traps were hard to come by. Luckily, I was sent TAD to VMA-311 in Iwakuni, Japan, to prepare the squadron for a period of carrier qualifications. This assignment was possible because I had completed my LSO quals for the A-4 and F-8 aircraft. We were well along in the carrier landing practice, bouncing every night at Iwakuni, when the Hancock was sent on short notice to provide support to the Israeli AF prosecution of the Yom Kippur war. Because I was stuck in Iwakuni, HQMC issued orders for me to transfer to MCAS El Toro, and the squadron packed up my belongings and shipped them home.

17
1/LT. BOB HICKERSON
RESCUE
DANGER

After Vietnam: Returning to MCAS El Toro following my Navy exchange tour with CVW-21 on Hancock, I had a three-year tour with the Marine Air Weapons Training Unit - Pacific (MAWTUPAC) where I instructed in conventional and nuclear weapons delivery. That tour was followed immediately by three years as Operations Officer of VMAT-102, the A-4 training squadron at MCAS Yuma, AZ. Following that tour, I was sent to Quantico for Command and Staff College.

After My Initial Obligation was up: Out of Quantico, I returned to MCAS El Toro for assignment once again to VMA-214, this time as Operations Officer. We were slated for two unit deployments over a three-year period. After a year and a half as Ops O, I moved up to XO of the Black Sheep for a like period. Those three years, 1979 to 1982, were fast-paced and rewarding. They passed quickly, and returning from our second unit deployment, I was assigned as an instructor at the Army Command and General Staff College in Fort Leavenworth, KS . That turned out to be a short two-year tour because as a brand-new LtCol, I was sent to the Naval War College at Newport, RI, for the class of 84-85. A two-year tour in Jacksonville, FL, with 4th MAW (reserves) was next (CO, MAG-42 det A), followed by three years on the G-3 staff at FMFPac in Hawaii (87-90). I returned to Alameda, CA, for another command tour with 4th MAW (CO, MAG-42) (90-92). In 1992 I moved to New Orleans to serve as the Chief of Staff for 4th MAW. Due to a reorganization of the Marine Corps Reserve Force, I had a year as the senior active duty officer in 4th MAW. Unfortunately, after one year I was reassigned as Chief of Staff, Marine Reserve Force, where I served until I retired in July 1994 as a colonel with 28 years active service.

My Current Life: After retiring, I went to work immediately for Texas A&M University (Galveston, TX campus), managing a large DOD grant. I wanted to pursue a second career in higher education management and was looking for a way to get my foot in the door. The tour with Texas A&M accomplished that, and for three years I was exposed to university development, state and federal legislative affairs and higher-ed finances. Following that period, I moved to Austin, TX, to manage a small state agency which was part of Governor Bush's staff. I served in that position for three years (until Governor Bush left for Washington, DC, in fall 2000). At that time, I was hired by Texas Tech University to create and operate regional academic centers in West Texas. The centers were designed to offer degree and certificate programs, provide academic support services for students and offer a means of engaging communities to support Texas Tech. The job entailed working with local community governments, state and federal legislative delegations and local funding sources to provide required academic facilities and programs . I did that for ten great years, enjoying my work as much as my leisure.

Plans for the Future: Judy and I aren't active travelers . We live in Fredericksburg, TX, a small town of German heritage 75 miles west of Austin in the Texas Hill Country. The town offers an amazing array of attractions for a town of 10,000, and we have absolutely no interest in moving. Both Judy and I are involved with multiple non-profit and civic organizations, and I am as busy as I was when I was working. Judy is still working part-time, as the organist/pianist for the Methodist church. She plans to keep doing that for a few more years. I'm attempting to stay in shape, but finding that it's much more difficult at age 75. In spite of the difficulties, I engage in some physical exercise six days a week. That allows me to at least feel like I'm staying in shape.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: Looking back at TBS in light of everything that followed makes me believe that Basic School was much more important to me than I realized at the time. There's no question that it provided a base of knowledge and capabilities that later proved invaluable, in my Marine Corps career as well as my 2nd career. Just as important to me was the fact that Basic School gave me the confidence that I needed to be a Marine, a confidence which was well-developed by the time I was ready to start my second act.

My Home Address: 1222 Balcones Drive,
Fredericksburg, TX 78624

WE
5126
8
7
025

James Hintz

Nickname: Jim

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born in Sheboygan Wisconsin and grew up in eastern Wisconsin. Growing up in the 50s I watched the TV series Victory at Sea and I was impressed by the big battle ships plowing through the sea. Thus there was no hesitation when I had the opportunity to attend the University of Wisconsin (Madison) with an NROTC scholarship. While there I was on both the ROTC and University pistol teams, I also met my future wife Tori during my senior year. I selected the Marine option going into my junior year because there were no more battleships, but also based on the instructor's exercise activities, the Navy played badminton and the Marines played handball. My senior year I participated in the Flight indoctrination program and got my private pilot's license. I graduated and was commissioned in August of 66 and headed straight to Quantico.

My Memories of TBS: At Basic school I roomed with Chris Jameson. Strange as it may seem my favorite experience was the O-course and amphibious landing exercise. I later had an opportunity to go back as a pilot and transport midshipmen ashore in a similar exercise. My least favorite memories were the 3 day war in January and the apparent over supply of green peppers stuffed with Spanish rice which I think we had twice a week for lunch in the mess for an extended period. My closest buddy at TBS was probably Andy Haglage and I subsequently met his brother at the Marble Mountain O-club the day after Andy's crash.

TBS Graduation: Upon Basic School Graduation I was destined for Flight school but sent back to U Wisconsin for a couple of weeks of recruiting first. Walking around the Madison campus in Blues during 1967 was not optimal duty. I reported in to Pensacola in March but didn't start preflight until late April due to an oversupply of Marines vs the class quotas. I got my wings in late May of 68 and headed back to Wisconsin to marry Tori, my now wife of 50 years. Our honeymoon consisted of a two day drive to New River NC where I was assigned to HMM 261 to transition to the H-46.

Vietnam Era Service: I got to Vietnam in October 68 and joined HMM 364 the "Purple Foxes" at Phu Bai.

The squadron moved down to Marble mountain in Dec of 68. The tour high light was flying the Bob Hope show around for 2 days Christmas of 68. I had the Gold Diggers on my bird and got to make a couple of landings on the New Jersey where they did a show there. I flew something over 700 missions and lost a couple of aircraft, one to enemy fire and one mechanical. The best lessons learned was always have multiple contingency plans.

After Vietnam: I returned stateside Nov of 69 with orders back to Pensacola as an instructor but received a change of orders while on leave. Due to the cutbacks, apparently they needed fewer instructors, so I was sent to MCAS Yuma, AZ were I ended up as custodian of the recreation fund (i.e. The money side of special services). After two years of that I was ready to get out, so I resigned Jan of 72. As a point of interest CH 46 Bureau # 153369 which I flew at Marble Mountain in 1969 is currently in the museum at Dulles, bound eventually for Quantico.

My Current Life: As a civilian I got a master's degree in finance and worked with investment operations, record-keeping, and trade clearing, retiring in 2006. I am still married after 50 years and have 2 daughters. One is a business analyst living about 50 miles away, the other teaches at Johns Hopkins DC campus for Advanced International Studies.

Plans for the Future: Retirement keeps me busy. Winters I curl and do volunteer teaching of curling to high school gym classes. Summers are spent in my vegetable garden, playing senior softball and fishing. I am working on fishing in every state.

J. Clarke Houston

Nickname: Clarke

My Life Before Attending TBS: I graduated from Colorado State University in 1966 with a Bachelor of Science in Business Administration with minors in Economics and Sociology. I was commissioned through the PLC Program.

My Memories of TBS: I went through TBS as a unmarried member of C-2-67 and then to the Communications Officer Course in Quantico.

TBS Graduation: Communications Officer ... 2502

Vietnam Era Service: I went to FMFWESTPAC and into Vietnam on May 15th, 1967. I am a decorated combat veteran of the Vietnam War and a survivor of the first TET Offensive and of the 77 day siege of the Khe Sanh Combat Base in 1968. I served with Ist MAW - MWCS-1 as CO and concurrently of the Radio and Radio Relay Platoons with fixed base and backpack radio equipment and personnel for Forward Air Base Operations, and the Close Air Support Teams throughout I Corps.

After Vietnam: I returned from Vietnam on June 5th 1968. I served my last 18 months of active duty aboard MCRD-San Diego . Linda M. Jorgensen and I were married on October 20, 1968. I chose not to be retained on active duty beyond my three (3) year tour of duty.

After My Initial Obligation was up: I have been an Independent Insurance Broker my entire professional career. I hold the three professional designations of CLU (Chartered Life Underwriter), CPCU (Chartered Property & Casualty Underwriter) and ARM (Associate in Risk Management). I also have had an extensive avocational career in the volunteer sector serving in positions of fiduciary trust and leadership on the local, state, and national levels. In 1992, I ran for the Colorado State legislature being narrowly defeated by my opponent - Diana DeGette - who is now serving as a long term Congresswoman. My wife Linda and I have two married sons. Greg (45) – A graduate of the University of Colorado - is a Licensed and Board Certified Architect and a full-time Professor of Architectural Design. Jason (42) – is a Command Pilot of the F-15E-Strike Eagle fighter aircraft. A graduate of the USAFA - his current rank is that of Lieutenant Colonel. Jason will be installed as Squadron Commander of the 336th Fighter Squadron, 4th Tactical Fighter Wing this April. He has flown 100 combat missions in Afghanistan. Our Daughters-in-law – Sherri and Mary - are two highly accomplished and professional young women who have blessed us with four grandchildren. Isabella (12), Mackenzie (11), Samantha (6) and Alexander (5).

My Current Life: I am now gratefully retired.

Plans for the Future: We own a family cabin deep in the Rocky Mountains 35 miles from Denver. We have traveled broadly in the United States and Europe and intend to continue our travels so long as we are able to travel. I enjoy fly fishing and other outdoor activities and reading military and U.S. History.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: I enjoyed the Leadership training and subsequent leadership experiences.

My Home Address: 7577 East Ellsworth Avenue,
Denver, CO 80230

Christopher P. Jameson

Nickname: Chris

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born In Long Beach, Ca. the youngest of two children. We lived about two blocks from the beach and we spent a good deal of time there. My father worked for Douglas Aircraft Co. and my mother was a stay at home mom. We moved to Walnut Creek in northern California in late 1948 when my father got a new job opportunity. It was a great place to live as a kid because I could roam the hills, orchards, and creeks and have a good time with my friends. My father changed jobs and we moved to Castro Valley, Ca. I got my first job outside the home at age nine as a paperboy for the Oakland Tribune. I also played sports in school. In late 1955, my father was promoted and we moved to Dallas, Texas. In Dallas, got another job throwing papers for the Dallas Morning News as well as washing cars and mowing lawns to make money. I attended Thomas Jefferson High School . While in school, I ran cross country, ran track, and worked on the school newspaper as a sports writer. During this time, my father was laid off from his job and my mother went to work as an administrative assistant to help support the family. My sister was in nursing school in Dallas. My parents thought it would be a good idea if I went into the service to get my enlistment out of the way.

One of my paper customers was a retired BG in Marine aviation by the name of Max Volcansek who suggested to my parents that I go in the Marine Corps. I didn't know much about them other than what was in some books and what I had heard from General Volcansek. I joined the Marine Corps on a 120 day delay program so I could finish high school and graduate in June, 1960. I attended boot camp at the MCRD in San Diego, Ca as a member of platoon 250. Upon completion of boot camp and ITR at Camp Pendleton, I was assigned to A-1-11, an artillery battery, as a radio operator. During the time I was a member of the battery, we made live fire exercises at 29 Palms, Ca and landings from ships off shore at Pendleton. I knew I wanted to go to college and I had mentioned it to our battery education officer. I had mentioned trying to get an NROTC scholarship and he said he would keep it in mind. A few weeks later just as we were getting ready for a 20 mile hike, he asked me if I wanted to take the test for NAPS as practice for the NROTC exam. I wasn't sure I wanted to go to NAPS, but he said it could be considered practice for the NROTC test and I would miss the hike. I chose the test. While at the Division Prep School, I met Bill McBride. We both passed the exam and ended up at NAPS in Bainbridge, Md. While at NAPS, I met Helmuts Feifs, Jack Richards, Sam Marrone, Guy Pete, Bill Cowan, Ron Hartnett, and others. We were accepted into the class of 1966. During my time at Navy, I got to sail on the square rigged ship, USCG Eagle with Bill McBride during youngster summer, be a member of the plebe detail during second class summer, run company cross country, be a member of the Foreign Affairs Club, be the Company Commander of the 16th Company, and graduate with a BS degree with a social science major. After graduation, I served on the plebe detail as a Marine Officer with Bill McBride and Helmuts Feifs who were my roommates.

My Memories of TBS: While at TBS, I was in the second platoon which was guided by Captain Brickley. I was not married and I went to Washington DC on a regular basis. I changed roommates and I ended up with an NROTC Lt. By the name of Hutcheson who went Marine Air. Bill Foss and Wally Henderson were across the hall from us. I remember Mess night and the tactics platoon exercises which were a lot of fun. I thought the staff officers were pretty sharp bunch of men. My company mates were very motivated, smart, and very capable young officers.

TBS Graduation: I was assigned the artillery MOS which was my first choice. I was sent to Fort Sill, Ok. for artillery school. The class was smaller and I got to know Mark Campaign, Tom Gay, Steve Gardner, and Hugh Ronalds. I enjoyed my time at the school, but I did not enjoy the town of Lawton.

Vietnam Era Service: Before leaving CONUS, I stopped in San Francisco for a couple of days. I met Bill McBride and we walked around the Haight Ashbury district with our Marine haircuts. It was interesting. We got a lot of looks. I arrived in Da Nang in early May, 1967. I was assigned to HQ. Battery, 4th BN, 12th Marines as a Fire Direction Officer. Later I was transferred to K Btry, 3rd Bn, 12th Marines. My duties included being a Forward Observer, Fire Direction Officer, and Motor Transport Officer. Later, I was moved to HQs. Bty to be S-2, assistant S-3, and Liaison Officer on operations with the First ARVN Division. My boss, Major Vaughn, taught me a lot about planning and the use of artillery. We were outside Quang Tri City when we got hit during TET. Later, I was moved to the Cua Viet River area during the battle of Dai Do. I went to Australia for R&R and my trip buddy was Bill McBride who was in Recon.

After Vietnam : My duty assignment when I returned to CONUS was as a weapons instructor at TBS. I taught mortars and other small arms. Pete Hesser was also on the staff. I decided to go back to school and started taking night classes at George Washington University as did Pete Hesser. I completed my masters degree in International Commerce in August, 1970. I liked teaching at TBS and the men I met there. Major Mastrion, my boss, was a great leader and a good teacher.

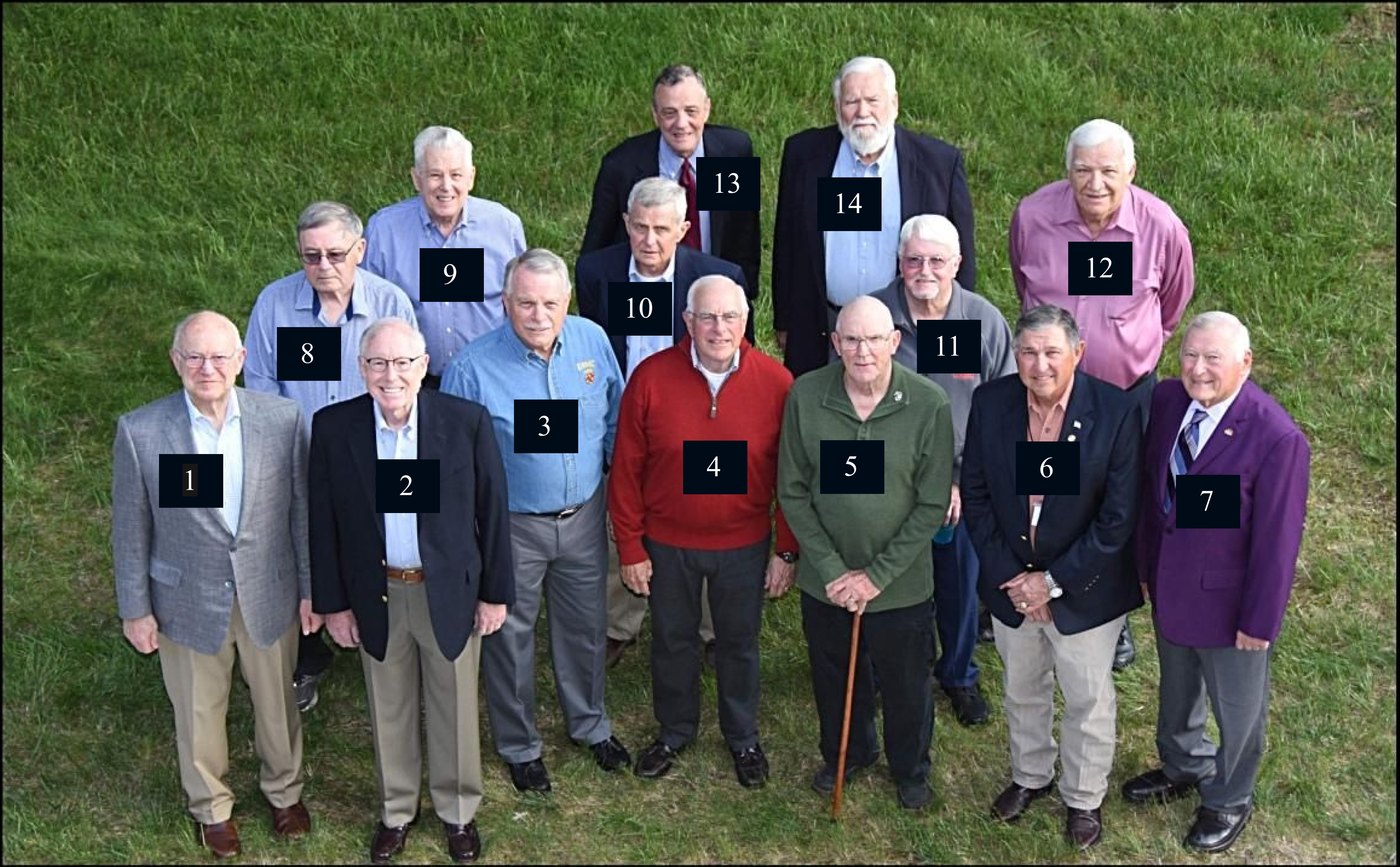
After My Initial Obligation was up: I left active duty in August, 1970 to return to Dallas, Texas to attend SMU Law School. While in law school I got a job in a Mexican restaurant because I was broke. I also rejoined the Reserve unit in Dallas. Eventually I became CO of Delta Btry, 2nd Bn, 14th Marines for two years. It was a great job. I left the reserves in 1975 because I needed to spend time on my law practice and with my family. I graduated from law school in May, 1973 and got my law license in Sept.,1973. I met Sheila Maureen Rohan in the fall of 1974 and we married on May 24, 1975. Sheila worked as a counselor at the Dallas County Community College District. We have two sons, Chris born in 1976, and Matt born in 1979. I went to work for a sole practitioner after law school in 1973 and tried my first jury trial six days after getting my law license. My practice in the early years involved business litigation, domestic relations cases, probate cases, juvenile cases, mental illness appointment cases, criminal defense matters, workman compensation cases, personal injury cases, and a corporate practice that included reviewing and drafting contracts, forming corporations, and working on mergers. I was busy and it has been interesting. During this time, Sheila went back to school and obtained her PhD in Marriage and Family Studies at Texas Woman's University. She has been in a marriage and individual therapy practice for nearly 40 years. I formed my own firm in March, 1977 and it grew into what is now known as Jameson and Dunagan PC.

In addition to the practice of law, I have spent time in community activities. These have included being a member and president of the North Dallas Optimist Club, a member and Vice President of the USNA Alumni Association of North Texas, a board member of the Dallas Council on Alcoholism and Drug Abuse, a board member and chairman of the board of The Dallas Lighthouse for the Blind, a member and founding president of the Dallas chapter of Legatus (Catholic CEO organization), a youth soccer coach for Chris and Matt, a member and President of the LAX Booster Club for Jesuit College Prep, Chairman of the Jesuit Challenge Drive and a member of the parish counsel and finance committee for St Rita Catholic Community in Dallas. Sheila headed up the Jesuit Auction the same year I headed up the challenge drive. Both Chris and Matt attended and graduated from the University of Kansas where both were president of their Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity. Chris graduated from the University of Tulsa Law School, and Matt graduated from DePaul University Law school. Chris is practicing law with our firm. He is married to Kelly Hixson Jameson who is a therapist in private practice working with teenagers. She has a PhD from Texas Women's University in marriage and family. They have three children: Miles(11), Peyton Elizabeth(9), and Towers(6) who attend St. Rita Catholic School in Dallas. Matt is practicing with our firm and he is married to Betty Tran Jameson, a graduate of Texas A &M University, who is a computer specialist working for Century Link. They have a son, Noah Tran Jameson, who was born on Christmas Day, 2018.

My Current Life: I have cut back on my hours and I am considering some new endeavors. I am grateful for my time, training, and experiences I received in the Marine Corps. I am also grateful for having the opportunity to meet so many great individuals in my service travels. They changed me, challenged me, and help shape me into the person I am today. Semper Fi !

My Home Address: 4333 Fawnhollow Drive, Dallas, Texas 75244

2nd Platoon TBS Class 2-67

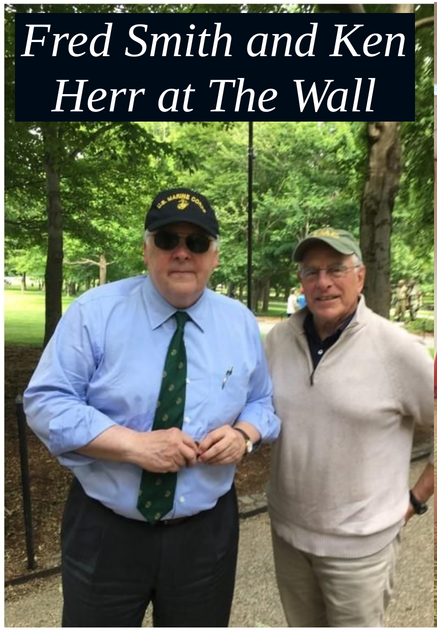


1. Tom Gay
2. Chris Jameson
3. Ted Hart
4. Ken Herr
5. Gary Gruhl
6. Pete Hesser
7. Don Esmond
8. Ron Hartnett

May 16, 2019

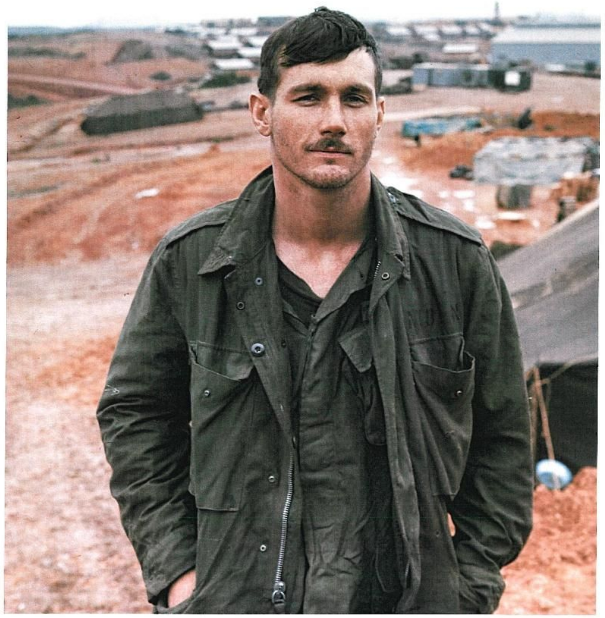
9. Bill Pedersen
10. Jim Hintz
11. Raleigh Griffiths
12. Scott Gray
13. Carl Fulford
14. Helmuts Feifs

Wally Henderson and Friend



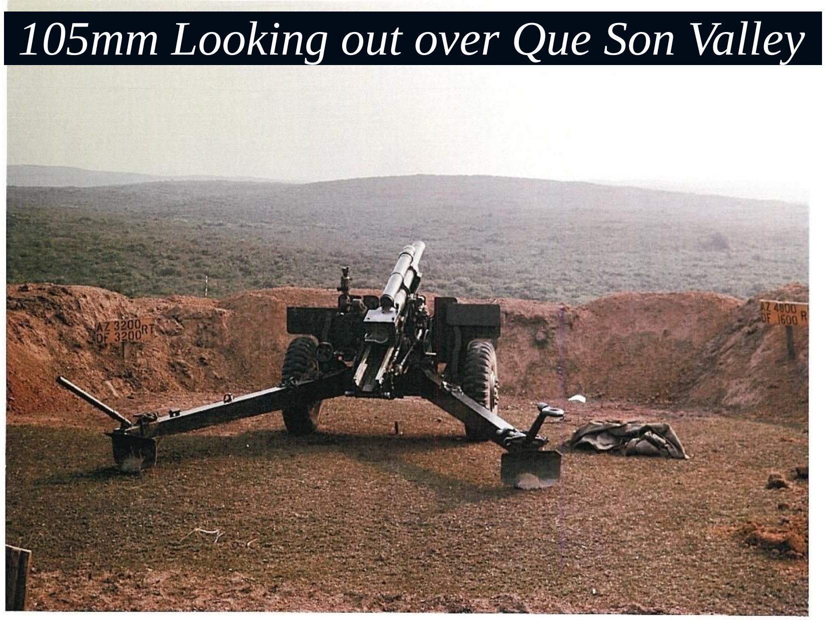
Fred Smith and Ken Herr at The Wall

Carl Fulford



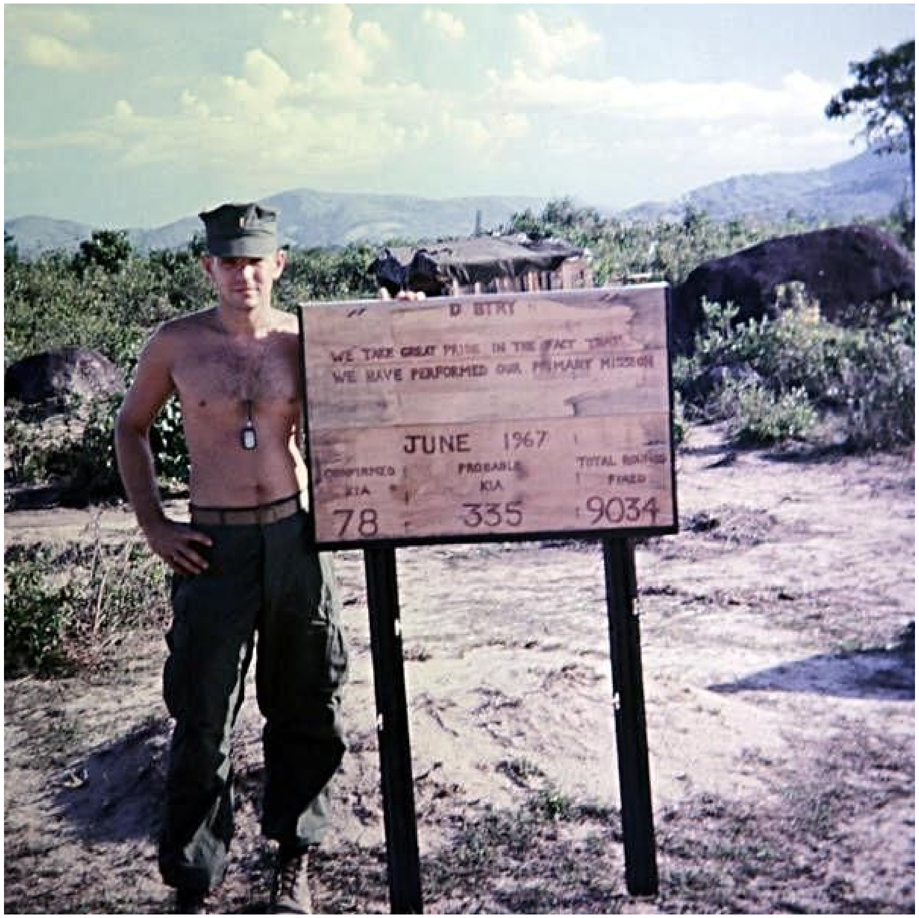
Stan Holmes

Rob Fulford



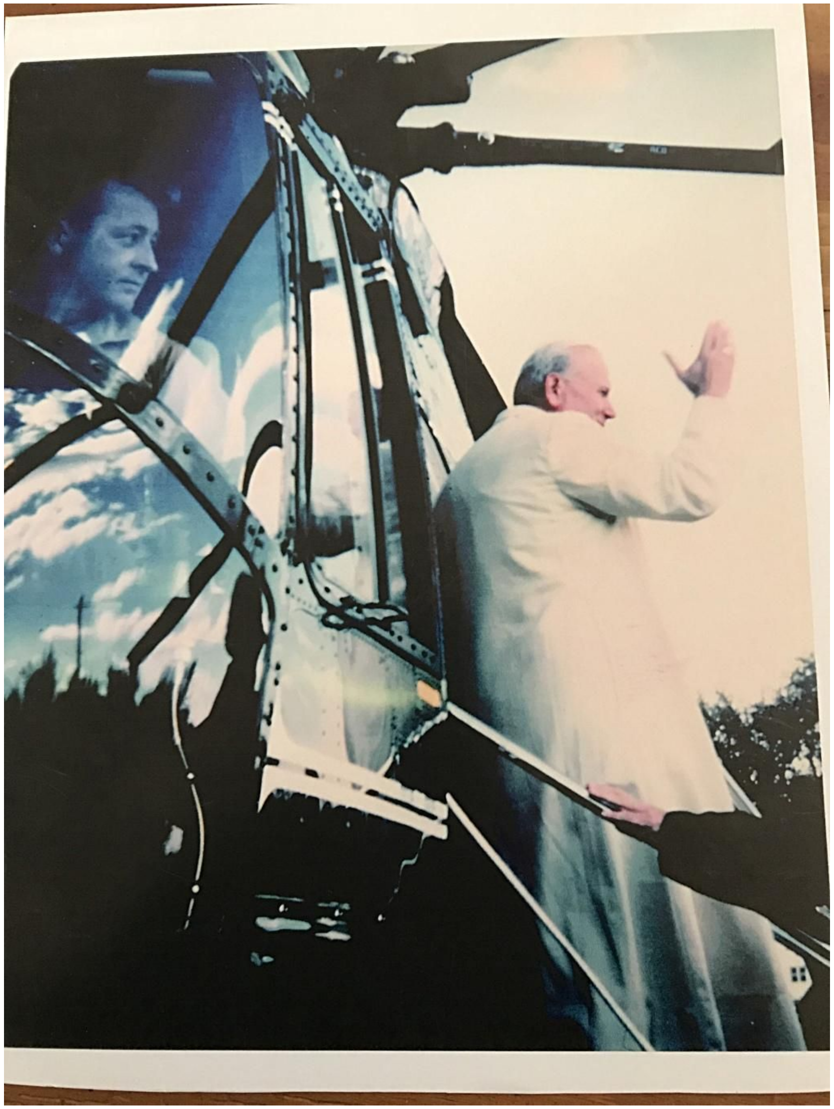
105mm Looking out over Que Son Valley

Second Platoon


D BTRY
WE TAKE GREAT PRIDE IN THE FACT THAT
WE HAVE PERFORMED OUR PRIMARY MISSION
JUNE 1967
CONFIRMED KIA
78
PROBABLE KIA
335
TOTAL ROUNDS FIRED
9034

Above: Tom Gay at Delta Battery Location

Right: Hank Giedzinski Flying the Pope

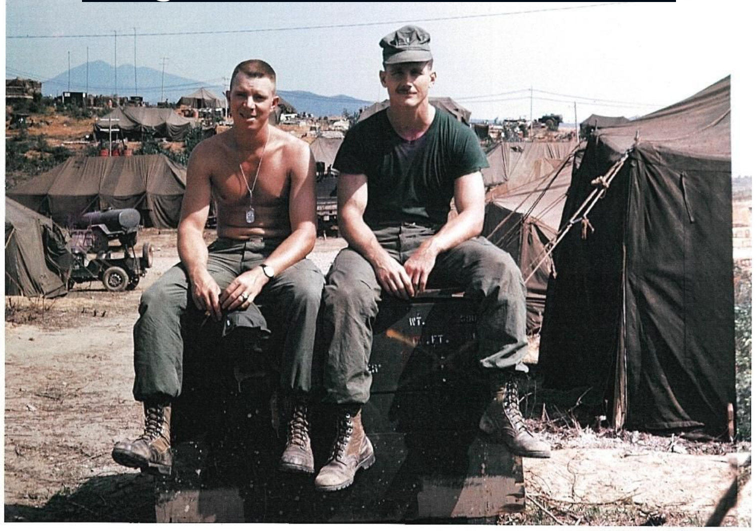


Toby and his Cousin, Peter W. Johnson. Peter was KIA 8 Feb '68

COMPANY
3D RE
ALFA
CO

Chris Jameson and Bill McBride Phu Bai '67

Hugh Ronalds and Stan Holmes



Second Platoon

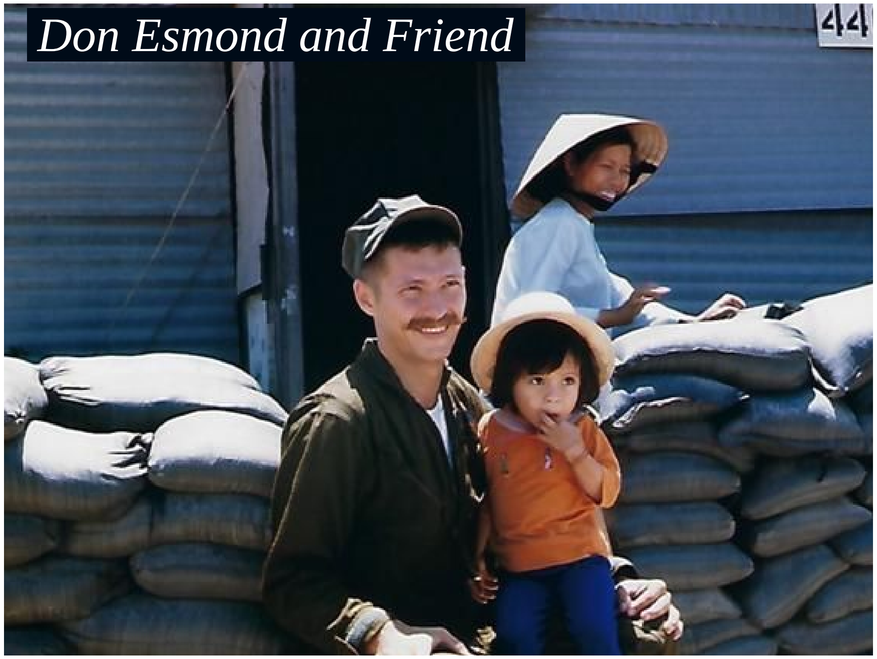
UL and LL: Don Esmond, Purple Foxes

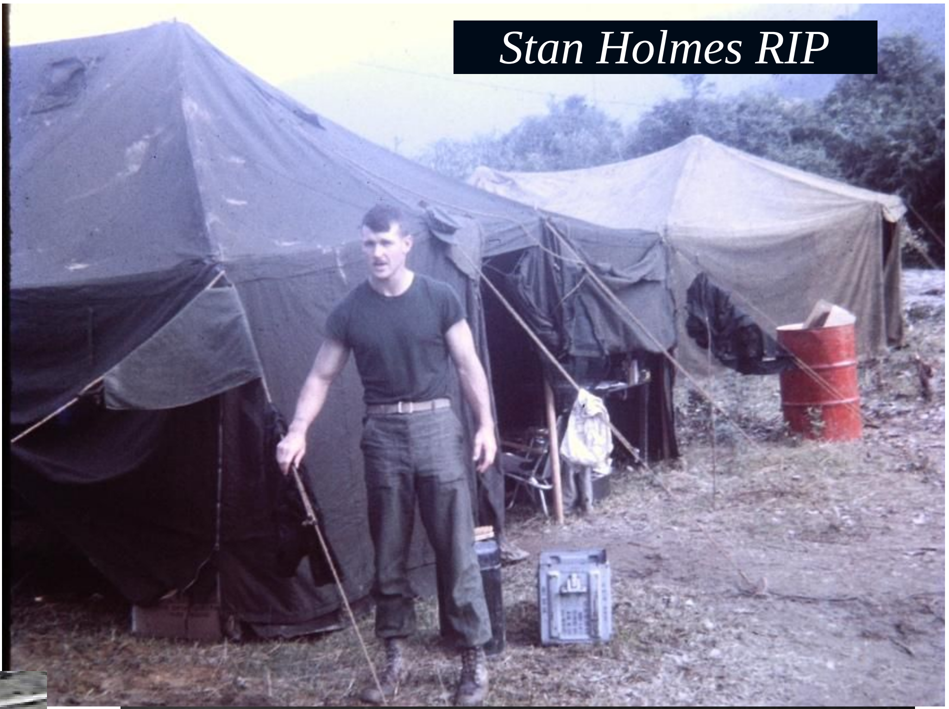
UR: Chris Jameson

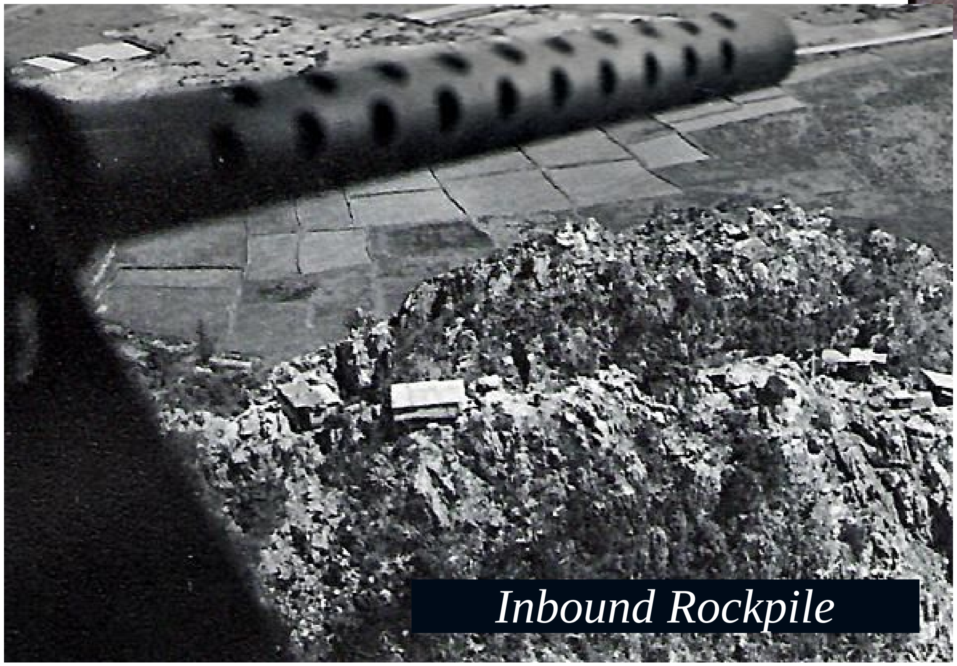
LR: Bill Hayter

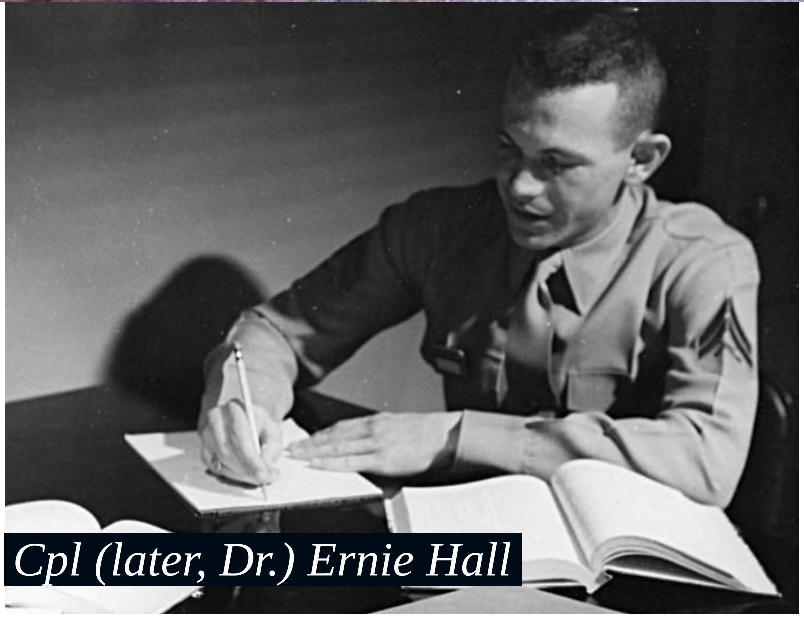
Below: Bruce Heitz

Second Platoon


Don Esmond and Friend


Stan Holmes RIP


Inbound Rockpile


Cpl (later, Dr.) Ernie Hall

Continuation of Toby Grigg's Story....

I wanted to keep flying if I could. There was another unit in Da Nang that was flying reconnaissance missions over into Laos. The job was to look for North Vietnamese military units moving men and equipment along the Ho Chi Minh trail in Laos and when spotting them, to call in available air units to attack them to make their job harder than it already was. This unit was officially known as Headquarters & Maintenance Squadron 11, HAMS 11 for short. Their call sign was "Playboy". They were operating TA-4F Skyhawks, a two-seat version of the A-4 originally meant to be a training jet. I showed up at their Operations Office and introduced myself and told them I wanted to fly with them, when not fragging at Wing Headquarters. Boy Howdy they were eager to suit me up and train me and put me into the cycle of flying these missions because they were short of pilots. So, that's what I did for the second half of my tour in Vietnam, that and fragging missions for the grunts when it was my shift at G-3. As a side story before I get into those missions, the OpsO turned out to be Larry Atkinson, who was a lacrosse player at Hobart College, while I was a lacrosse player at Colgate. He graduated a year ahead of me but in my junior year I played defense against Larry and he was one hell of a good attackman . He got one goal on me and I knocked his a*s down several times during that game. It was a tough game and Hobart won, by a goal. But when I told him in Da Nang I was the defenseman against him in 1965 at Colgate it was a bonding moment.

Anyway, back to Playboy Operations. It wasn't long and I was flying missions over the hill into Laos on a frequent basis, not every day, but at least 4 or 5 a week. Some days we saw nothing. Some days it was almost like an LA freeway. To do this job we had to fly low and fast. The Laotian jungle was triple layer canopy so in order to see anything on the ground you had to get pretty darned low . So you stayed fast. And you didn't fly straight and level. You were always zigging and zagging, never wings level. And you learned not to be flying in a repetitive pattern, 5 seconds going left, 5 seconds going right, so as to make it easier for the enemy gunners to hit you. After I'd been doing this for about 2 months and had been designated as aircraft command pilot, it was late November and I had a backseater, John Nellor, who was really a Radar Intercept Officer (RIO) in F-4 Phantoms and had been reassigned to a Wing Job like me. We were taking close looks at the road construction project going on along the southern end of our operating area and were about 100 to 200 feet above the ground doing about 450 knots.

We came around a bend in the road close to a large rise in the terrain (not a mountain but about a several hundred foot rise from the road level below) and there were 2 men standing there, one in dark green and the other in much lighter green uniforms. The one in darker green had a cap on and I could see red trim on it. So I guessed he was a Chinese officer while the other one in no hat was either Vietnamese or a junior soldier to the other.

We came up on them so fast and as we passed them they jumped into a hole (like a tunnel entrance) on the side of this hill and disappeared. Wow! I thought. That was interesting. And we continued on up the trail and me telling John to make note of this sighting for the Intel debriefing. As we continued north toward an area known as Tchepon, where there was a crossing ford on the river by the same name, we could see patches of roadway through the trees to the ground below, a dirt road carved in the jungle. Pretty soon we could see we were getting close to Tchepon so we increased speed and descended to about 100 to 150 feet above the terrain and kept weaving back and forth in irregular cycles. I could see the river crossing up ahead about a mile and not wanting to cross directly over the crossing I deviated to the east slightly still keeping up the weave and crossed the road which was in a fairly open valley now southeast of the crossing. At the moment we crossed the road I could see a long line of trucks, some on this side of the river, some on the northwest side across the river. I counted 7, one of which was in the middle of the river. At that same moment I saw a flash out the right corner of my eye and as I turned my head I saw a stream of anti-aircraft rounds coming at me, but would pass behind me to my left. Just to be sure I went full power and banked hard right taking me away from the source of the gunfire. At that point I decided we needed to see if we could get some air power over here and hit those targets of opportunity. We contacted Hillsboro Airborne Control for air to work our situation but it was not meant to be that day. So we prepared to make an individual attack to harass and interdict.

With 2 pods of Zuni rockets to use and the late afternoon sun at about the 10 o'clock point in the sky I maneuvered the aircraft around to the northwest of the gun system and approached the target area at treetop height until I perceived I was about a mile southwest of the gun position then popped up into about a 30 degree climb keeping an eye to the northeast looking for the gun. As I reached about 5000 feet I did a hard left roll over the top and at that time we saw the camouflage cover come off the gun and all we had to do was roll hard left into a 20 degree dive pointed at the gun pit. Master arm ON I continued rolling left to put the nose of the aircraft on the gun, and rocket stations set to ON. I was passing down through 5000 feet with the aiming reticle on the gun and the gunner started spewing rounds...all of them passing below the nose of the aircraft.

Passing 3000 feet above target I squeezed the trigger on the front of the control stick 4 times- 1 apple 2 apple 3 apple 4 apple – with each squeeze came 2 Zunis out of their pods screaming towards the gun pit. As the last two rockets left the launcher I started a pullup towards level flight, broke right, then left and as the nose was almost coming level I broke hard right again and could see as the gun in the camouflaged pit below the first impacts going right into the gun pit itself and the gunners trying to scramble out of there before the rockets destroyed them. I continued in a right hand turn to the southeast leveling off at treetop height and planned to keep it that way for the next several minutes to insure we were clear of other weapons positions. Checking in with John in the back he said it looked good and couldn't see anything on the outside of the aircraft that looked damaged. I asked if he had the coordinates and answered back "affirmative". Down to just about 2400 pounds fuel I said we are bingo, switch us over to Hillsboro and advise we going R-T-B (return to base).

I was having so much fun I asked to transfer from USMCR commission to USMC. On 12DEC69 they came through and I became Captain and Regular same time. Back to the office fragging job and several more flights over the Ho Chi Minh trail. President Nixon decided to pull a lot of units out of country and Col.Lamar told me it was my turn to go and reassigned me to VMA-223 to TransPac the squadron back to El Toro. So on 6 Feb 70 I reported to 223 in Chu Lai and we were out of country 2 days after that. Stops in Cubi Point, Guam, Midway, Kaneohe then El Toro and my war was over. The books say 286 combat missions, averaged about 26 sorties a month. Received Navy Commendation Medal from Col. Lamar for my work in the "barrel" which was greatly appreciated. But, I've only told part of the story. Next: MCAS Cherry Point, 2nd MAW revisited.

After Vietnam: Arrived back at El Toro with orders in hand to report to MCAS Cherry Point by mid March. Said adios to my TransPac buddies, caught a flight east to Meridian, picked up Ginger and JJ. Spent some time with the Griggs family in Tampa. Arriving Cherry Point 14MAR70 was assigned to VMAT-203, the A-4 training squadron, Lt. Col. Frank Williams Commanding. Duty: Assistant Flight Officer. Training new pilots just out of flight school, from the the Naval mill as well as the Air Force system. Boy Howdy, those USAF trained Marines were led the wrong way and wrong attitude compared to how Marines work. HUGE! adjustments had to be made, both ways. But, eventually got ironed out. While in RVN I had read in Naval Aviation News (monthly magazine) that the Corps was buying the Harrier, a different kind of jet attack aircraft that could "hover" and do very short take-offs and landings. The more I read the more I wanted into that program. "Fat chance!" they all said. But, lo and behold, an ALMAR came out in June looking for a "volunteer" to become OIC VMA-513 CADRE, the squadron chosen to give up its F-4 Phantoms and become the first AV-8A Harrier squadron. I volunteered, got interviewed, got selected.

Most of my A-4 chums thought I was nuts. Guess what...many of them came to fly "the Jet" as we later named it. So, no sooner did I get transferred (20JUN70) and got started with dismantling the Phantom related materials and assigning jobs to the 5 NCO's 3 Captains assigned as helpers, I learned the program was to be transferred to MCAS Beaufort, SC. Believe it or not, they were going to drop us all from the job and pick someone in Beaufort to become the OIC Cadre. Had several conversations why I should be staying with the program, with MAG-14 CO, and Group Aircraft Maintenance Officer, and they relinquished, and we went to Beaufort 14 Oct 7.

Once there and allowed to participate by the Group CO MAG-32 in the weekly "CO's" meetings I was the "bad guy" trying to interest some of the pilots in other squadrons to think about coming over to the Harriers. Just doing my job. Acting as interim for the-soon to arrive-new CO, Lt.Col. Bud Baker, and XO, Maj. Bill Scheuren, with lots of assistance from Maintenance Officer Capt. "Speedy"Gonzalves and the senior NCO's he brought in, we had the squadron on pretty good footing to start bringing in and training pilots. The first Harriers arrived by C-9 transports, in boxes, and had to be unpacked and re-assembled. 10 pilots were selected as the first cadre to train, me included. Bobby Light was also . Others included Sid Holmes, Del Weber, Gary Bain, and Larry Kennedy. We also had a sailor, Navy Lt. Bud Orr. Our instructors were the CO, XO, Maj. Harry Blot, and Maj. Bud Iles (all of them Pax River Test Pilot grads) in addition to an RAF Sqdrn. Ldr. Bruce Latton, and USAF Maj. Bud Hall. What a crew! What fun we had. First flights, after 3 weeks of ground schooling, took place in May of '71. By September we were landing and taking off from the deck of USS Guam.

In the next 3 years we did weapons testing at NAS China Lake, twice. We conducted combat simulation exercises at Camp LeJeune from a short (1,000 feet) metal runway and landed and took off from roads on that base. A Detachment Bravo was formed under Maj. Iles with 8 of us operating off the Guam at sea, as far north as the Faroe Islands northwest of Scotland, in winter weather. We launched in good and awful weather and returned to ship safely, again and again. We got buzzed by Russian Bear and Badger bombers, at sea level. We launched in less than a mile visibility and climbed to intercept Bears and Badgers at 28,000 feet. We worked with Navy anti-sub helos to simulate killing Russian subs many miles from the ship, day and night. We put the Harrier through our Marine Corps ropes so to speak. By July, 1975 it was declared deployable to WestPac. So, we went. On July 8th, 1975 we flew 20 Harriers aboard USS Tripoli off San Diego, and with two-thirds of the squadron and sailed off to Iwakuni, Japan. Arriving 28 days later we launched all 20 aircraft in roughly 35 minutes and arrived at MCAS Iwakuni.

Over the next year we trained at ranges in South Korea, the Philippines and Okinawa. As Saigon was about to fall we were ordered to load up and taxi to the runway and hold, at Kadena AFB, ready to launch to South Vietnam. After 30 minutes waiting, we were told to stand down. In the next month we turned over the Squadron to incoming replacements from VMA-542, the second Harrier squadron. Returning from Iwakuni in June, 1975, I was ordered to Cherry Point, again. Assigned to (again) VMAT-203, now the primary training squadron for Harriers, as well as the A-4 Skyhawk. Having spent the previous 4 years (VMA-513) in assistant aircraft maintenance positions, I was assigned Assistant Maintenance Officer as a senior captain. This squadron, and the entire stateside Harrier community, had suffered badly during our absence from the states. Many accidents, several pilot deaths, had made for paranoia throughout.

The CO of the training squadron was not keen to the idea that the Harrier was a different kind of aircraft. "Just another jet" was his opinion. Trying to keep his head above water was his goal, his style. I was coached vehemently by the Ops O and others of my peers not to deal with the CO's "problem", as they put it. They wanted to handle it their way. So, listening to the CO during 'All Pilots' Meetings I realized the boss didn't have a clue about some of the flying characteristics of the jet. So, liberal arts college I was sprung from, I took it upon myself to try to talk with him. (I thought I could “help” him.) After all, I did have over 600 hours in the Harrier and knew it pretty well. So, inviting myself into his office politely I asked if we could have some discussion about the nature of the aircraft, that with my 4 plus years flying it I might be of help to him

in how to deal with some of its quirks.
Not too keen he was on my taking this "offensive" approach he listened to what I had to say for a short period of time. "Sir, the Harrier flies like an A-4 in regular flight but with a lot more power in your hands. However, when in slow flight nozzles down, like in a landing approach, it can be tricky especially in a crosswind situation. You can't keep the nose pointed down the runway and dip the wing into the crosswind like you can with an A-4. You have to keep an eye on the weather vane and try to keep it straight ahead using the rudder pedals. Wings level. All the way to touchdown, whether in a roll-on landing or in a hover to vertical landing. I know that goes against everything you learned years ago but it's this way in this jet. You let the vane get too far left or right and the plane will flip and crash and you will die." At that he burst out of his chair and told me that was all "b*$^#hit". "No plane can fly like that. I have been flying jets for 20 plus years and I know better . Now get the hell out of my office and go help get these jets flying.!!" I told him okay, thanks for giving me the time, and asked him to think about it and ask Major Gibson, who was the Operations Officer and had over a thousand hours in the Harrier, if what I said has merit. The next week he called me into his office and told me that he had just gotten back from the Group CO's weekly Commanders' Meeting and he had to give me up. I was being transferred to VMA-542 down the street.

Turned out to be a good deal for me. 542 had been flown into the ground, so to speak, by its previous CO and had difficulty getting enough UP aircraft to fly a training schedule. I was assigned to the Aircraft Maintenance Officer, Maj. Bill Spicer, and it turned out to be another great opportunity to do a good job and help put them back in the air. With their capability at that time to rarely get more than 2 aircraft up to fly a training schedule we set to work to remedy that situation. Five months later we put 25 Harriers into the air at the same time and made a low altitude fly-by of the airbase at 100 feet above the runway. Gangbusters!

In October 1977 while still at VMA-542 and having just returned from a Yuma Deployment (we took 20 Harriers out there) the major's selection list came out and I was passed over. Bad day in BlackRock for me, for sure. All that work and no reward. Why? My CO at VMA-513, the first Harrier squadron, had been marking our fitness reports in a manner he thought would urge us to improve our "demeanor" in our jobs. Some guys are naturally "quiet" and just go about their jobs. Some guys are more open and inquisitive and ask questions, bring up ideas that might enhance or improve how things get done. I am the latter. Unfortunately for me, the selection board saw that trait as "not a team player". I swallowed my pride and made a trip to HQMC to sit down with 3 board members and examined my jacket with them. A Colonel and two Majors. The Colonel saw right away one of the reasons- I "hadn't been to AWS".... Long pause...and "spent too much in the FMF, no significant staff time". I let it sink in and after several more candid and cultural remarks I thanked them for their time and well-informed candor and took my leave, headed back to home base. Then I learned I had to leave my job at VMA-542 and take a

Staff job at Group Headquarters, Group Aviation NATOPS Standardization Officer. Gave it a go for about a month. The Group CO, Col. Frank Peterson was a good listener and good coach. Told him my concerns and that I felt "betrayed", let down. VMA-513 was returning from WestPAC to Yuma.

There was the Detachment Bravo at Cherry Point that was going to be disbanded and the aircraft flown to Yuma to join the returning squadron. I asked to be transferred to them. He obliged me. (I will always be grateful to Gen. Frank Peterson for allowing that transfer. [Sidenote: Several years later at the airport in St. Louis I ran into Frank Peterson, now a General of Marines, while walking to my gate between flights. He knew me right away and with that big smile of his stuck out his hand, called me by my first name and "How the hell you doing?" Had a good chat both ways for about 15 minutes, standing there in the corridor with lots of folks going both ways to catch flights and parted with a handshake and a slap on my back. God bless Frank Peterson.] After two and a half years at Cherry Point we moved to Yuma during November, 1976. In Yuma Lt. Col. "Bobby" Reed relinquished command to Lt. Col. Rich Hearney and Maj, Jim Sabo took the reins as X.O. I was assigned as S-4 Logistics Officer and it was game on. Received promotion to Major 770801 (thank you very much) and for the next 18 months it was training, old guys, new young guys, and Marines at Twenty-nine Palms using Close Air Support with Harriers. Multiple deployments. Low level, terrain masking attack methods tried, improved on, and re-tried, many many times. We all knew war in the Middle East was inevitable.

On the home front Ginger was pregnant. "Chip", was born March 21, 1978. The CO "asked" me to take the job of Deputy O.I.C. Det "Alfa" deploying to Kadena AFP, Okinawa, in the Spring, 1978. Major Pete Wallis ("Gator") was assigned O.I.C. Per "Skipper" instructions, "I am counting on you to keep Pete safe." Pete had a history. That' all I will say. Luckily, the CO allowed me to deploy after my son was born. So three weeks to the day after his birth I was on a USAF flight to "The Rock" out of San Bernardino. Life at Kadena was pretty cool. We had 6 AV-8A's, 13 pilots, 30 maintenance Marines, huge (USAF) hangar, shared with USN support unit servicing C-9 transports and occasional Navy jets diverted to shore for maintenance. Lived in the BOQ. A practice target 10 minutes flight time from Kadena-practice bombs, strafing and rockets. The "ville" just outside the gate loved our business. Mama-sans did our laundry. The O'Club liked our business and we learned to get along with the USAF weenies. Bottle rocket duels were common between our wing of BOQ rooms and the transport weenies' wing, 20 yards to our west. We had in-theater deployments to Cubi Point and Osan. We took "cross-country" flights (actually cross-oceanic) as far north as Hokaido and South to Cubi, Taiwan, and Osan. Primarily we were training the junior aviators by showing and then letting them plan the flights and be flight leaders to us aged aviators.

As for incidents occurring, the only one was the OIC waiving the Landing Signal Officer (me) instructions to "wave off" a vertical landing approach to the Landing Pad at Kadena with too much fuel on board, causing a burnt out engine and landing gear structural damage

to the jet.
We kept it cool and informed the CO back in Yuma. Pete kept his job, until arriving back in Yuma in October. Most of us with families brought our brides over to the Rock for a couple of weeks. I had Ginger come with both kids, new baby Chip and 8-year old daughter Jessica (JJ). We all had a good relaxing time in spite of still keeping up Flight Ops. October was return to Yuma month and we flew the jets back across the Pacific in-flight refueling and island hopping to land at MCB Camp Pendleton remote air strip, refuel and hop the last 200 miles to MCAS Yuma. Lt. Col. Hearny had relinquished command of 513 to Lt. Col. John Gibson, probably the one Harrier pilot at that time with the most hours.

At that point I had amassed slightly more than 1,300 flight hours in the Harrier. I felt I was destined for a desk job at Group Headquarters. I was also pondering that my daughter would be 10 on her next birthday. Annual income at about $28,000. I was beginning to think about how would we be able to afford to send her to college. The airlines were de-regulating and growing and one of my squadron mates had left the Corps and was flying with Braniff. I decided to do the same, if not with Braniff then another carrier. I submitted my request for resignation from active duty and convert to the USMCR. Amidst a host of hand-wringing and "what the f*$k's" from my squadron mates and group heavies I transferred out 1MAY79 and was a Reserve looking for a job.

After My Initial Obligation was up: After leaving active duty May 1 went to "school" and passed the FAA Flight Engineer-Turbojet rating exam and the Airline Transport Pilot rating exam, a must do before being hired by any air carrier. Accepted by Braniff in June, 1979 and completed training on the Boeing 727 (Flight Engineer) in early July. Ginger took care of selling the house and putting our stuff in storage, then drove to Dallas. Braniff posted me after training to New York City. We rented a house in Katona, NY where my mother's brother lived. Commuted to the City by rail flying at least a 3-day trip every week through the Summer. Was transferred to St. Paul, MN, my first choice of base, in September. Flew through the Winter and then in March '70 Braniff furloughed 750 pilots starting at the bottom of the seniority list. I was looking for another career.

I did join USMCR MTU (AVN) -14 (now MN-48) in Minneapolis soon after arriving drilling with them thru April '80. Then joined VMA-322 4th MAW NAS South Weymouth (back in the A-4, this time A-4M) through April '85. In 1985 due to workload at Grumman (see below) I could not continue with VMA-322 and keep hours required. Transferred to FMFLANT Staff RAU then HQ US FORCES Caribbean Reserve Augmentation Unit Aug 87. Had to spend 4 days a month in Key West for those years. Tuff duty! As Senior Reserve Marine worked under guidance Col. Jim Rapp (Force G3), the same Jim Rapp was on Quantico Marines Football Team 1966. Failing selection to Col. 3 times 1990/91/92 and not allowed to participate in the liberation of Kuwait, I retired from active reserve service at 26 total years. Would liked to have had one more chance to fly the AV-8B and in combat.

Following is list of jobs or types of work I have engaged in since Braniff bellied up: Management

Consultant-Minneapolis (81-83); Heavy Equipment Maintenance (After Market Products) Consultant, Minneapolis (83-84); Grumman-St. Augustine Corporation, St. Augustine, FL: Post Production Test Pilot Malaysian Air Force A-4 Skyhawk Refurbishment Project (84-88). Overhauled 40 A-4C Skyhawks and converted 4 into 2-seater trainers. The jets were flown to Malaysia by contracted Ferry Pilots, several I knew from Marine Corps Service. Routes of flight: St. Augustine > NAS Willow Grove (PA) > Goose Bay (Labrador) > Sonderstrom (Greenland) > Keflavik (Iceland) > RAF Upper Hayford (England) > Naval Base Sigonella (Sicily), Luxor (Egypt), Dubai (UAE), Bombay & Calcutta (India), Quantan (Malaysia); Airborne Express Inc.-Pilot (88-89); CoreTemp, Inc., St. Petersburg, FL-Sales Manager (90-92); Mediq/PRN, Inc., Tampa, FL / Ft. Myers, FL-Branch Manager/Sales Medical Equipment Rental Division (92-94); Midwest Regional Manager, St. Louis, MO (94-95); Computer Renaissance-Retail Store and Service Center, Owner/ Mgr.,Fairview Heights, IL (95-08); The Griggs Cattle Co., Ashland, Wi – Purchased 134 acre small dairy farm but with decent old house built 1933. Reverted farm to “grass-fed beef cattle operation”. Operating a small 25 cow brood herd on 128 acres of pasture, breed is Red Devon (primarily) but some Angus in their genes. Cows bred on farm by farm bulls (2) and give birth April thru June (typically). Steers and heifers are culled for beef at 24 to 30 months. Heifers chosen to breed are bred after age 2 (24 months). Have 1 part-time helper, Matt, who’s worked with me 6 years. Brain injury from an auto accident at 18 ruined his chances to become a Badger football player. We produce about 5,000 lbs of beef products annually and sell 85% to local co-op Bayfield Foods which markets it through our CSA Program and a wholesale program. Annual beef revenues $30k(+/-).

Plans for the Future: Before going into “the future”, I must share some of my past. After moving to Minnesota in 1979 and being laid off by Braniff in ’80, it was a tough time. Thankfully I grew up (to age 10 before we moved to Florida) and still had beau coup cousins in “the Cities”. They were all helpful in looking after our best interests. The cousin with the Engineering Consulting opportunity put us on the company family insurance plan. In January ’80 our third child was born, Joshua. In 1982

October of that year we had an “October Blizzard” and both my sons went outside to run their sleds down the slope in our front yard. Josh was 2 years 8 months and very active and could pull his little toboggan up the front yard slope, and slide down the hill in it. Ginger tells the story that while she was out there monitoring them the phone rang and she went inside to answer it. When she came out the boys were AWOL. She searched the neighborhood for over an hour driving around blocks in ever widening circles. Then she saw the older boy Chip on a hill at the end of a dead-end street a block from the house. He was soaking wet in his snowsuit. “Where’s your brother?” She asked. “In the pond.” He said. So out of the car and with Chip in the lead guided her to “the pond”. The boys had jumped on the thinly ice covered pond and gone through the ice. Chip had enough leg under him to get out of the water. Josh didn’t. Mom waded in and drug him out and tried CPR. After 10 minutes (her words) she got no pulse so she picked him up and carried him a distance to the nearest house.

The transplanted former Lebanese drove them to the hospital where they got his vitals going again and then transported him downtown St. Paul to the preferred hospital for drowning victims. There Josh lay for 12 days with tubes in and out and respirator on and an intracranial sensor installed in his forehead to signal brain swelling if it does. He came out of it and he grew up to now age 38. But his brain (frontal lobe) is damaged. He can work, but simple jobs. Autoshop cleaner, Lumber yard board mover, etc. He, and his brother, Chip, both live up here in Wisconsin but not with me. They did the first 2 years, 2009, 2010. Now Chip is married to a local. Josh resides in a small group home 10 minutes from my farm. Ginger and I parted ways in 1991. I didn't behave well towards her after the accident. She didn't want to deal with me anymore. Couples counseling didn't exist in1982 as far as we know. So she left Tampa (yes I gave her the car and bought a used replacement) with the boys to live in Dallas with her cousin and longtime amigo. The boys grew up to adulthood without seeing me more than once or twice a year. When they came to live with me in Wisconsin I made sure they were properly evaluated medically and psychologically.

Chip has "Asperger's Syndrome" and can hardly hold a job. Josh has frontal lobe damage and very poor memory. I made sure both boys were eligible for SSDI and they got it. I am Josh's legal guardian since 2010 and was Chip's from 1998 until he married Tracy here. In 2018 they decided Tracy should be his Guardian.

Meanwhile, the rest of the story: In 1992 I remarried in Tampa, 2 years after Ginger left, to Nancy Hardee who was a classmate of my youngest brother in first grade. We had a great and fun marriage including the Computer Renaissance store. She passed away in May, 2008 from "inflammatory breast cancer". She (her family God bless them all) left me sufficient income that enabled this farm.

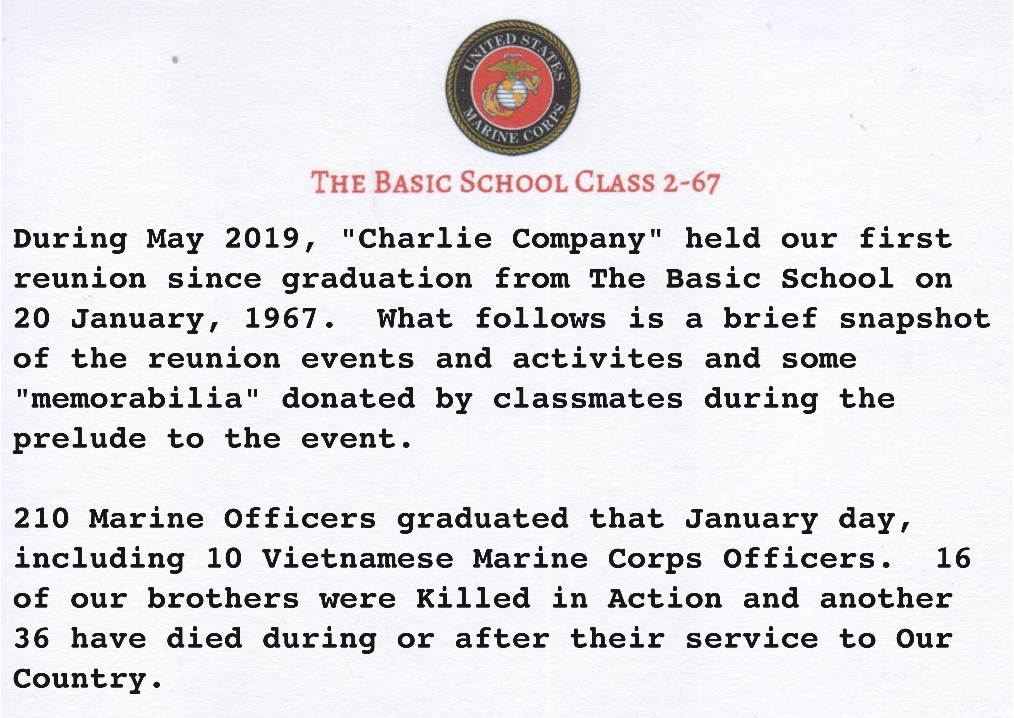
Two years after arriving in Wisconsin and started the farm business (The Griggs Cattle Co.) met a lovely lass named Pamela Linder. She was born and raised in Duluth from very Swedish stock who arrived in the USA in early 1900's and came to northern Minnesota to farm. She has more cousins than Carter has pills. Never can keep them all straight at this age. She will be with me at the Reunion.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: TBS was a really well thought out and planned out experience. I met many many aviators (please note: I use the term "aviators" not pilots) over my 26 years in the Corps who hadn't attended TBS and they mostly had shallow knowledge of how the Marine Corps functions. My issue is that because of the football recruitment I missed roughly 30% to 50% of the learning info/ experience, and not bonding with my peers. The old adage fits: "Outa sight, outa mind."

My Home Address: 60435 Maple Ridge Road, Ashland,
Wi 54806

SMEAC

THE BASIC SCHOOL
ESPRIT
LEADERSHIP
KNOWLEDGE
Welcome
TBS Charlie Co. 2-67



THE BASIC SCHOOL CLASS 2-67

During May 2019, "Charlie Company" held our first reunion since graduation from The Basic School on 20 January, 1967. What follows is a brief snapshot of the reunion events and activites and some "memorabilia" donated by classmates during the prelude to the event.

210 Marine Officers graduated that January day, including 10 Vietnamese Marine Corps Officers. 16 of our brothers were Killed in Action and another 36 have died during or after their service to Our Country.

Semper Fidelis and a Hand Salute!

Day 1: Registration, Happy Hour, and Chow

Fredericksburg
HOSPITALITY HOUSE
Hotel & Conference Center
ENTRANCE
MEETING AND CONFERENCE CENTER
Rich Muller TBS 2-67
Jim Leslie TBS 2-67
Ed McMenamy TBS 2-67
Mike Chambers TBS 2-67
Helmuts Feifs TBS 2-67
Kenny Moore TBS 2-67
CHECK IN (ROSTER)
CAR POOL
DRIVER-MILL-RIDER

Day 1: Registration, Happy Hour, and Chow

SIGNED
COPY
HERE

Day 1: Registration, Happy Hour, and Chow

Sandy Gay
Check In Roster

Welcome
TBS CHARLIE CO. 2-67
Chris Mead
Janice Mead

Jim Thompson
TBS 2-67

Tom Gay
TBS 2-67

Day 1: Registration, Happy Hour, and Chow

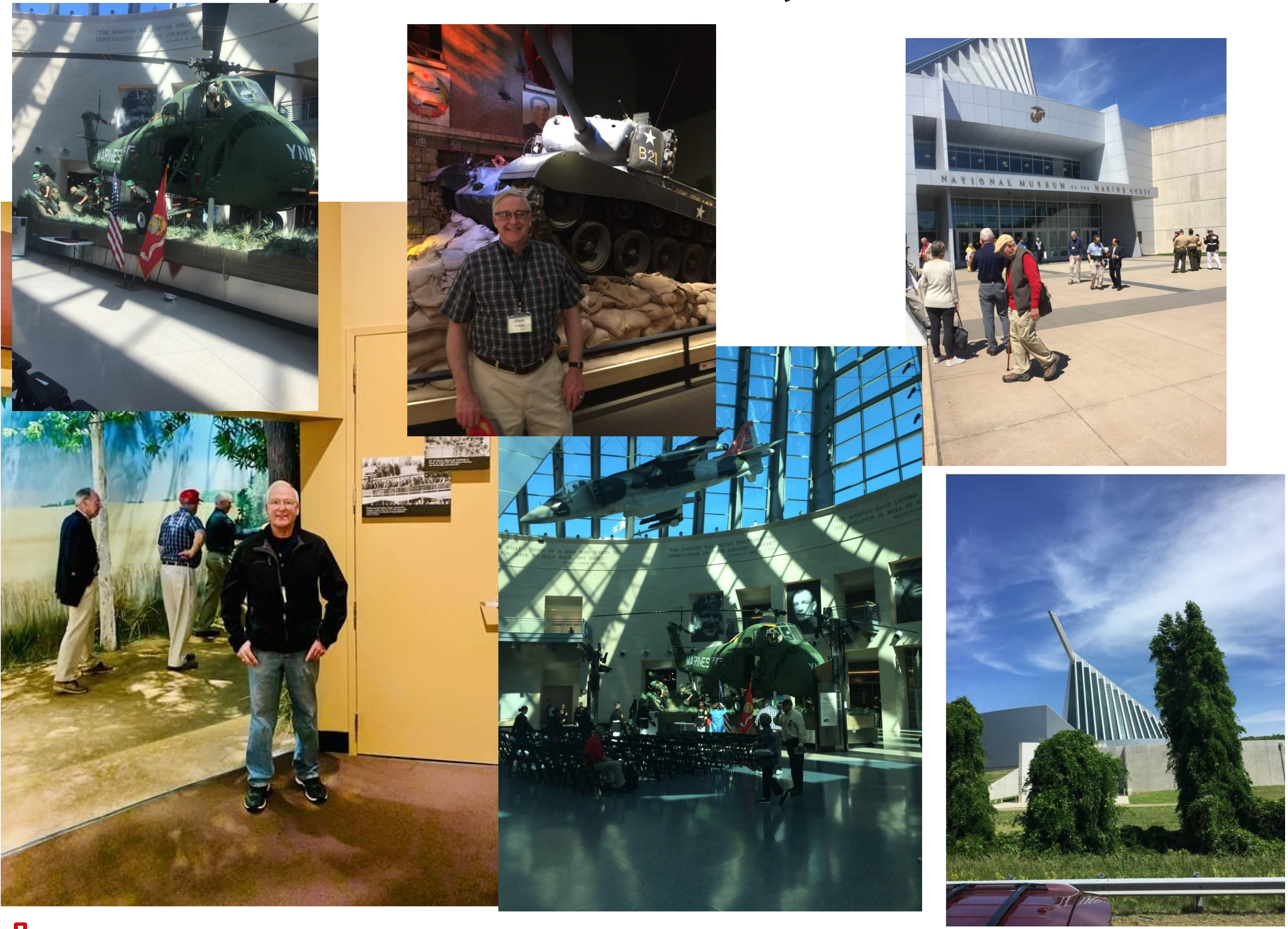
Day 1: Registration, Happy Hour, and Chow

SEMPER FIDELIS
USMC
TBS 2-67 Reunion
(May 14-18, 2019)
Biographical Summaries
H-L
M-P
R

In Memoriam
THE BASIC SCHOOL
In Memoriam

Day 1: Registration, Happy Hour, and Chow

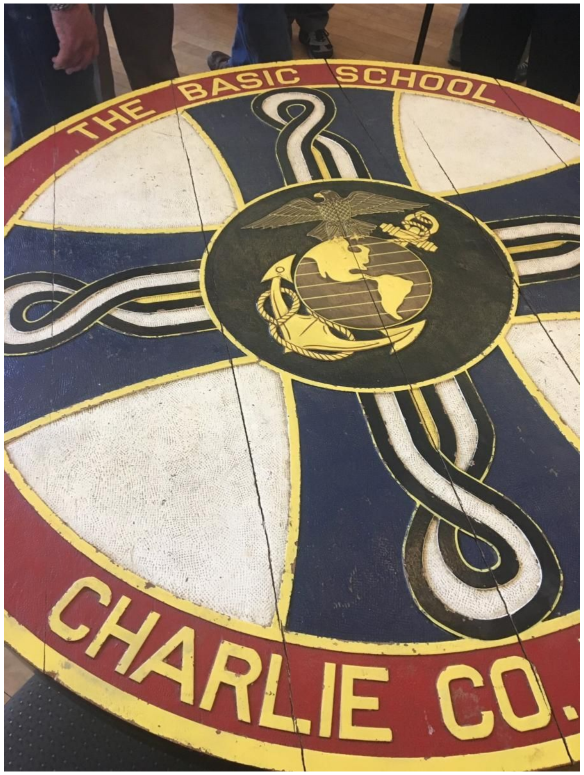
Day 2: Museum, TBS Visit, Joe's Crab Shak


MARINES
B21
NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE MARINE CORPS
MARINES

Day 2: Museum, TBS Visit, Joe's Crab Shak

THE BASIC SCHOOL
ESPRIT
LEADERSHIP
KNOWLEDGE

Day 2: Museum, TBS Visit, Joe's Crab Shak

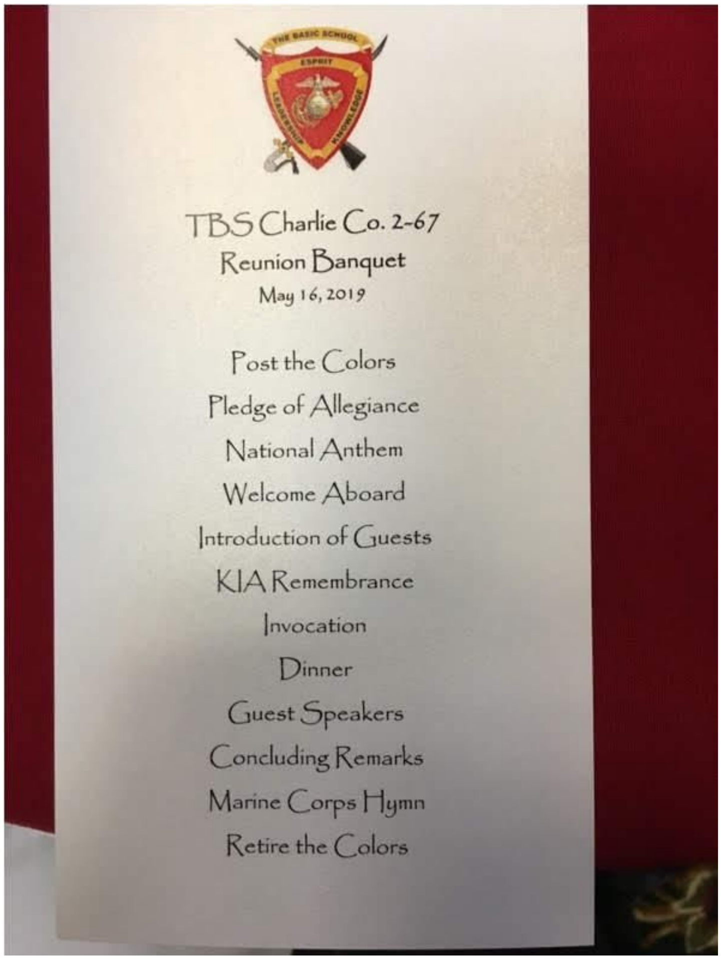

THE BASIC SCHOOL
CHARLIE CO.

Day 2: Museum, TBS Visit, Joe's Crab Shak

COLD DRINKS

Day 3: Local Trips, Photos, and Banquet

Day 3: Local Trips, Photos, and Banquet



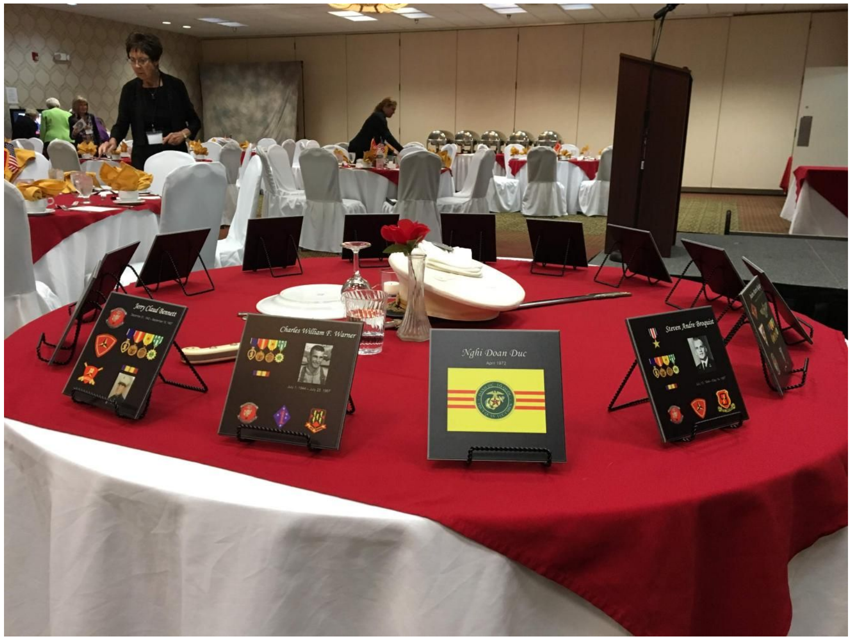
TBS Charlie Co. 2-67
Reunion Banquet
May 16, 2019

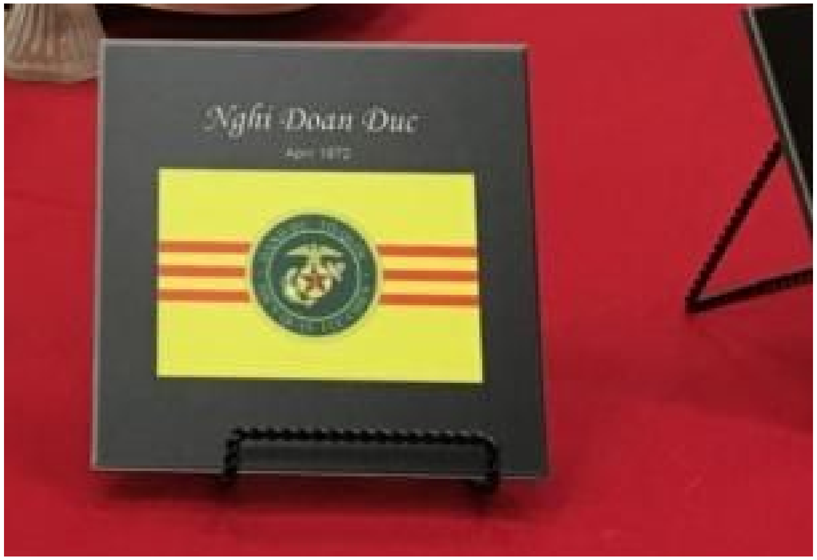
Post the Colors
Pledge of Allegiance
National Anthem
Welcome Aboard
Introduction of Guests
KIA Remembrance
Invocation
Dinner
Guest Speakers
Concluding Remarks
Marine Corps Hymn
Retire the Colors

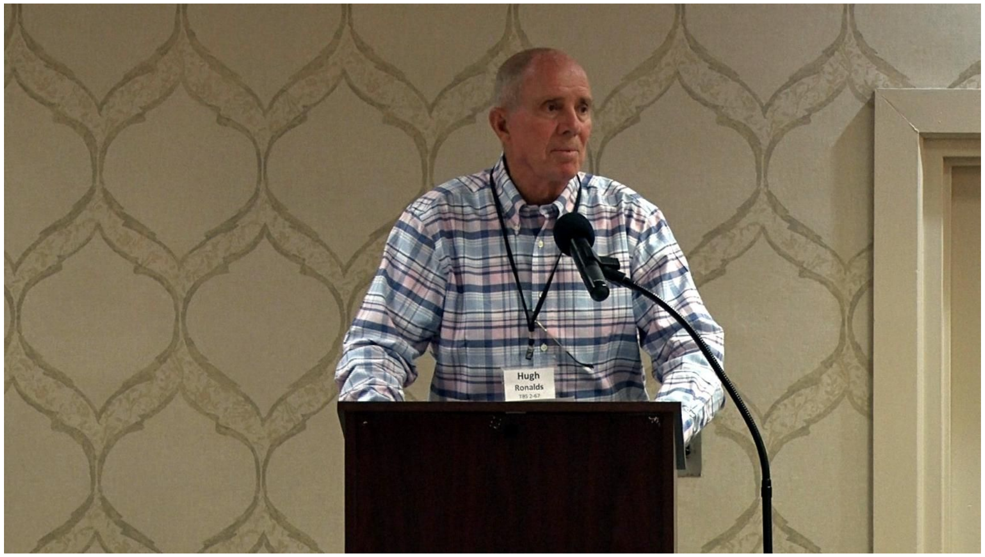
Day 3: Local Trips, Photos, and Banquet

Barbara
Oatis

Day 3: Local Trips, Photos, and Banquet


Jerry Claud Bennett
Charles William F. Warner
Nghi Doan Duc
April 1972
Steven Andre Broquist


Nghi Doan Duc
April 1972


Hugh
Ronalds
TBS 2-67

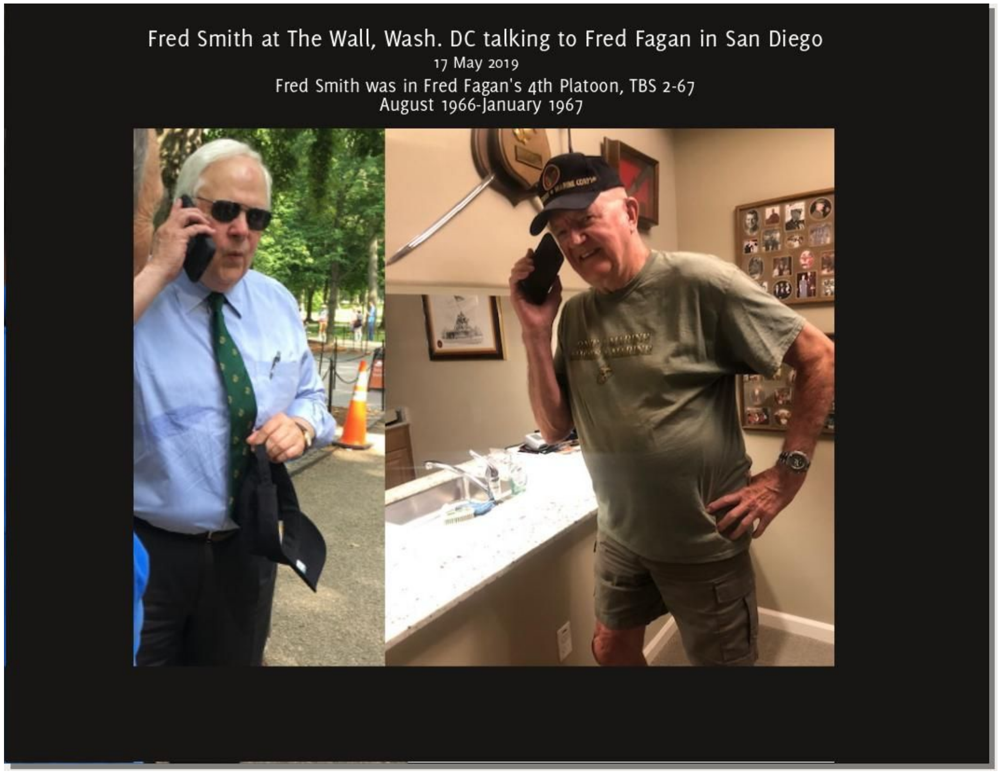
Day 3: Local Trips, Photos, and Banquet

Kenny
Moore

Gen. Carl Fulford introduced our guest speaker, his son B/Gen. Rob Fulford
Master of Ceremonies Kenny Moore presented TBS graduation certificates to brother's Cuu and Dat (VNMC)

Day 3: Local Trips, Photos, and Banquet

Day 4: Local Events, 8th and I, The Wall



Fred Smith at The Wall, Wash. DC talking to Fred Fagan in San Diego
17 May 2019
Fred Smith was in Fred Fagan's 4th Platoon, TBS 2-67
August 1966-January 1967

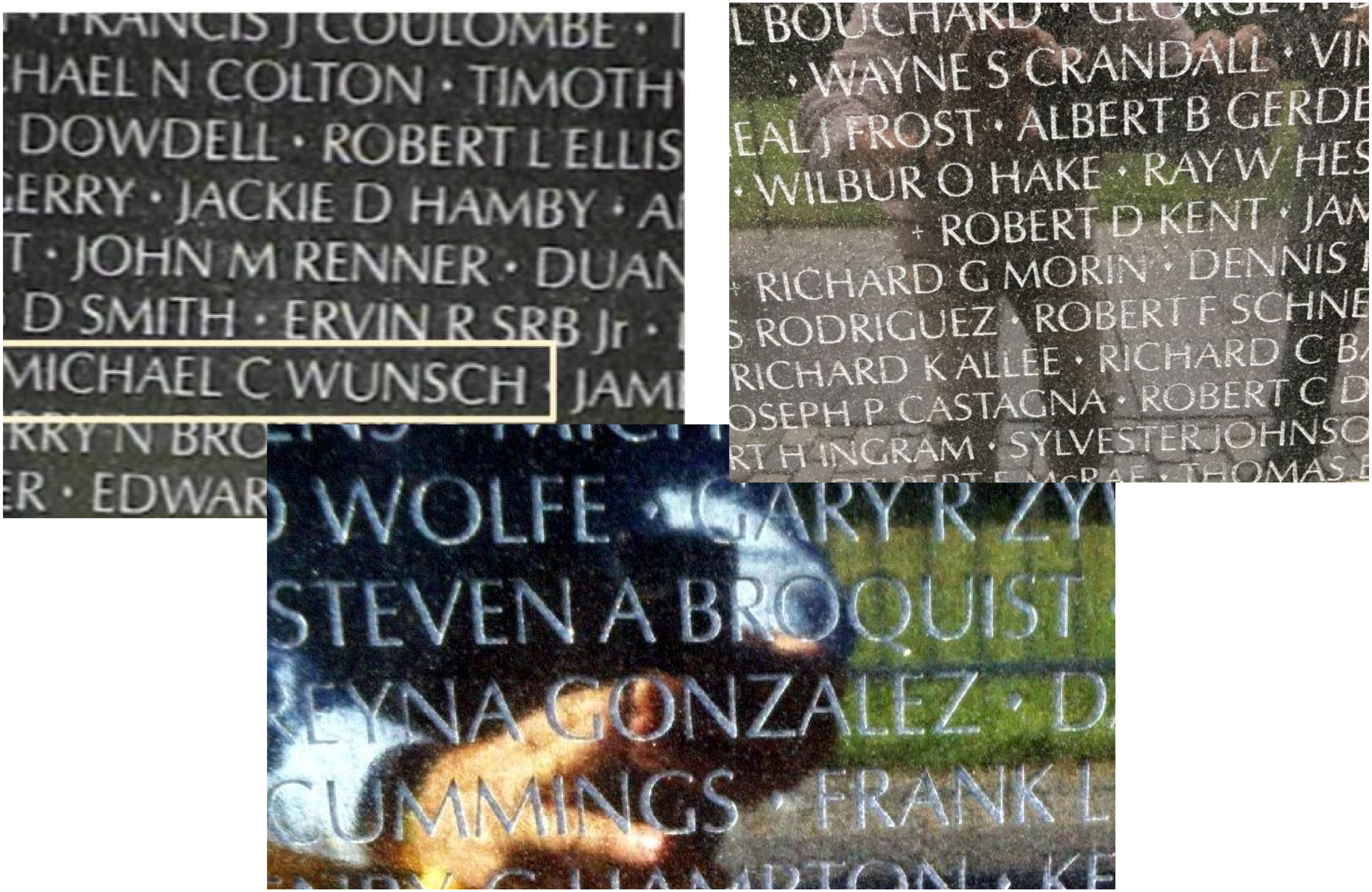
Classmate Fred Smith met us at The Wall, and spoke with his "old' 4th Platoon Commander, Fred Fagan.

Day 4: Local Events, 8th and I, The Wall

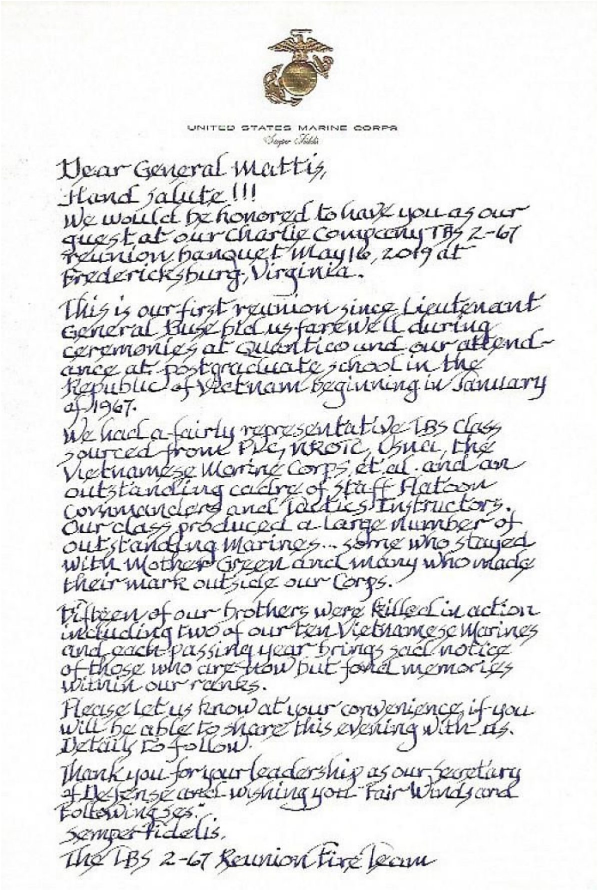
Thanks to advance work by Ken Moore and Ed McMenamy, we had VIP seating for The Sunset Parade at 8th and I.

Day 4: Local Events, 8th and I, The Wall

Day 4: Local Events, 8th and I, The Wall


FRANCIS J COULOMBE
HAEL N COLTON · TIMOTHY
DOWDELL · ROBERT L ELLIS
ERRY · JACKIE D HAMBY · A
T · JOHN M RENNER · DUAN
D SMITH · ERVIN R SRB Jr ·
MICHAEL C WUNSCH · JAM
RRY N BRO
ER · EDWAR
L BOUCHARD · GEORGE
· WAYNE S CRANDALL · VI
EAL J FROST · ALBERT B GERDE
· WILBUR O HAKE · RAY W HES
ROBERT D KENT · JAM
RICHARD G MORIN · DENNIS
S RODRIGUEZ · ROBERT F SCHNE
RICHARD K ALLEE · RICHARD C B
OSEPH P CASTAGNA · ROBERT C D
RT H INGRAM · SYLVESTER JOHNSO
D WOLFE · GARY R ZY
STEVEN A BROQUIST
REYNA GONZALEZ · D
CUMMINGS · FRANK L

Memorabilia

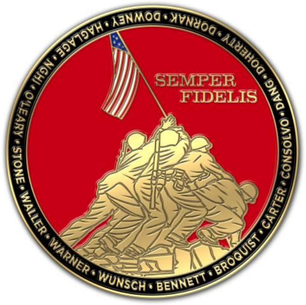


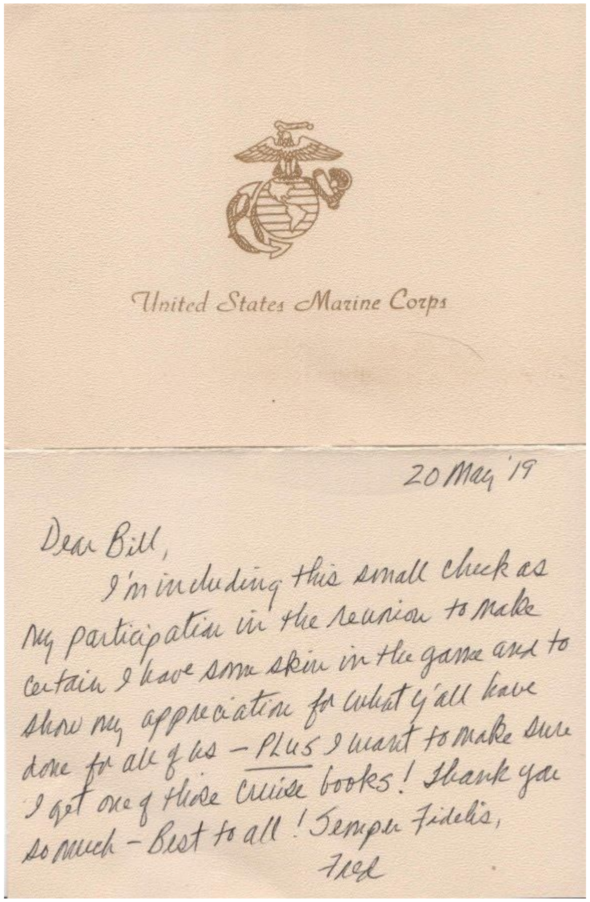
UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS
Semper Fidelis

Dear General Mattis,
Hand salute!!!
We would be honored to have you as our guest at our Charlie Company TBS 2-67 reunion banquet May 16, 2019 at Fredericksburg, Virginia.

This is our first reunion since Lieutenant General Buse bid us farewell during ceremonies at Quantico and our attendance at postgraduate school in the Republic of Vietnam beginning in January of 1967.
We had a fairly representative TBS class sourced from PLC, NROTC, USNA, the Vietnamese Marine Corps, et al. and an outstanding cadre of staff Platoon Commanders and Tactics Instructors. Our class produced a large number of outstanding Marines... some who stayed with Mother Green and many who made their mark outside our Corps.

Fifteen of our brothers were killed in action including two of our ten Vietnamese Marines and each passing year brings sad notice of those who are now but fond memories within our ranks.
Please let us know at your convenience if you will be able to share this evening with us. Details to follow.
Thank you for your leadership as our Secretary of Defense and wishing you "Fair Winds and Following Seas."
Semper Fidelis,
The TBS 2-67 Reunion Fire Team

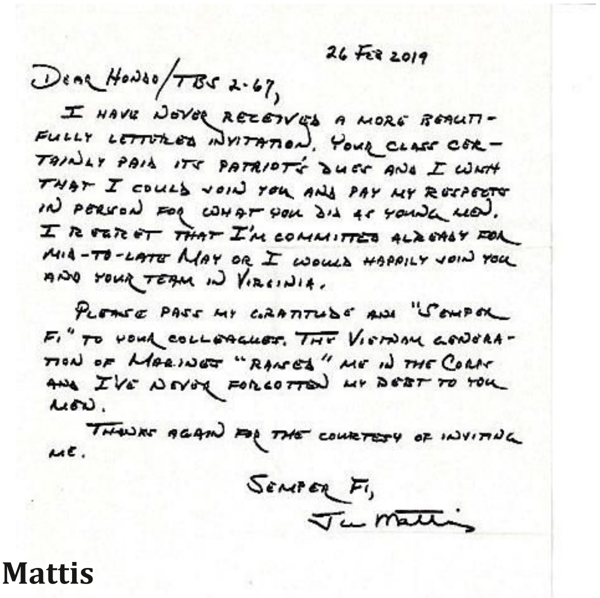

SEMPER FIDELIS
DOWNEY • DORNAK • DOHERTY • DANG • CONSOLVO • CARTER • BROQUIST • BENNETT • WUNSCH • WARNER • WALLER • STONE • O'LEARY • NGHI • HAGLAGE



United States Marine Corps

20 May '19

Dear Bill,
I'm including this small check as my participation in the reunion to make certain I have some skin in the game and to show my appreciation for what y'all have done for all of us – PLUS I want to make sure I get one of those cruise books! Thank you so much – Best to all! Semper Fidelis,
Fred



26 Feb 2019

Dear Hondo/TBS 2-67,
I have never received a more beautifully lettered invitation. Your class certainly paid its patriot's dues and I wish that I could join you and pay my respects in person for what you did as young men. I regret that I'm committed already for mid-to-late May or I would happily join you and your team in Virginia.

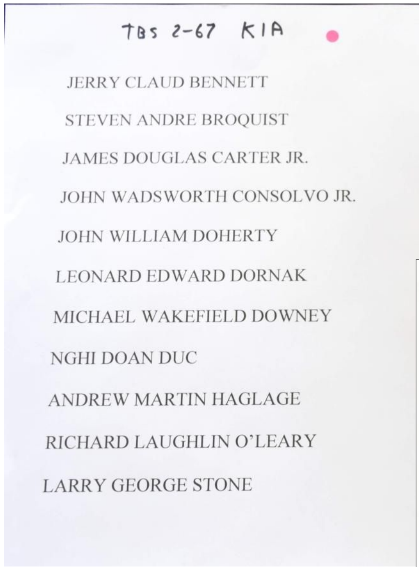
Please pass my gratitude and "Semper Fi" to your colleagues. The Vietnam generation of Marines "raised" me in the Corps and I've never forgotten my debt to you men.

Thanks again for the courtesy of inviting me.

Semper Fi,
Jim Mattis

Hugh Ronalds crafted the handwritten letter to General Mattis
Gen. Mattis was not able to attend, however he sent a gracious reply

Memorabilia

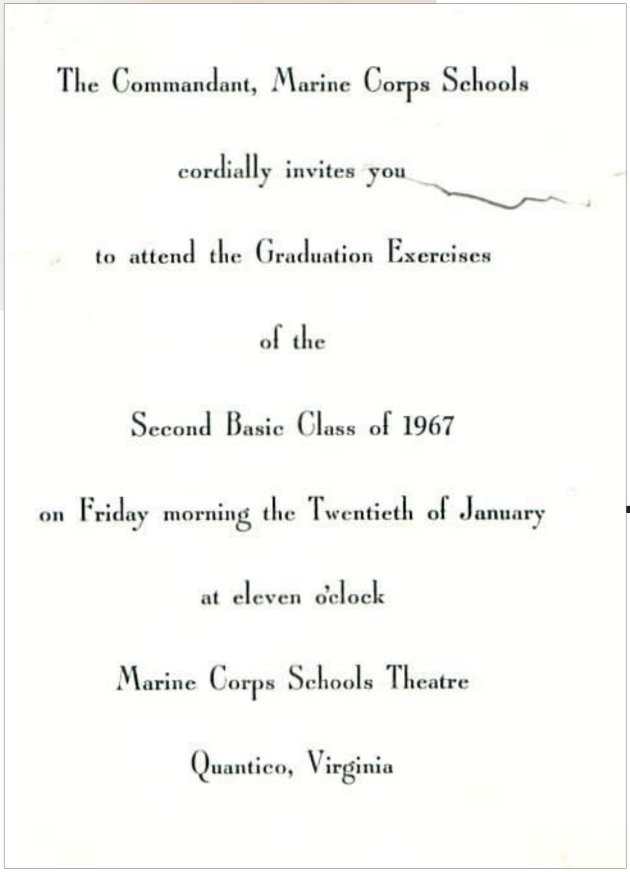


TBS 2-67 KIA

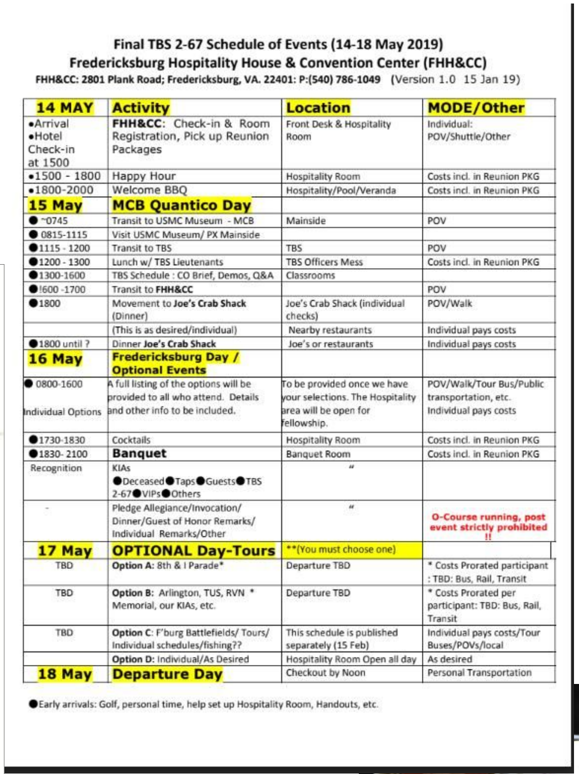
JERRY CLAUD BENNETT
STEVEN ANDRE BROQUIST
JAMES DOUGLAS CARTER JR.
JOHN WADSWORTH CONSOLVO JR.
JOHN WILLIAM DOHERTY
LEONARD EDWARD DORNAK
MICHAEL WAKEFIELD DOWNEY
NGHI DOAN DUC
ANDREW MARTIN HAGLAGE
RICHARD LAUGHLIN O'LEARY
LARRY GEORGE STONE

TBS 2-67 KIA

DANG NGUYEN VAN
ROBERT WILLIE WALLER
CHARLES WILLIAM F. WARNER
MICHAEL CHARLES WUNSCH
ROBERT DODSON HUIE



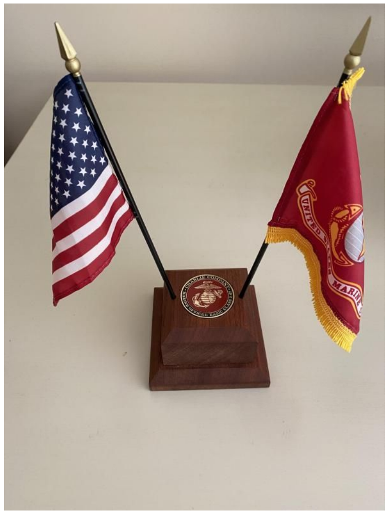
The Commandant, Marine Corps Schools
cordially invites you
to attend the Graduation Exercises
of the
Second Basic Class of 1967
on Friday morning the Twentieth of January
at eleven o'clock
Marine Corps Schools Theatre
Quantico, Virginia



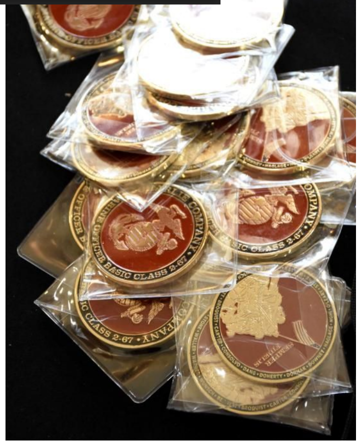
Final TBS 2-67 Schedule of Events (14-18 May 2019)
Fredericksburg Hospitality House & Convention Center (FHH&CC)
FHH&CC: 2801 Plank Road; Fredericksburg, VA. 22401: P:(540) 786-1049 (Version 1.0 15 Jan 19)

14 MAY	**Activity**	**Location**	**MODE/Other**
•Arrival •Hotel Check-in at 1500	**FHH&CC**: Check-in & Room Registration, Pick up Reunion Packages	Front Desk & Hospitality Room	Individual: POV/Shuttle/Other
•1500 - 1800	Happy Hour	Hospitality Room	Costs incl. in Reunion PKG
•1800-2000	Welcome BBQ	Hospitality/Pool/Veranda	Costs incl. in Reunion PKG
15 May	**MCB Quantico Day**		
● ~0745	Transit to USMC Museum - MCB	Mainside	POV
● 0815-1115	Visit USMC Museum/ PX Mainside		
●1115 - 1200	Transit to TBS	TBS	POV
●1200 - 1300	Lunch w/ TBS Lieutenants	TBS Officers Mess	Costs incl. in Reunion PKG
●1300-1600	TBS Schedule : CO Brief, Demos, Q&A	Classrooms	
●!600 -1700	Transit to **FHH&CC**		POV
●1800	Movement to **Joe's Crab Shack** (Dinner)	Joe's Crab Shack (individual checks)	POV/Walk
	(This is as desired/individual)	Nearby restaurants	Individual pays costs
●1800 until ?	Dinner **Joe's Crab Shack**	Joe's or restaurants	Individual pays costs
16 May	**Fredericksburg Day / Optional Events**		
● 0800-1600 Individual Options	A full listing of the options will be provided to all who attend. Details and other info to be included.	To be provided once we have your selections. The Hospitality area will be open for fellowship.	POV/Walk/Tour Bus/Public transportation, etc. Individual pays costs
●1730-1830	Cocktails	Hospitality Room	Costs incl. in Reunion PKG
●1830- 2100	**Banquet**	Banquet Room	Costs incl. in Reunion PKG
Recognition	KIAs ●Deceased●Taps●Guests●TBS 2-67●VIPs●Others	"	
-	Pledge Allegiance/Invocation/ Dinner/Guest of Honor Remarks/ Individual Remarks/Other	"	**O-Course running, post event strictly prohibited !!**
17 May	**OPTIONAL Day-Tours**	**(You must choose one)	
TBD	**Option A:** 8th & I Parade*	Departure TBD	* Costs Prorated participant : TBD: Bus, Rail, Transit
TBD	**Option B:** Arlington, TUS, RVN * Memorial, our KIAs, etc.	Departure TBD	* Costs Prorated per participant: TBD: Bus, Rail, Transit
TBD	**Option C**: F'burg Battlefields/ Tours/ Individual schedules/fishing??	This schedule is published separately (15 Feb)	Individual pays costs/Tour Buses/POVs/local
	Option D: Individual/As Desired	Hospitality Room Open all day	As desired
18 May	**Departure Day**	Checkout by Noon	Personal Transportation

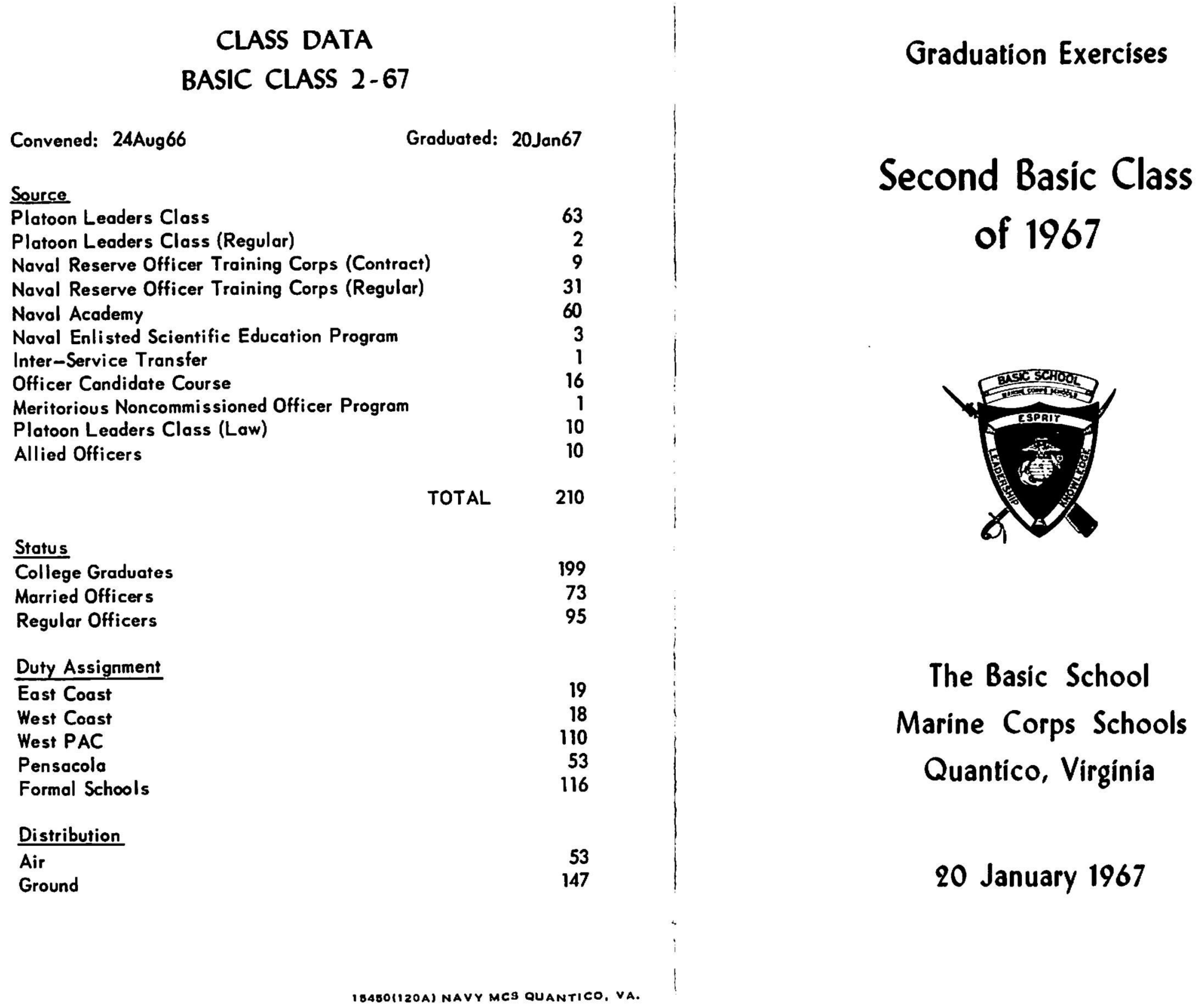
●Early arrivals: Golf, personal time, help set up Hospitality Room, Handouts, etc.



Ty Trainor crafted the individual centerpieces for the Banquet Tables and also designed the Memorial Coin



Memorabilia



CLASS DATA
BASIC CLASS 2-67

Convened: 24Aug66 Graduated: 20Jan67

Source	
Platoon Leaders Class	63
Platoon Leaders Class (Regular)	2
Naval Reserve Officer Training Corps (Contract)	9
Naval Reserve Officer Training Corps (Regular)	31
Naval Academy	60
Naval Enlisted Scientific Education Program	3
Inter–Service Transfer	1
Officer Candidate Course	16
Meritorious Noncommissioned Officer Program	1
Platoon Leaders Class (Law)	10
Allied Officers	10
TOTAL	210

Status	
College Graduates	199
Married Officers	73
Regular Officers	95

Duty Assignment	
East Coast	19
West Coast	18
West PAC	110
Pensacola	53
Formal Schools	116

Distribution	
Air	53
Ground	147

15480(120A) NAVY MCS QUANTICO, VA.

Graduation Exercises

Second Basic Class
of 1967

The Basic School
Marine Corps Schools
Quantico, Virginia

20 January 1967

Memorabilia

Marine Corps Schools

COMMANDANT, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS
Lieutenant General J. M. Masters, Sr., U. S. Marine Corps

DIRECTOR, MARINE CORPS EDUCATIONAL CENTER
Major General P. J. Fontana, U. S. Marine Corps

COMMANDING OFFICER, THE BASIC SCHOOL
Colonel B. G. Cass, U. S. Marine Corps

Guest Speaker

Lieutenant General H. W. Buse, Jr., U. S. Marine Corps
Deputy Chief of Staff (Plans & Programs)
Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps

Vietnamese Marine Corps Officers Graduating With The Second Basic Class Of 1967

- 1st Lt Le Van CUU
- 1stLt Pham Duong DAT
- 1stLt Ho Quang LICH
- 1stLt Tran Dinh THUY
- 1stLt Nguyen Van DANG
- 1stLt Nguyen Kim TIEN
- 2ndLt Doan Duc NGHI
- 2ndLt Tran Xuan BANG
- 2ndLt Truong Dinh KHANH
- 2ndLt Nguyen Van HIEN

Program

Semper Fidelis
Marine Corps Schools Band

National Anthem
Marine Corps Schools Band

Invocation
The Basic School Chaplain

Opening Remarks and Introduction
Commandant, Marine Corps Schools

Address
Lieutenant General H. W. Buse, Jr., USMC

Presentation of Major General Merritt A. Edson Award

Presentation of Colonel William B. Lemly Award

Presentation of the Military Skills Award

Presentation of Marine Corps Association Leadership Award

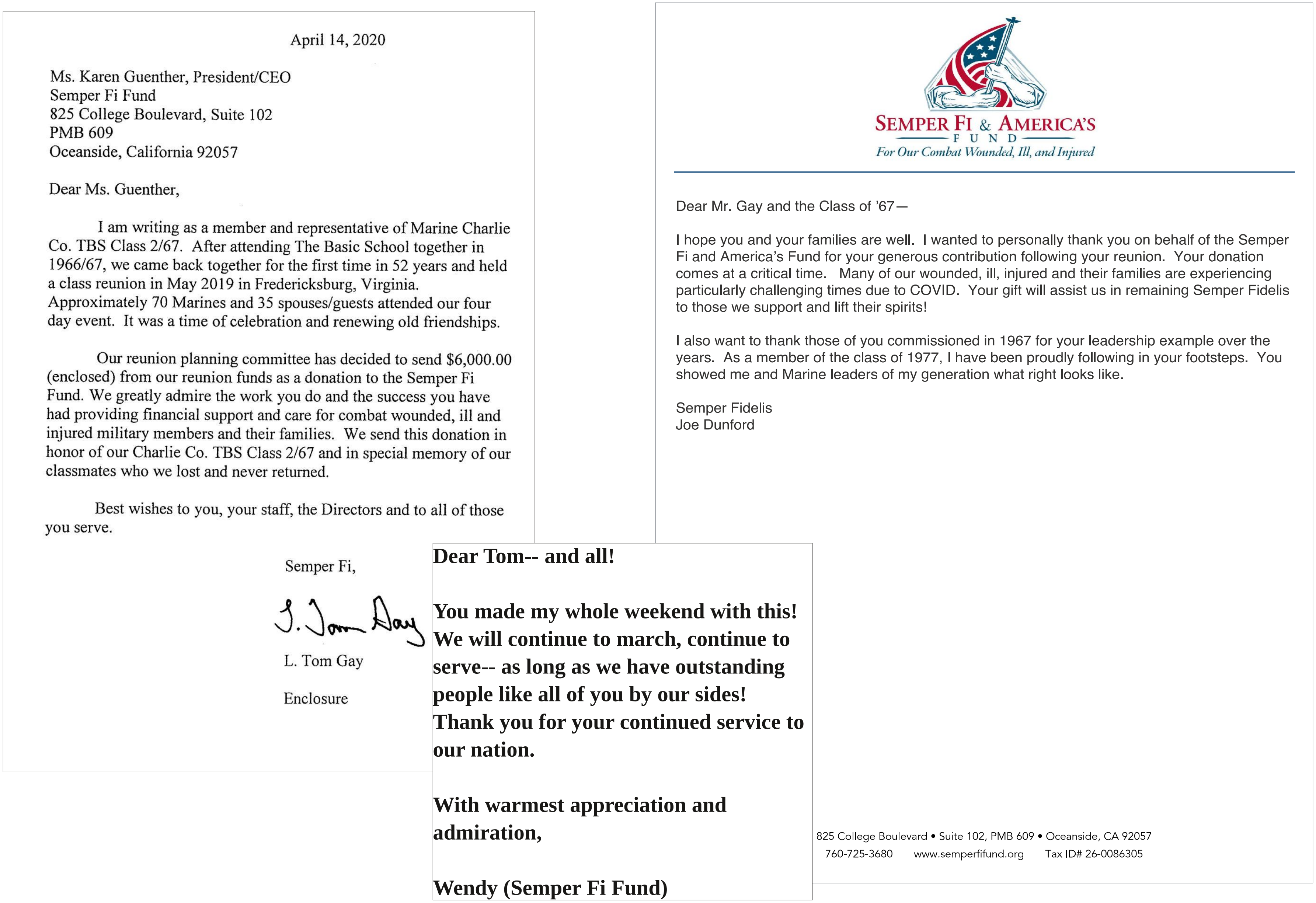
Presentation of Marine Corps Association Sword to Honor Student

Presentation of Diplomas

Benediction
The Basic School Chaplain

Marines' Hymn
Marine Corps Schools Band

Memorabilia



April 14, 2020

Ms. Karen Guenther, President/CEO
Semper Fi Fund
825 College Boulevard, Suite 102
PMB 609
Oceanside, California 92057

Dear Ms. Guenther,

I am writing as a member and representative of Marine Charlie Co. TBS Class 2/67. After attending The Basic School together in 1966/67, we came back together for the first time in 52 years and held a class reunion in May 2019 in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Approximately 70 Marines and 35 spouses/guests attended our four day event. It was a time of celebration and renewing old friendships.

Our reunion planning committee has decided to send $6,000.00 (enclosed) from our reunion funds as a donation to the Semper Fi Fund. We greatly admire the work you do and the success you have had providing financial support and care for combat wounded, ill and injured military members and their families. We send this donation in honor of our Charlie Co. TBS Class 2/67 and in special memory of our classmates who we lost and never returned.

Best wishes to you, your staff, the Directors and to all of those you serve.

Semper Fi,

L. Tom Gay

L. Tom Gay

Enclosure

SEMPER FI & AMERICA'S
FUND
For Our Combat Wounded, Ill, and Injured

Dear Mr. Gay and the Class of '67—

I hope you and your families are well. I wanted to personally thank you on behalf of the Semper Fi and America's Fund for your generous contribution following your reunion. Your donation comes at a critical time. Many of our wounded, ill, injured and their families are experiencing particularly challenging times due to COVID. Your gift will assist us in remaining Semper Fidelis to those we support and lift their spirits!

I also want to thank those of you commissioned in 1967 for your leadership example over the years. As a member of the class of 1977, I have been proudly following in your footsteps. You showed me and Marine leaders of my generation what right looks like.

Semper Fidelis
Joe Dunford

825 College Boulevard • Suite 102, PMB 609 • Oceanside, CA 92057
760-725-3680 www.semperfifund.org Tax ID# 26-0086305

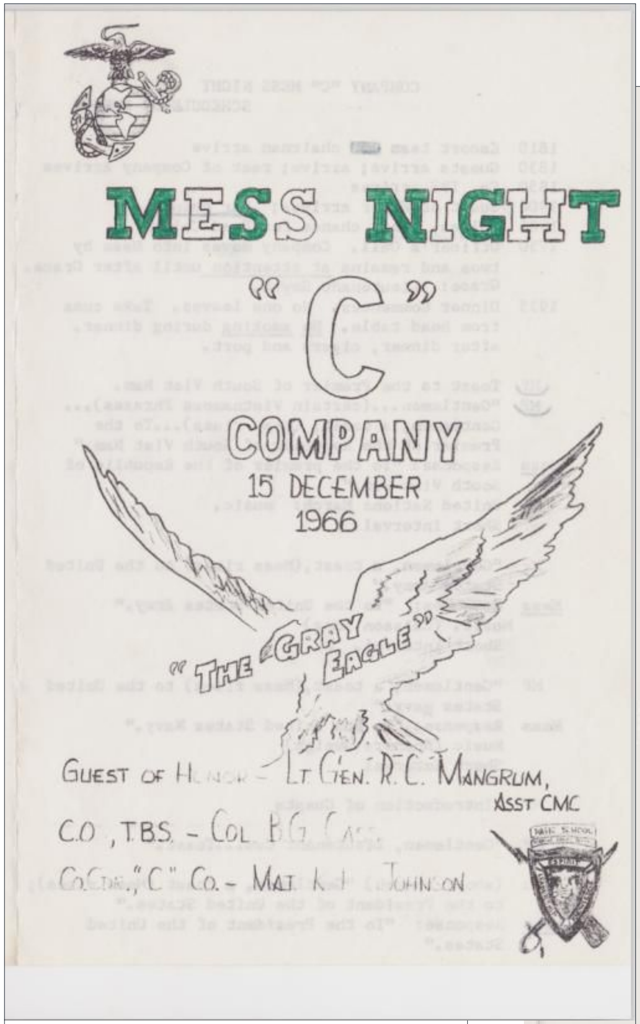
Dear Tom-- and all!

You made my whole weekend with this! We will continue to march, continue to serve-- as long as we have outstanding people like all of you by our sides! Thank you for your continued service to our nation.

With warmest appreciation and admiration,

Wendy (Semper Fi Fund)

Memorabilia



MESS NIGHT

"C"

COMPANY

15 DECEMBER

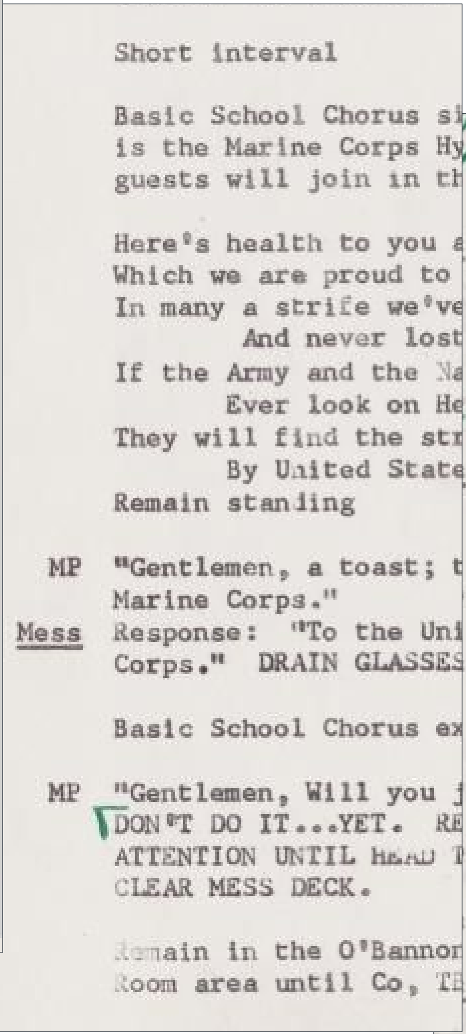
1966

"THE GRAY EAGLE"

GUEST OF HONOR - LT GEN. R.C. MANGRUM,
ASST CMC

C.O., T.B.S. - COL B.G. CASS

CO.CDR., "C" CO. - MAJ K. J. JOHNSON



Short interval

Basic School Chorus si
is the Marine Corps Hy
guests will join in th

Here's health to you a
Which we are proud to
In many a strife we've
And never lost
If the Army and the Na
Ever look on He
They will find the str
By United State
Remain standing

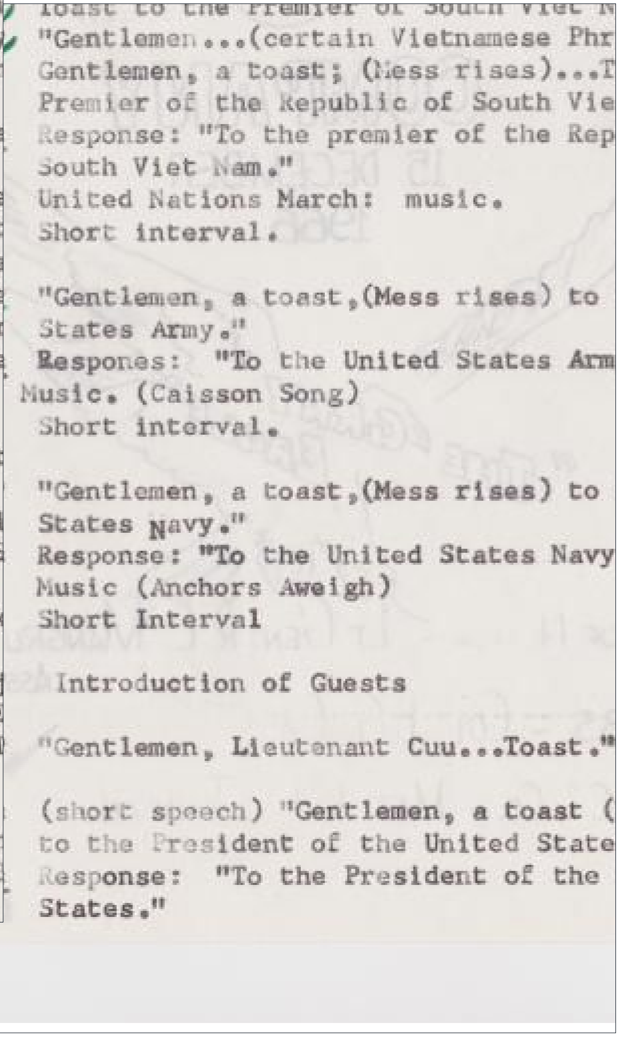
MP "Gentlemen, a toast; t
Marine Corps."

Mess Response: "To the Uni
Corps." DRAIN GLASSES

Basic School Chorus ex

MP "Gentlemen, Will you j
DON'T DO IT...YET. RE
ATTENTION UNTIL HEAD T
CLEAR MESS DECK.

Remain in the O'Bannon
Room area until Co, TB



Toast to the Premier of South Viet N
"Gentlemen...(certain Vietnamese Phr
Gentlemen, a toast; (Mess rises)...T
Premier of the Republic of South Vie
Response: "To the premier of the Rep
South Viet Nam."
United Nations March: music.
Short interval.

"Gentlemen, a toast,(Mess rises) to
States Army."
Respones: "To the United States Arm
Music. (Caisson Song)
Short interval.

"Gentlemen, a toast,(Mess rises) to
States Navy."
Response: "To the United States Navy
Music (Anchors Aweigh)
Short Interval

Introduction of Guests

"Gentlemen, Lieutenant Cuu...Toast."

(short speech) "Gentlemen, a toast (
to the President of the United State
Response: "To the President of the
States."

LEADERSHIP PERFORMANCE MEMORANDUM

MCS 1520/27 FPP 15049

COMPLETE IN DUPLICATE:
ORIG: STUDENT FILE FOLDER
COPY: INDIVIDUAL

MARK "X" IN APPROPRIATE BLOCKS

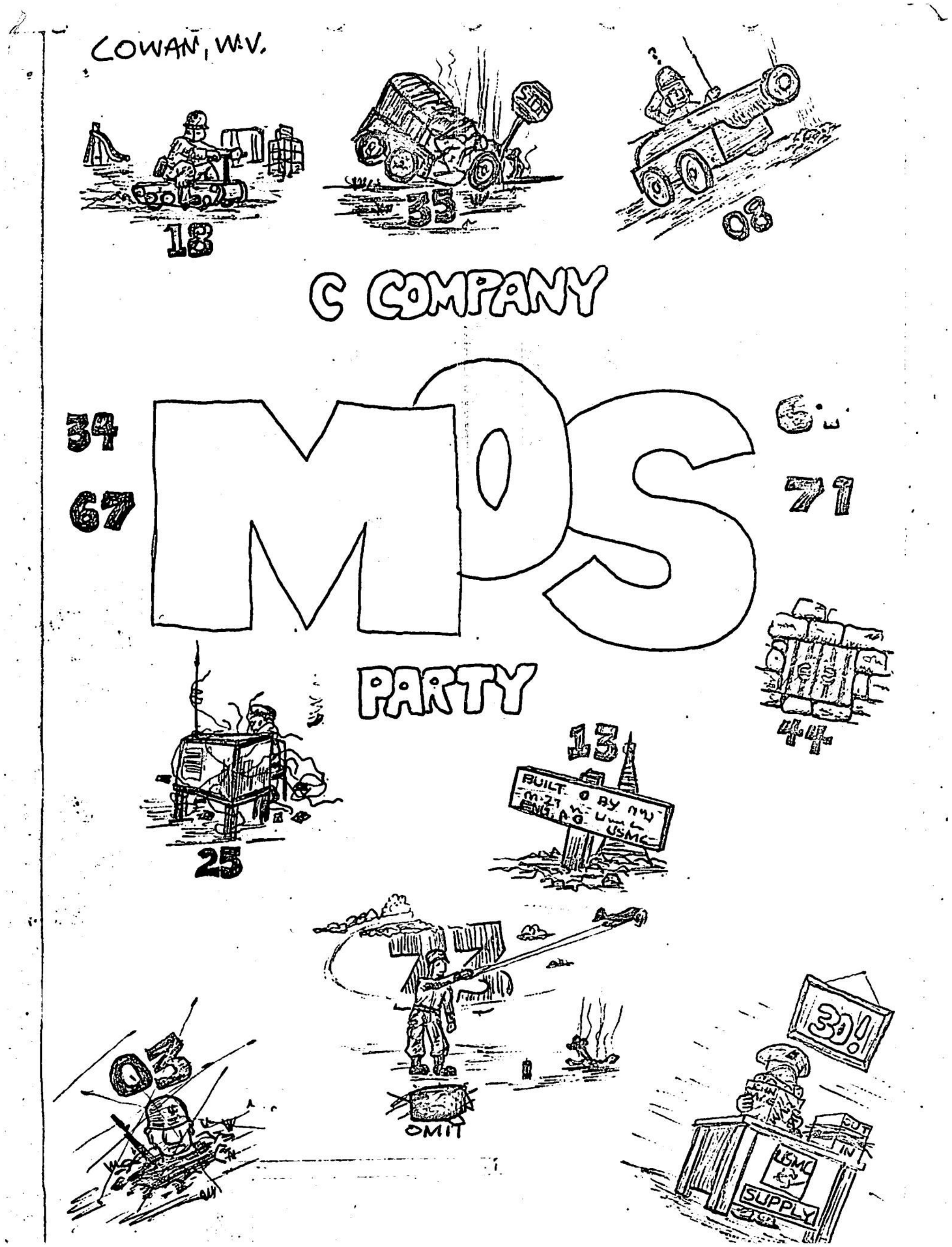
CRITERIA	U BELOW 70	BA 70	A 80	AA 85	EX 90	OUT 95
LEADERSHIP TRAITS						
ACCEPTANCE OF RESPONSIBILITY						X
ATTITUDE						X
INITIATIVE						X
COOPERATION						X
JUDGMENT						X
MILITARY BEARING						X
USE OF AUTHORITY						X
LEADERSHIP PRINCIPLES						
UTILIZATION OF SUBORDINATES						X
USE OF TROOP LEADING STEPS						X
SOUNDNESS OF PLAN						X
ORDERS						X
USE OF SUPPORTING ARMS						X
SUPERVISION AND CONTROL						X
OVERALL PERFORMANCE/EFFICIENCY						X

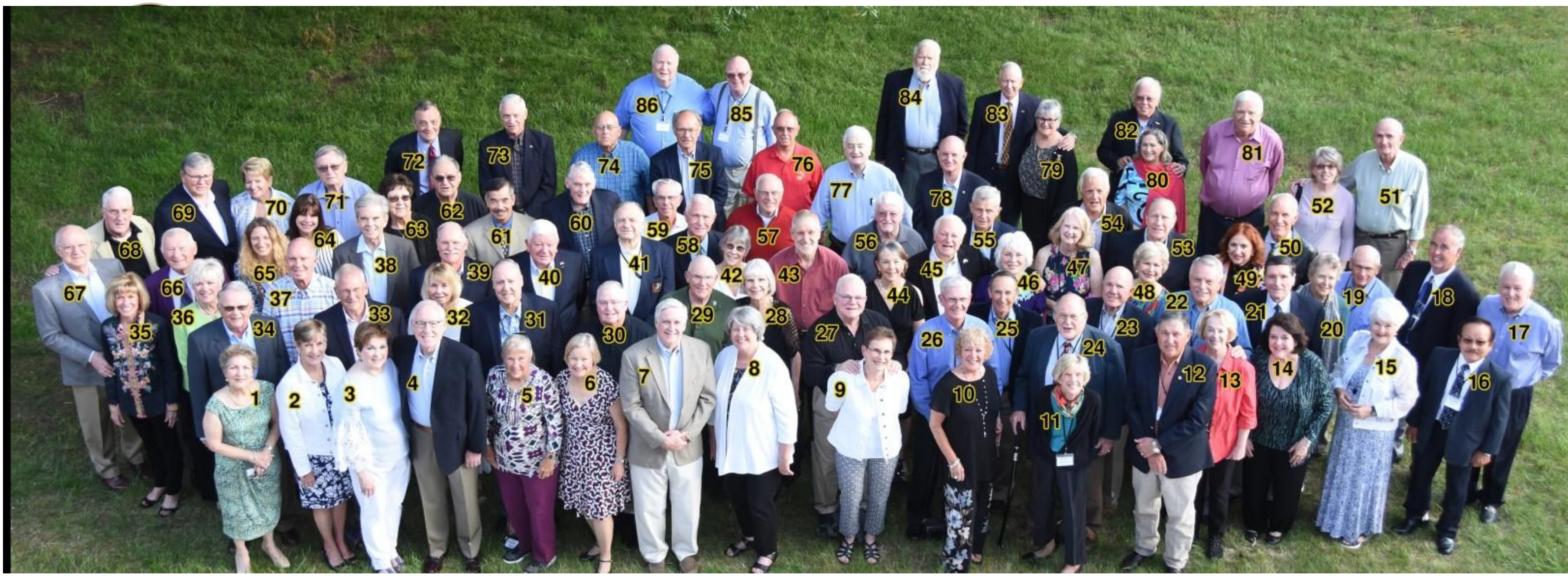
REMARKS (USE REVERSE SIDE, IF NECESSARY)

Lt. Cathcart is an outstanding example of proficiency and military awareness. He is tremendously aware of his responsibilities and how to cope with the problems which arise. — A fine officer, who will no doubt someday wear stars —

When he writes chits, I hope he remembers ME!

ORIGINATORS SIGNATURE: William V Cowan III
RANK: 2nd Lt.
OFFICIAL CAPACITY:
ASSIGNMENT/INCIDENT: Right Guide
LENGTH OF TIME OBSERVED: 19 Weeks
DATE: 3 JAN 67
STUDENT NAME: Cathcart, James
SER. NO.: 095
CO-CLASS: C 2-67
STUD. INITIALS:

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1: Anette Ross	2: Marci Trainor	3: Sheila Jameson	4:Chris Jameson	5: 'Mike' Belatti	6:Karen Tebrich	7: Chris Mead	8: Janice Mead	9: Barbara Cathcart	10: Barbara Oatis
11: Gracie Bowman	12: Pete Hesser	13: Iris Hart	14: Karen Muller	15:Marlys Campbell	16: Le Van Cuu	17:	18: John Campbell	19: Steve Clark	20: Kathy Clark
21: Rich Muller	22: Ted Hart	23: Bill Bau	24: John Bowman	25: Bill McBride	26: Pete Oatis	27: Jim Cathcart	28: Candice Gruhl	29: Gary Gruhl	30: Chuck Tebrich
31: Dave Belatti	32: Pat Randall	33: Ty Trainor	34: Chuck Ross	35: Sandy Gay	36: Cheryl Esmond	37: Hugh Ronalds	38: Skip Stephenson	39: Dave Randall	40: John Winkler
41: John Wilkes	42:Marie Wyrauch	43: Don Bonsper	44: Pam Bonsper	45: Kenny Moore	46: Lois Moore	47: Joan Kepford	48: Mayda Tsaknis	49: Patti Klauer	50: Rich Klauer
51: Myles Still	52: Georgi Still	53: Jim Thompson	54: Karl Kepford	55:	56: Raleigh Griffiths	57: Bill Pederson	58: Dale Wyrauch	59: Ed McMenamy	60: Mark Campaign
61: Pham Dat	62: Sam Martini	63: Carol Martini	64: Nancy Heyward	65: Anna Ronalds	66: Don Esmond	67: Tom Gay	68: Bob Lewis	69: Mike Kelly	70: Peggy Kelly
71: Ron Hartnett	72: Carl Fulford	73: Bob Barclay	74: Mo Motard	75: Bill Aarant	76: Bob O'Connor	77: Dick Perkins	78: Bill Davis	79: Pat Suhy	80: Claire Moosbrugger
81: Scott Gray	82: Joe Moosbrugger	83: John Suhy	84: Helmuts Feifs	85: Tom Newman	86: Tim Pitchford	* Joe Taussig	* Hank Nothhaft	* Toby Griggs	

TBS 2-67 Reunion

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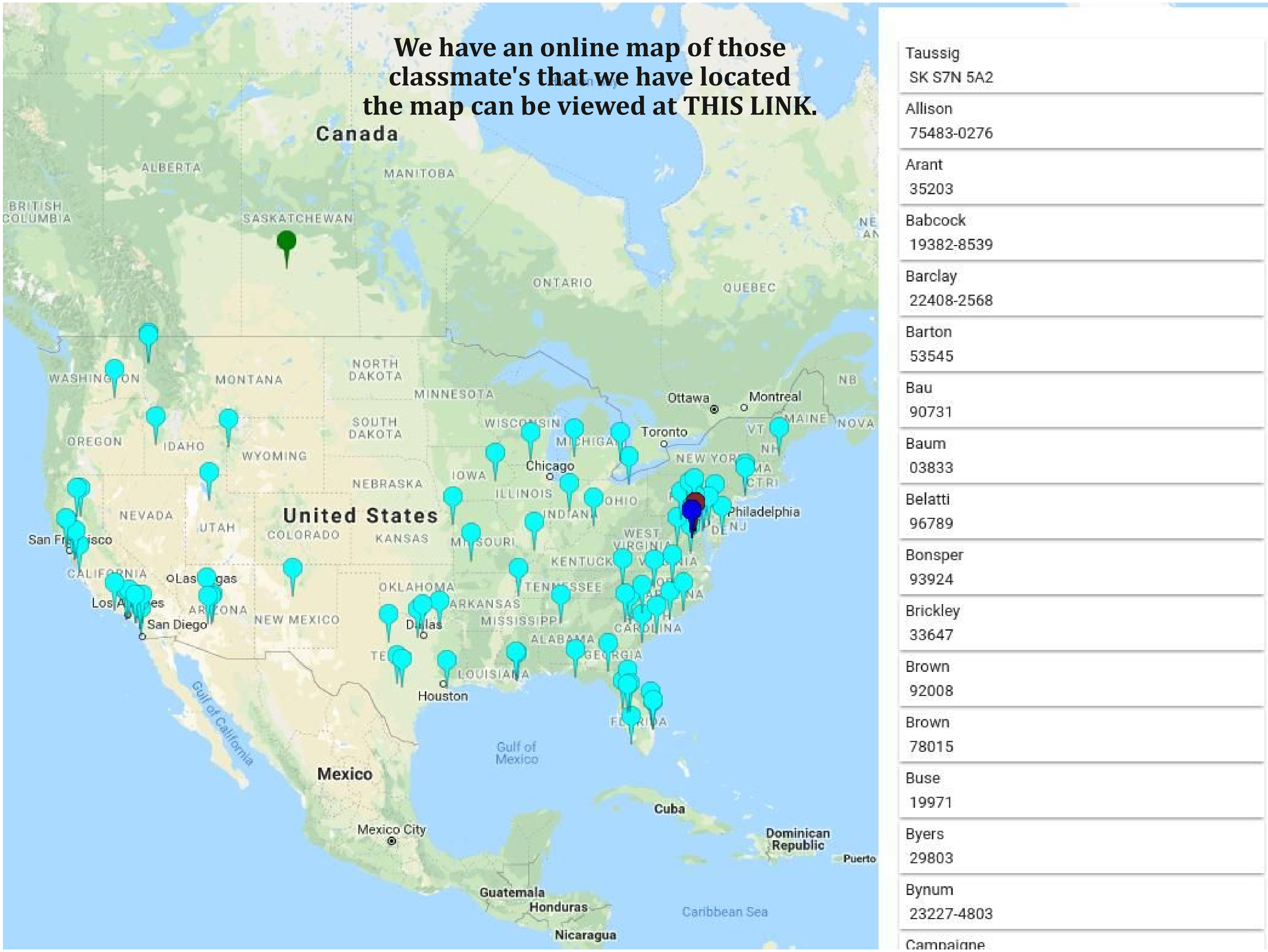
1	Bob Lewis	21	Jim Cathcart	41	Carl Fulford
2	Tom Gay	22	Don Bonsper	42	Bob Barclay
3	Don Esmond	23	Raleigh Griffiths	43	Mo Motard
4	Chuck Ross	24	Bill McBride	44	Bill Arant
5	Chris Jameson	25	John Bowman	45	Bob O’Connor
6	Chuck Tebrich	26	Ted Hart	46	Dick Perkins
7	Chris Mead	27	Mike Kelly	47	Bill Davis
8	Gary Gruhl	28	Ron Hartnett	48	Carl Kepford
9	Pete Oatis	29	Skip Stephenson	49	Joe Moosbrugger
10	Steve Clark	30	Sam Martini	50	Scott Gray
11	Le Van Cuu	31	Pham Dat	51	Tim Pitchford
12	Pete Hesser	32	Mark Campaign	52	Tom Newman
13	Bill Pedersen	33	Ed McMenamy	53	Helmuts Feifs
14	Hugh Ronalds	34	Ken Herr	54	John Suhy
15	Ty Trainor	35	Jim Hintz	55	Miles Still
16	Toby Griffis	36	Kenny Moore	56	Bill Bau
17	John Winkler	37	Jim Thompson		
18	Dave Belatti	38	Rich Muller		
19	John Wilkes	39	Rich Klauer		
20	Dale Wyrauch	40	John Campbell		

TBS 2-67 Reunion

We have an online map of those classmate's that we have located the map can be viewed at THIS LINK.



Canada
ALBERTA
MANITOBA
BRITISH COLUMBIA
SASKATCHEWAN
ONTARIO
QUEBEC
WASHINGTON
MONTANA
NORTH DAKOTA
MINNESOTA
OREGON
IDAHO
SOUTH DAKOTA
WYOMING
WISCONSIN
MICHIGAN
Toronto
Ottawa
Montreal
NB
MAINE
NOVA
VT
NH
NEW YORK
MA
CT RI
Chicago
IOWA
NEBRASKA
ILLINOIS
INDIANA
OHIO
Philadelphia
DE NJ
NEVADA
UTAH
United States
COLORADO
KANSAS
MISSOURI
WEST VIRGINIA
San Francisco
KENTUCKY
CALIFORNIA
Las Vegas
OKLAHOMA
TENNESSEE
Los Angeles
ARIZONA
ARKANSAS
San Diego
NEW MEXICO
Dallas
MISSISSIPPI
CAROLINA
ALABAMA
TEXAS
GEORGIA
LOUISIANA
Houston
FLORIDA
Gulf of California
Gulf of Mexico
Mexico
Cuba
Mexico City
Dominican Republic
Puerto
Guatemala
Honduras
Caribbean Sea
Nicaragua

Taussig	SK S7N 5A2
Allison	75483-0276
Arant	35203
Babcock	19382-8539
Barclay	22408-2568
Barton	53545
Bau	90731
Baum	03833
Belatti	96789
Bonsper	93924
Brickley	33647
Brown	92008
Brown	78015
Buse	19971
Byers	29803
Bynum	23227-4803
Campaigne	

Reunion Planning and Execution

Left to Right: Bob Lewis, Ty and Marci Trainor, Tom and Sandy Gay, Kenny and Lois Moore, Pete and Barbara Oatis, Ed McMenamy, Hugh and Anna Ronalds, Bill McBride

The initial planning for The Reunion began in 2016 with a post by Joe Moosbrugger on a website run by another TBS Class, where he asked for those interested in a Charlie Company reunion to contact him. This started the forward motion for a TBS 2-67 reunion. Joe had other irons in the fire at the time, so Bill McBride and Ed McMenamy began contacting members of the class and the result was the formation of a small reunion "fire team (+)" of the classmates and (later) their wives in the picture above. Thus began the months of effort and fun that culminated in the TBS 2-67 Reunion in Fredericksburg, VA, 14-17 May 2019.

Suffice it to say that it was an outstanding time of Teamwork and Esprit D' Corps.

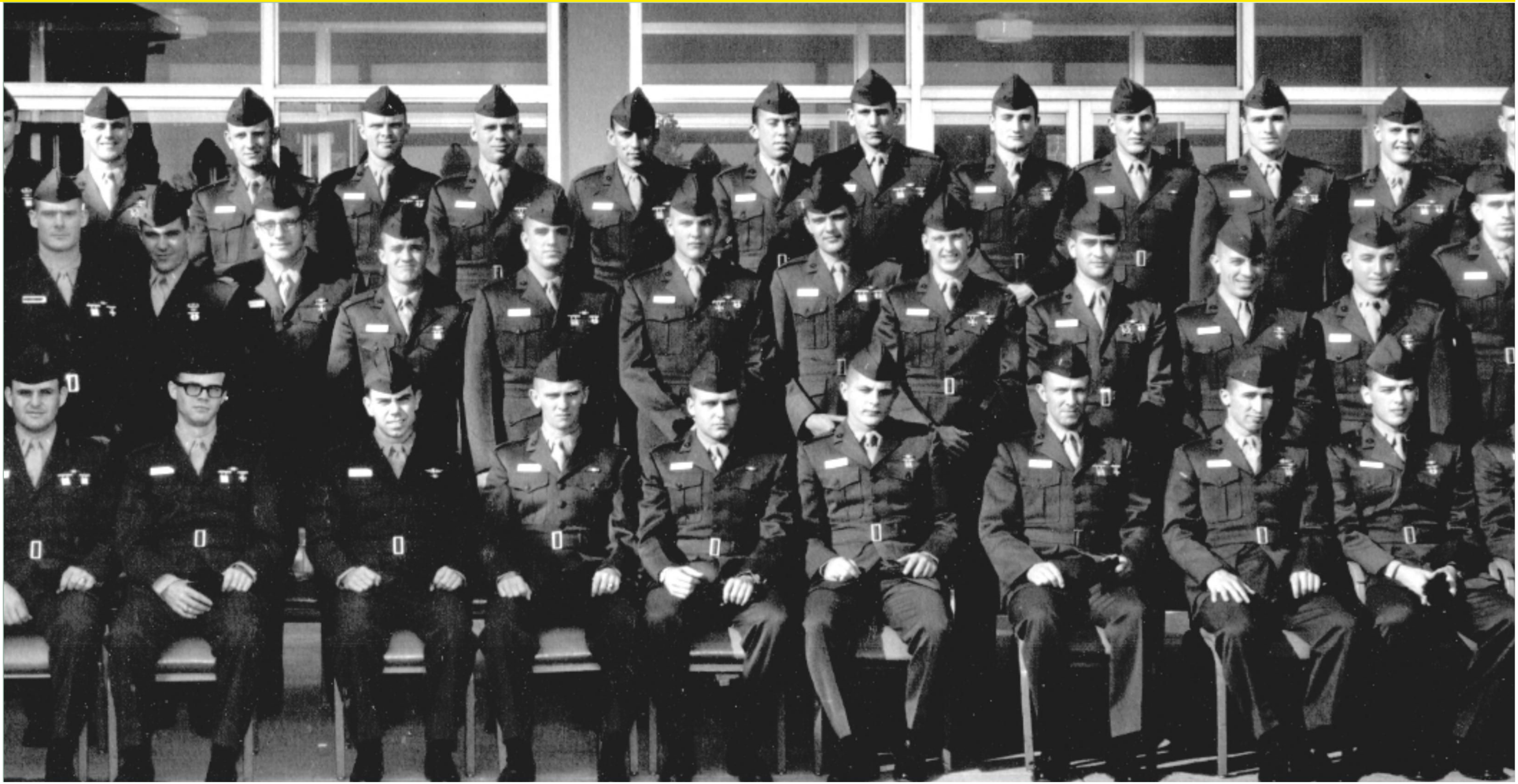
TBS 2-67 Reunion

ZOOM
Pause (k)

The planning team "met" a number of times using email and Zoom. Tom, Ty, and Kenny also made a recon to the hotel before final selection.

SMEAC

THIRD PLATOON



TBS 2-67 Charlie Company August 1966 - January 1967

3rd Platoon Table of Contents

Introduction
Platoon Roster
Vintage Platoon Picture
Platoon Picture from Reunion
3rd Platoon Photos
Return to SMEAC Index

Platoon Member's Biographies (Below)

Buzz Buse
William Kent
Carl B. Kepford
Robert H. Kirkpatrick
Richard L. Klauer
James L. Leslie
Robert C. (Bob) Lewis
Bobby Light
Samuel R. (Sam) Marrone
Samuel G. (Sam) Martini
Bill McBride
Richard S. McConnell, Jr.
Ed McMenamy
Christopher A. Mead
Art Millard
Ken Moore
Joe Moosbrugger
Thomas S. (Tom) Nelson
Thomas F. Newman
Hank Nothhaft
Robert W. O'Connor
Peter W. (Pete) Oatis
Nguyen Van Hien
Ernest T. (Ernie) Pascarella
William T. Pedersen
Richard W. Perkins
Walter T. (Tim) Pitchford
Erle L. (Butch) Plunkett, Jr.

Click on any of the BLUE Links to Jump to the item
Use the SMEAC link at the top of this page to return to the main index

Third Platoon, Charlie Company, TBS 2-67

Version 1B 28 Sept 20

This is the "Landing Zone" for the Third Platoon. In it you will find:

- **A Table of Contents with clickable links to the individual sections.**

- **A Listing of Platoon Members, including those Killed in Action and Deceased.**

- **Biographies of Most of the Platoon Members. Some are short, others are long. These were submitted by the individual Marines. The content is original. Minor edits and formatting were done to correct obvious errors and present them in a somewhat uniform manner. Included are photos related to Third Platoon Members and their lives since TBS.**

- **An Annotated Photo of the Platoon taken in early January, 1967 prior to graduation. A few Marines were not present when the photo was taken.**

- **An Annotated Photo taken of Platoon Members at the Reunion held during May, 2019. A few Attendees didn't make the photo shoot. The Company Landing Zone section includes Reunion Photos taken of all attendees and their guests.**

- **Photos from the Reunion and other photos and platoon information.**

Third Platoon

Nguyen Van Hien 🟦🟦
William H. Keller III
Mike Kelly
William Kent
Carl B. Kepford
Ronald R. (Ron) Kersey
Robert H. Kirkpatrick
Richard L. Klauer
Francis William LaMotte 🟦🟦
James L. Leslie
Robert C. (Bob) Lewis
Bobby Light
Gerald J. Lynam
James Madden
Arthur (Neal) Mangham
Samuel R. (Sam) Marrone
Samuel G. (Sam) Martini
Bill McBride
Richard S. McConnell, Jr.
Ed McMenamy
Christopher A. Mead
Arthur Millard
John W. Moffett 🟦🟦
Ken Moore
Joe Moosbrugger
Dean Lamonte (Mo) Mottard
Richard A. Mueller
Rich Muller
Harry B. Murphy 🟦🟦
Thomas S. (Tom) Nelson
Gary Newkirk
Thomas F. Newman
Doan Duc Nghi 🟥
Hank Nothhaft
Robert W. O'Connor
James F. O'Brien 🟦🟦
Richard O'Leary 🟥
Peter W. (Pete) Oatis
Warren Burns Partain, Jr.
Ernest T. (Ernie) Pascarella
Dennis A. Peasenell
William T. Pedersen
Richard W. Perkins
Dennis A. Peterson
Michael Kevin Phalin
William R. Pharr 🟦🟦
Weller A. Phillips 🟦🟦
Walter T. (Tim) Pitchford
Erle L. (Butch) Plunkett, Jr.
Donald R. Prichard 🟦🟦

🟥 KIA

🟦🟦 Deceased
(Information as of May 2019)

My Memories of the Third Platoon, Charlie Co.
by 1stLt Buzz Buse
Staff Platoon Commander
The Basic School
August 1966-January 1967

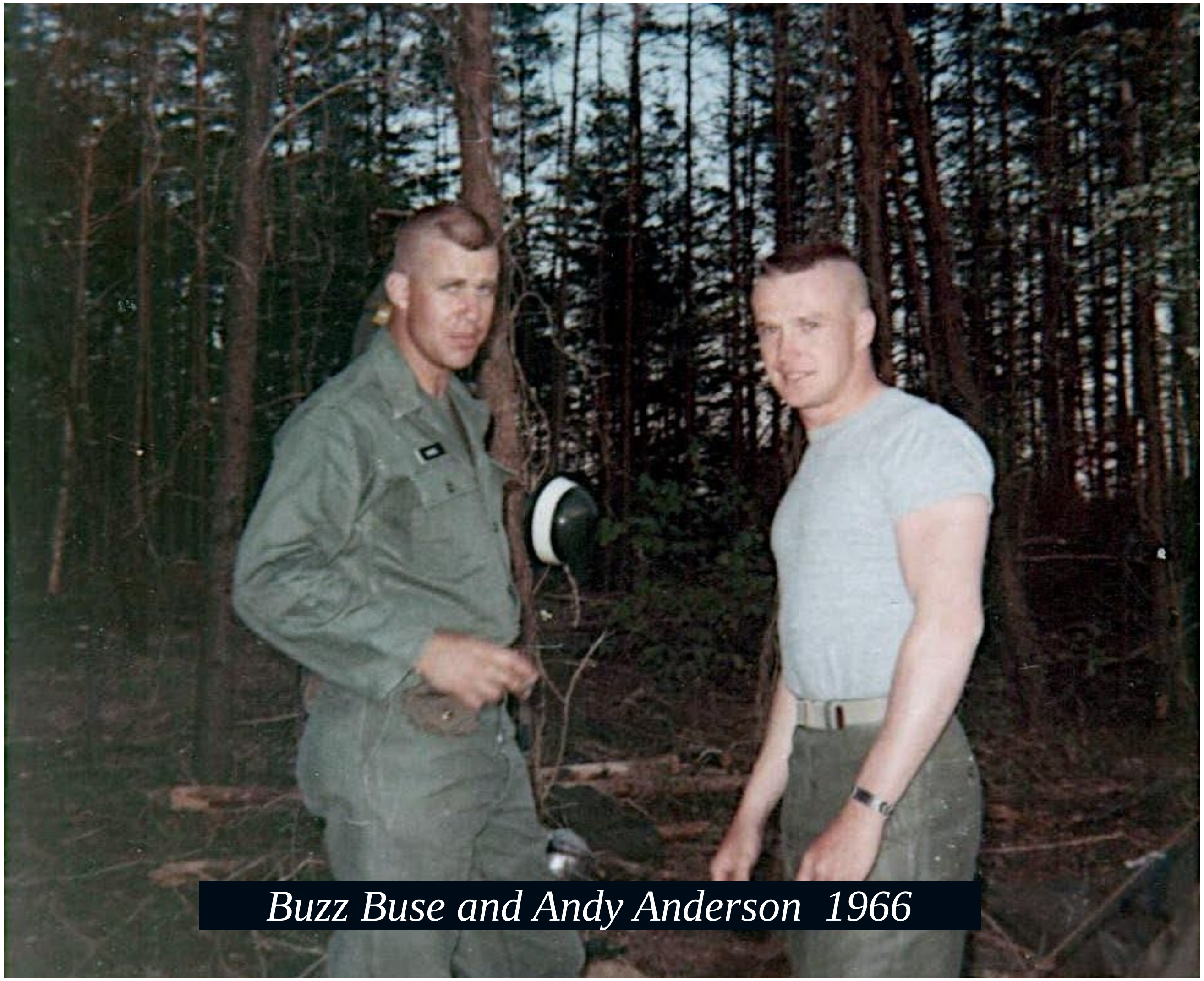
I first met some members of the third platoon and others in our company before the company was formed. I was the officer in charge of the group of early arriving officers for our company and was responsible for creating and executing a training schedule until we officially got started. As I recall we did the normal stuff during that time, daily PT, a few classes, and a tour or two. I recall that one of the tours was to Washington D.C. We loaded up a bus and went into D.C. for the day. Everyone was on his own until we re-boarded the bus in the afternoon and went back to Quantico. One officer, whose name I don't recall, showed up with his golf clubs. He had made arrangements to link up with someone else and play golf somewhere locally when everyone else was in the city. Pretty creative. I remember thinking that that guy will probably end up being the first General officer in your class.

Once we formed as a company and I met our platoon for the first time, I sensed that this was going to be a special group of officers. For the most part, everyone was fairly fit, pretty squared away, and ready to get on with it. That sense proved to be right. You all did well throughout our 6 months together. I recall many events such as the rifle range, patrols, tactical exercises, the three day war, and social events and specific instances associated with each. Also the individual interaction with each of you was terrific. So were the uniform inspections. The latter was probably great because Fred Fagan (4th Platoon Commander) and I would normally grab a beer and head over to O'Bannon Hall as you came in to be inspected after hours. All great times and watching you all grow was the best part of the whole package. My take-some ups and downs, as is the case in every organization, but a really solid group of officers with great potential. As I have told some of you years later, I had one of the most enjoyable 6 months periods in my career serving with the 3rd Platoon at TBS.

For some reason, a couple of things have popped back into my memory some 54 year later. As I recall you all, because we were all lieutenants together, were not at all reluctant to give me the needle once in a while after we got to know one another very well. I remember two occasions when that happened. First, big Ernie Pascarella and I were two of the few, if not the only two, who did the "college boy roll" not a "kip" over the first obstacle on the "O" Course. When I did it, you all let me have it with jeers and laughter. When Ernie did it, no one said a word. I think you knew he could have crushed you like a grape if you had harassed him. Second, was when Kevin Phalin was promoted to Captain. After his promotion he was not required to be in any platoon formation because he was then senior to all of us. The day after his promotion, we had a platoon formation, and Kevin was standing beside but slightly apart from the platoon. As I walked up to the formation, I saluted him and said "Good morning Captain". He dropped his voice about 10 octaves and came back with a gruff "Good morning, Lt. Buse". You guys cracked up. So did I, internally.

I do remember your graduation and had one driving thought at that ceremony. As I sat and watched the ceremony unfold, I could not help but think that the third platoon was a wonderful group of officers that had well met the challenges of TBS and was now ready to go out and lead our young Marines in the FMF. I thought those Marines were going to be lucky to have you as their leaders. They were.

I regret that none of us served together again after TBS. I would have loved that. Take care. Stay well and God Bless you all. Buzz


Buzz Buse and Andy Anderson 1966

Henry W. Buse III
(Staff Platoon Commander)

Nickname: Buzz

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born and raised in a Marine family. Graduated from high school in McLean, Va. in 1960 and graduated from Colgate University in 1964. Joined the Corps through the PLC program. My father was a Marine for 36 years and my Uncle was a Navy pilot who was killed in a crash at Pax River.

My Memories of TBS: I was the staff Platoon Commander of the 3rd Platoon.

TBS Graduation: I was an 0302.

Vietnam Era Service: I was a platoon commander in Golf Company 2/9 in Vietnam in 1965-66 and Commanded "A" company 1/4 in 1969.

After Vietnam: After my first Vietnam tour I was assigned to the TBS staff. After my second tour I was assigned to MCRD San Diego.

After My Initial Obligation was up: I stayed in the Corps until 1988, then retired and worked in the civilian world for the next 21 years. My favorite post Marine Corps job was as the Director Officer Placement Services in the Military Officers Association of America (MOAA).

My Current Life: I permanently retired to Rehoboth Beach DE and now do volunteer work at the local hospital and am involved in the Episcopal church there. Yes I have hair but it is thinning considerably. Unfortunately nothing else is thinning, particularly my waist line. I'm in pretty good health but can't run anymore. Glad the note on our reunion events calendar says we are prohibited from going to the "O" course and running after the banquet. Haven't been back to Vietnam but am thinking about going back.

Plans for the Future: I do some traveling and my bucket list is limited but a return to Vietnam is on it.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: The privilege of being the staff platoon commander for the 3rd platoon stands out. The officers in that platoon are a very special group for me and I think about them often, especially those we have lost. I cherished every minute on active duty. As always, the great Marines stand out throughout my career.

William Dixon Kent, Jr.

Nickname: Wild Bill

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born in Berkeley California and raised in New York, California, and Lima Peru. I attended Miramonte High School in Orinda, California. I lettered in football, track, and baseball all four years. I ran in the LA city finals in the Colosseum and set a school record in the low hurdles. I received my Bachelors of Science in Sociology with a minor in Speech at Utah State University where I played tailback and was the president of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity. In 1961 we were rated 10th in the nation and went to the Gotham Bowl where we played Baylor University. I was in the PLC Aviation program. I played tailback for the Quantico football team in 1966. My hobbies consist of Martial Arts, flying, and any type of exercise. My first job was being an assistant manager at a movie theater. My father was in the Army Air Corps and the U.S. Navy during World War II. My uncle was in the Army in Korea and I have a brother in law who was an officer in the Navy. My influence came from a multitude of things, but my biggest influence when I was a kid was growing up watching John Wayne Pacific war movies.

My Memories of TBS: The younger I get the more I remember but I cannot recall my roommate. While on liberty I went to Washington D.C., Georgetown, and Myrtle Beach. The camaraderie of the people to become dedicated leaders of men in battle. I had no bad memories of training...I loved every second of it. I had expert ratings in both the rifle and pistol ranges. I remember the "Mad Moment." First Lt. Buse I remember fondly. I have my Mameluke Sword engraved. I was a member of the Quantico Football team.

TBS Graduation: 0802 was my MOS. This was my first choice.

After Completing TBS: I went to Fort Sill Oklahoma for artillery and missile school. It was 12 weeks long and it prepared me for my following assignments. I was assigned to another field. After Fort Sill, I went to New River North Carolina and went through the forward air controller/air observer program. I was awarded 0805.

Vietnam Era Service: I went from New River to Vietnam. I arrived in July 1967 and joined Alpha Battery 1st. Bn., Eleventh Marines. Executive officer/ forward observer with B/1/1. Yes, I remember meeting up with my TBS classmates in Vietnam but I can't recall any of their names at this time. My tour was 13 months. My next assignment after A/ 1/11 was 1st Mar DIV-3MAF, Commanding Officer India Company, Executive Officer 1st CAG as an 0302. I went to Hawaii and Hong Kong for R&R. I returned in August of 1968. I had issues with the Hare (Hairy) Krishna cult when I returned to

LAX airport and when I returned they spit on my trousers. My adventures did make the hometown newspaper which at that time was the Orange County Register. I was a highly decorated combat Marine officer. My biggest lesson learned while in Vietnam was how horrific war is because of how cruel people can be to each other.

After Vietnam: I was assigned to 13th Marines at Camp Pendleton as commanding officer Golf Battery 3/13. I was also the commanding officer of the 5th Marines Division AO Unit, supported by HMLA 367. My seabag was marginal when I picked it up.

After My Initial Obligation was up: I decided to get out after my initial obligation. It was very difficult to decide to get out at the time. My plan was to go back to flying, and where I ended up getting recruited by the U.S. Department of Justice Drug Enforcement Administration. There, I served as a special agent/chief pilot/criminal investigator/international organized crime task force member and undercover on the Columbia/Central American/Mexican cartels where I started the DEA'S air force, now the largest law enforcement air force in the world. I got hired by the DEA as a special agent, then I got hired by Braniff International Airlines where I started as a second officer, then rose to first officer, and then to captain/check airman simulator instructor. While flying for Braniff I flew the following aircraft; B-727-100-200- QC, MD DC-8-51-MD DC-8-62 Intercontinental and the B-747-100-200-special performance, along with the Concord. The high points of my career consisted of leading young men in battle in Vietnam and as a civilian flying Boeing 747's around the world. I have chased and caught all of my dreams. I have traveled most of the world and I have an Air Transport Pilot License.

My Current Life: Right now I am focused on being as healthy as I can in every aspect of life and staying positive no matter what. Attitude is everything. I enjoy playing with my dog named Rambo and being there for my son Dixon, daughter Carmy and also helping my grandson Grayden become a young man. My hobbies now consist of being healthy, exercise and eating right. I am a 5th dan in American Combat Karate, 2nd dan TKD, Muay Thai, and Kickboxing. I still have all my hair and my health is excellent. I am registered with the VA and still have lingering effects of PTSD and Agent Orange. I am not married. I am semi literate in computers but I am definitely not an expert.

Plans for the Future: I am retired. I keep a low social profile. I would like to revisit Vietnam.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: Hope the Marines that followed us and that will follow them and on and on will keep the positive tradition of the Marine Corps alive like we did as proven by our service in the Marine Corps.

My Home Address: 706 Summerwood Dr, Arlington TX 76017

Carl Kepford

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in Cheyenne, Wyoming, I grew up in small towns in the West before I moved to the Chicago area my senior year in high school. During those years, I spent a lot of time hiking, hunting, fishing, and generally enjoying life outdoors. I was a good long distance runner and an OK basketball player in high school sports. My dad was a Seabee officer in WWII. He influenced my decision to favor the Navy and Marine Corps over the other service branches. I received a NROTC scholarship to the University of Colorado and decided to follow the Marine Corps path from the start. I was a terrible student, changed majors more than once, and ended up with a degree in Political Science. But I had a great time.

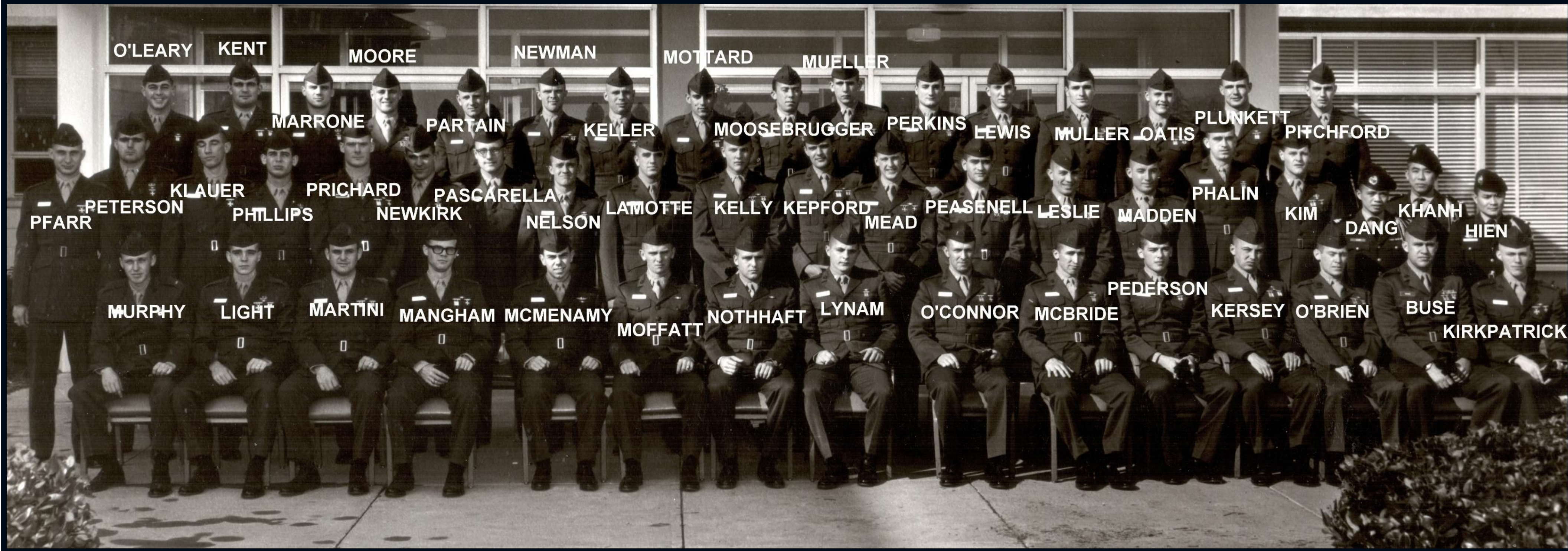
My Memories of TBS: I was single and roomed with Rich Klauer at Basic School. Nobody ever accused me of being overly neat. I'm sure Rich remembers the extra effort he put into keeping our room shipshape. Sorry, Rich. My wife has sympathy for you. I usually went to D.C. on liberty, met a few interesting women, but no real sparks there. I liked all the outdoor activities at the Basic School. The navigation portions seemed natural to me and I was lucky enough to get an easy set of points to find on qualification day. As a result, I finished early. Too early. Our instructions were to walk out to a road after finishing and a bus would take us back to the assembly area. A bus came by and I got on it. It dropped me off at an area where another TBS group was having a class. The instructor asked me what I was doing there. I told him I had just finished my navigation exercise and was reporting. That got a big laugh from the class. Lost coming back from the navigation exercise.

TBS Graduation: I put in for Infantry, Artillery, and Combat Engineer in that order. I was disappointed when I was assigned the Combat Engineer MOS. But it worked out.

After Completing TBS: I took a brief leave before and after the eight-week Combat Engineer School at Camp Lejeune. The training at Camp Lejeune was terrific.

Vietnam Era Service: I spent the first seven months in Vietnam as the Helicopter Support Team Platoon Leader attached to 1/5 at Que Son. Gary Newkirk from our TBS class and Engineer school was also attached to 1/5 during this time as the Engineer Platoon Commander. We were usually together in camp and on operations. Conditions were very primitive at Que Son for the first three months or so. Gary and I made a checkerboard and checkers from C-Ration boxes to while away some of the time. I spent the next six months as a platoon commander with 7th Engineer Battalion doing mine sweeps on roads from An Hoa and Hill 37.

After Vietnam: I spent the first six months after my Vietnam tour with the First Engineer Battalion in Camp Pendleton, then received orders for Officer Selection Officer in Chicago, traveling to college campuses in Illinois and Indiana. During this time, we were occasionally confronted by protesters who often lacked any basic knowledge of Vietnamese politics or


O'LEARY
KENT
MOORE
NEWMAN
MOTTARD
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MARRONE
PARTAIN
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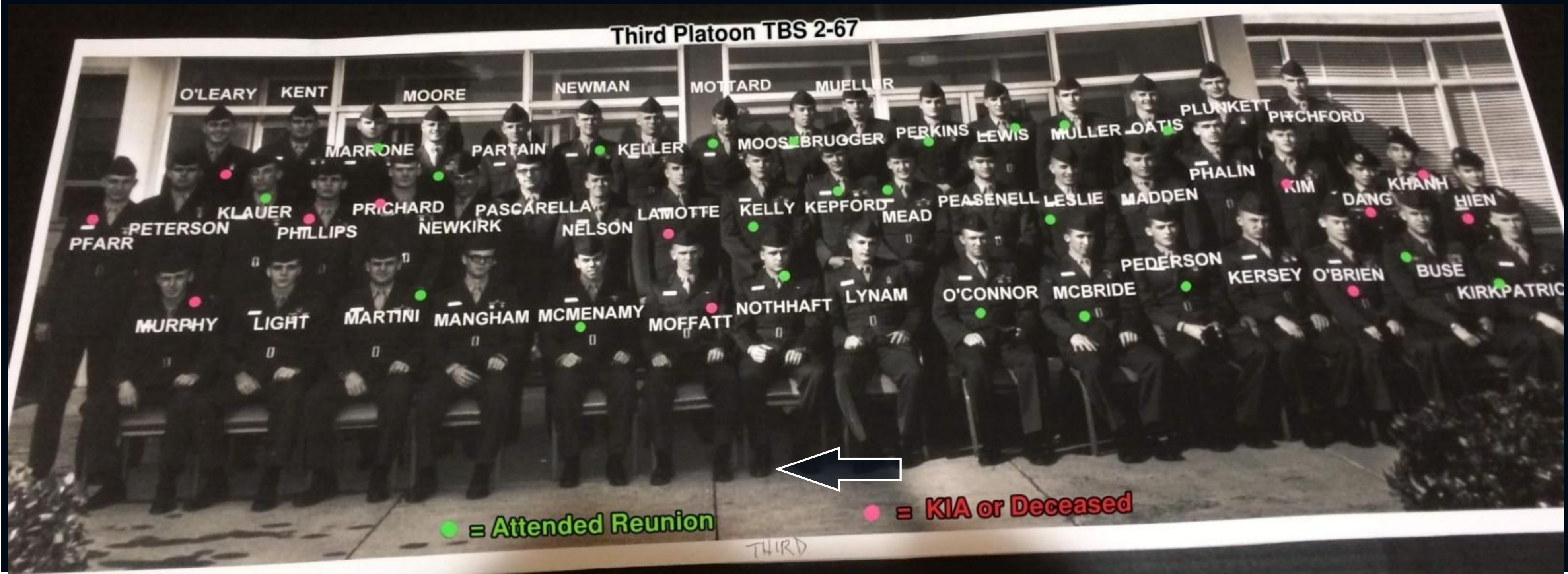
HIEN
PEDERSON
MURPHY
LIGHT
MARTINI
MANGHAM
MCMENAMY
MOFFATT
NOTHHAFT
LYNAM
O'CONNOR
MCBRIDE
KERSEY
O'BRIEN
BUSE
KIRKPATRICK

Upper: Third Platoon Photo with Names.

Lower: Third Platoon Photo from Reunion Display with Annotation


Third Platoon TBS 2-67
O'LEARY
KENT
MOORE
NEWMAN
MOTTARD
MUELLER
MARRONE
PARTAIN
KELLER
MOOSEBRUGGER
PERKINS
LEWIS
MULLER
OATIS
PLUNKETT
PITCHFORD
PHALIN
KIM
KHANH
DANG
HIEN
KLAUER
PRICHARD
PASCARELLA
PETERSON
PHILLIPS
NEWKIRK
PFARR
NELSON
LAMOTTE
KELLY
KEPFORD
MEAD
PEASENELL
LESLIE
MADDEN
PEDERSON
KERSEY
O'BRIEN
BUSE
KIRKPATRIC
MURPHY
LIGHT
MARTINI
MANGHAM
MCMENAMY
MOFFATT
NOTHHAFT
LYNAM
O'CONNOR
MCBRIDE
● = Attended Reunion
● = KIA or Deceased
THIRD

history or conditions on the ground. Sometimes Vietnam veterans on campus would intervene and form a protective screen around our recruiting table.

After My Initial Obligation was up: I decided to return to civilian life after my time as an Officer Selection Officer in Chicago. I am very proud of my time in the Marine Corps and my experiences were valuable to me in civilian life. I went to graduate school at night in Chicago working on a Masters in Labor Relations while working with Nalco Chemical Company and later Signode Corporation. I accepted a promotion and transfer to Baltimore where I met my wife Joan who was completing her residency at Johns Hopkins. We enjoyed boating on the Chesapeake Bay and moved to Marco Island, Florida where we can enjoy boating year-round.

My Current Life: I have been very active with the Alligator Amblers, a chapter of the Florida Trail Association, before and after retirement. We maintain hiking trails in the Everglades and lead hikes, off-road cycling trips, and kayak trips in the Everglades and mangrove estuaries. My wife and I still have our old boat and I spend time and money trying to keep it running, Getting to be a lot more difficult to crawl around in the bilge to fix stuff. But we have great fun with it.

Plans for the Future: Retired. My wife and I are working with neighbors to arrange a trip to Italy, staying at mostly VRBO's while there.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: I'm proud of the time I spent in the Marine Corps and the people I met there.

My Home Address: 65 Anchor Court, Marco Island, FL

Carl Kepford, Hill 37

Robert H. Kirkpatrick, Jr.

Nickname: Bob

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in Cleveland, OH, raised in Cleveland, Bethlehem, Pa. (elementary school) and Evansville, IN (high school). I was an English Lit major at Indiana University where eventually I earned my MA in English. Joined the PLC program in 1962 (two sessions) and was commissioned in 1965. 1965 - 66 was in graduate school then on to TBS. My Father was a Marine in WWII and, growing up I doubt that I was aware that there were any other branches of the armed forces so it was natural that I would join.

My Memories of TBS: I was married while at TBS and lived in Fairfax, VA., commuting from there (at a very early hour for a recent college student) usually with Randy Bonner. Obviously, my liberty was spent with my wife doing whatever we could afford (not much). I shot Expert both with the rifle and pistol. The Mad Moment has never left my brain and I hope there still is something similar today. I would attend again if it were possible. I had my sword engraved and it now hangs over my fireplace where it is always a topic of conversation with my visitors.

TBS Graduation: I was assigned MOS 0301 (my first choice).

After Completing TBS: I took leave to Florida after TBS and spent a month or a little less with my family and my wife's family (they lived only two blocks apart) then went directly to RVN.

Vietnam Era Service: I went directly to RVN and was assigned as a Platoon Commander in Charlie Company, 1/5. Within two hours of arriving and being greeted by the CO I was sent out on a night platoon-sized patrol! What a welcome aboard! I spent my 13 months in Vietnam in several infantry capacities: Platoon Commander, Company XO and Delta Company Commander. Finally, just before the Tet Offensive began, I was assigned as HQ Commandant for 1/5. The only TBS classmate I met while in 1/5 was Carl Fulford who was a fellow Platoon Commander and about whom I have a good story. The biggest lesson I learned from my time in-country is that Marines are a strange breed, for sure, but they do extraordinary things in the most difficult of circumstances and can always be relied on to do so.

After Vietnam: After Vietnam I went through Okinawa (another fun story) on my way back to an assignment as the Admin Officer for the DC/S Air at HQMC. (I had no admin experience and the only air I knew about was whatever carried us or supported us.)

After My Initial Obligation was up: I sort of fell into making the Marine Corps a career by simply accepting each new assignment and finding each equally or more interesting than the previous. After HQMC I was sent to Okinawa for a 13 month unaccompanied tour as an Infantry Company Commander. Race and drug problems were rampant at the time and I almost decided to leave the corps but didn't, and was sent to Indiana as an Officer Selection Officer for three years, and then on the Naval Academy for a wonderful three year tour teaching English and helping the Navy Hockey team. A wonderful three years. After that came AWS, Camp Lejeune, a 13 month tour with COMIDEASTFOR in the Persian Gulf, and then four years at the Pentagon dealing with the Persian Gulf countries. I retired as a LtCol in 1987.

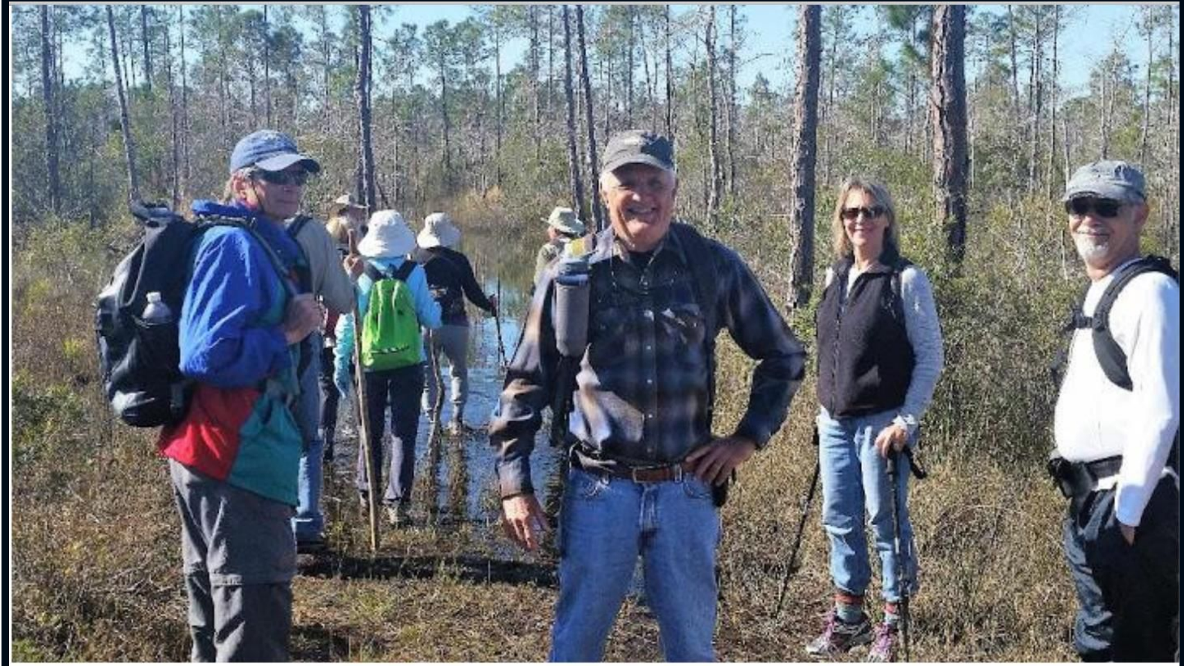
My Current Life: I now am fully retired, living in Charlottesville, VA and spend my time reading, working out, yard work and spending a lot of time with three granddaughters.

Plans for the Future: No desire to visit Vietnam, couldn't handle Olongapo.

My Home Address: 2200 Ridgeway Ln,
Charlottesville, VA 22911

Bob Kirkpatrick - CO Delta 1-5 with Officers/NCO's 1967

Bob Kirkpatrick - CO Delta 1-5 '67



Carl Kepford - Everglades Hike

Bob Kirkpatrick

Reunion Gathering: May 2019

Standing (L-R): Don and Cheryl Esmond, Tom Taylor

Seated (L-R): Jim Hintz, Bob Kirkpatrick, Scott Gray

Richard Klauer

Nickname: Rich

My Life Before Attending TBS: Grew up in Chicago, and got into the University of New Mexico in NROTC. Majored in Economics. Participated in track and cross country running. Hobbies were fishing and hunting, which helped earn the Expert Rifleman's badge. Friends were in USMC so it seemed logical to join also, with the draft being a concern at the time. Graduated from UNM in 5/66 and then went to Army Jump School at Fort Benning, and then reported to USMC for Senior PLC/NROTC in July '66. Near the end of training, I and about 20 other candidates who had already graduated from college were told to report to TBS, but we wouldn't be commissioned until about ten days later. So we all were assigned our own little platoon with Captain Chuck Krulak as our CO. He kept us on track to get our commissions on schedule, but we couldn't wear our brown bars or go to the "O" Club. It was interesting wearing the same utilities, carrying our blue 3 ring binders, but without 2nd LT bars. We all saw greatness in Capt. Krulak's future!

My Memories of TBS: I was not married, so I spent a lot of time going to JOPA mixers in D.C., Georgetown, and Fredericksburg to hang around Mary Washington College. Lieutenant Buse helped all of us get through TBS and he gave sage advice about MOS choices. Best part of training was the compass course! I still have my engraved sword hanging on my office wall. Public speaking was fun talking about using your voice as a form of leadership.

TBS Graduation: I was assigned to Communications School at Quantico, which was my first choice. From Comm School I received orders to report to 3rd MARDIV, RVN.

After Completing TBS: I returned to Albuquerque, New Mexico to visit family and friends, and then reported to Norton AFB, San Bernardino CA for a flight to Okinawa for more shots and a flight to Da Nang.

Vietnam Era Service: I reported to 3rd MARDIV in Phu Bai to the Comm Battalion, then 9th Marines in Dong Ha as the Ass't Comm Officer, then assigned to 2/4 on Bn Comm O. Involved in operations on the DMZ since 2/4 was designated as the Special Landing Force. Lessons learned: military intelligence is an oxymoron!!

After Vietnam: Returned to CONUS June '68 after 13 months. Next duty station was MCRD, San Diego as a Company Commander. Applied for law school at University of San Diego and was admitted starting in September 1969. Transferred to USMCR and stayed in Reserve units including Force Recon while in law school. Got married before starting law school. Graduated in 1972. Moved to Phoenix, Arizona for work with the Arizona Attorney General.

After My Initial Obligation was up: Stayed in USMCR after law school and volunteered to do legal assistance for Marines. Got out as a Captain. My wife Patti stayed in the Naval Reserve and retired as an 0-6 Navy Captain. Three children, all boys. Oldest went to USNA '96 and flew choppers. He retired after 20 years and now working on his Masters for teaching. Middle son, graduated from Arizona State U. and joined

Marines (PLC) Engineer Officer, and did the Iraq invasion. He's now running his own insurance agency. Youngest son went to ASU on a full ride Army ROTC program. He is a Blackhawk pilot, having served tours in Afghanistan and Germany, joined the Army Reserve, and still flies helos. He used the GI Bill to go to jet pilot school and now flies full time for American Airlines. All together we have five grandkids, all in the Phoenix area.

My Current Life: I have my own law office Klauer & Curdie doing civil cases, and volunteer at a shelter helping homeless veterans recover and get back into society. While my son was a Mid, we ran two Marine Corps Marathons in D.C. Now summers are spent horseback riding, fishing and hunting from our ranch in the White Mountains of Arizona. Health is good. Took a few cruises to Jamaica, Cayman Island, Panama and South America. Ireland is next on the list in October. Play pickleball after years of playing racquetball. I use the computer for work and finding flights for our next trip.

Bob Lewis Rich Klauer Tom Newman Buzz Buse

Reunion, Fredericksburg VA May 2019

Jim Leslie

Nickname: Jim or "Jumbo"

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born: Salamanca, NY (Seneca Reservation) then Pgh, Pa. High School, then Slippery Rock Univ. Wrestling team, then USMC 1965.

My Memories of TBS: I was married while at TBS to Norma. We had 1st son Shawn age 3 at that time. Shawn is now age 55 and retiring from Lockheed and moving here to Sarasota this summer. Norma died of cancer 1985. I was OK on the Rifle Range as I hunted deer from age 10- 24. I remember Buzzy Buse, Bob O'Connor, Ernie P, Kenny Moore, Bill McBride, and many others.

TBS Graduation: MOS: 2500 not my 1st choice but it worked out ok. My 1st choice was Flight School.

After Completing TBS: I went to MOS training at Quantico Comm school then CLNC, then Vietnam 1967 & 1968 with the 26th Marines at Khe Sanh just in time for Tet Offensive.

Vietnam Era Service: Vietnam: 1967 & 1968 with 26th Marines Comm O and Temp FAC after Walt Jones got killed in action. My USMC training prepared me well for combat but I did a lot of OJT everyday with a steady flow of incoming and snipers. I was shot there with an AK-47 which put me in Charlie Med for a few days then back in action. A few months later I got hit with shrapnel in right foot and leg and received 50 stitches, medivaced to Okinawa for recovery, and then back to 26th Marines in Quang Tri to complete my tour. While in Vietnam my 2nd child, Shan was born. When I got back home Shan was 6 months old. She is now age 50, a travel agent with AAA, and soon to retire and move to Sarasota.

After Vietnam: After Vietnam I was on medical leave for wounds. I got a part time job and went to grad school in Springfield Mass for 2 years. Then I joined the USMC reserves and went on and off active duty during the next 30 years. I served in combat in Grenada, Panama, Iraq, Kuwait, Baghdad, Desert Storm, etc. I retired with over 30 years of USMC service. It was a good life with some rough times but now I am comfortable in Sarasota FL, golfing, tennis, fishing, living my dream everyday.

After My Initial Obligation was up: After Vietnam, and while on medical hold I went to grad school in Mass. Then joined USMC reserves and fought in Panama, Granada, Kuwait, Baghdad, Iraq for 30 years total. I then sold Real Estate in D.C. and Va for 30 years. Now I am living my dream in Sarasota, Fl playing Golf and Tennis 5 days a week and church on Sunday. I work one day a week and on Saturday I work around my house doing dishes, Laundry, planting flowers and going to the opera.

My Current Life: Now I am living my dream golfing, tennis and fishing almost every day in Sarasota , Fla. My 5 children and 6 grandchildren visit me often. I am happy and blessed with good health. God has blessed me more than I deserve.

Plans for the Future: I am retired living my dream. I plan to travel some but very content where I am.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: I have lots of good Marine friends. I remember catching a ride with Bob O, and ErnieP to Pgh, Pa at Christmas with my wife Norma and our son Shawn age 3. We were short of cash to make the trip and our car was old but Bob and Ernie gave us a ride. It was a very nice trip.

My Home Address: 4885 Waterbridge Down,
Sarasota, Fl. 34235.

USMC Birthday, Sarasota, FL

Robert Cushing Lewis

Nickname: "Lucky"...and well earned, you'll see.

My Life Before Attending TBS: Family: William Barker Cushing, booted from USNA ,1860, 1st Class year (for nocturnal tryst with prof's daughter -- her bedroom). Note: his bro Alonzo did finish USMA. He was notable for having wiped out almost the whole Ole Miss class of 1862 (the University Grays) at Gettysburg. So family names are not used here. From Louisiana; attended Ole Miss. NROTC. History and psych majors.

My Memories of TBS: I remember my coach-sergeant (fine gent from KY) "penciled" in an expert pistol score for me. TBS was also the last time I ever fired on an USMC range. Not married. Bunked with Bill Kim. On liberty I drove to NJ: I won a plt drawing to escort a visiting French girl, and for you who didn't win, she was a real looker!

TBS Graduation: 0301. I had wanted to fly, but the Corps was too wise for that. Airplanes cost money; utilities, way less.

After Completing TBS: I always took max leave. (Saved leave won't fit in a coffin.) At Pendleton they stuck a mess of us in a cheesy little Recon Replacement school, which saved my life.

Vietnam Era Service: Went straight to Phu Bai and 3rd Recon Bn., which Pete Hesser will remember didn't take married men. Should have married the French girl.

After Vietnam: Returned to I&I duty in St. Louis. Sounds good, huh? Yeah, but only because I was a moron and declined orders with the army to track down some Guevara fellow in Bolivia. I was not then married, but only because old TBS instructor & monitor Jack Kelly slapped me on a getaway bird back to RVN.

After My Initial Obligation was up: Really happy to return to RVN in '70. Women protesting Marines in St. Louis was not the problem. (Well, not at first.) Assigned to Special Operations Group. Because my seabag turned green and needed a shave after my first tour, I was way too smart to take good uniforms -- or civvies -- back the second time. Got there just before Christmas, and received an immediate invitation to a big VN Navy "dance." All I had to wear was blue jeans, a polo shirt and my navy coral booties. But so what? I'd seen their folk dancing. I figured the VN officers would be forgiving of my paltry attire, given the war and stuff. They were. Then all the belles of Da Nang arrived in long Paris ball gowns, gloves and tiaras. Forgiving, they were not. At the moment I would have gladly taken orders to Laos. As a reminder of how to spell buffoon, I still have the diving booties. The only point of punctuation I ever left on any page of history is that come my 3rd tour in VN, (MSG Bn) I was the last Marine officer to depart I Corps, RVN. That was mere happenstance, but it may nevertheless look snappy on my tombstone. Real merit attends to the six MSG Marine sergeants who actually pushed off from the docks, and with the help of twenty or so Vietnamese Boy Scouts took control of the SS Pioneer Contender and got some six thousand fleeing refugees to safety. No mean feat.

My Current Life: As a penance for an ill-considered youth I taught philosophy after retiring at Rockhurst Univ. (S.J.) in KC.

Plans for the Future: A few years back the Vice-Premier of Vietnam visited Kansas city, and I was asked to be his escort. At the end of his visit he graciously invited everyone to come and visit Vietnam, and then in slow, patient Vietnamese he told me he hoped I'd enjoyed my previous visits there because there wouldn't be another. I wasn't welcome back. His intel as to who I had served with was really good. Last time I crossed the Shit River into Olongapo there was a big banner hung across the road proclaiming: "Welcome Col Lewis and his Recones Marines." Can't we hire some of those bar girls and stick them in our Intel?

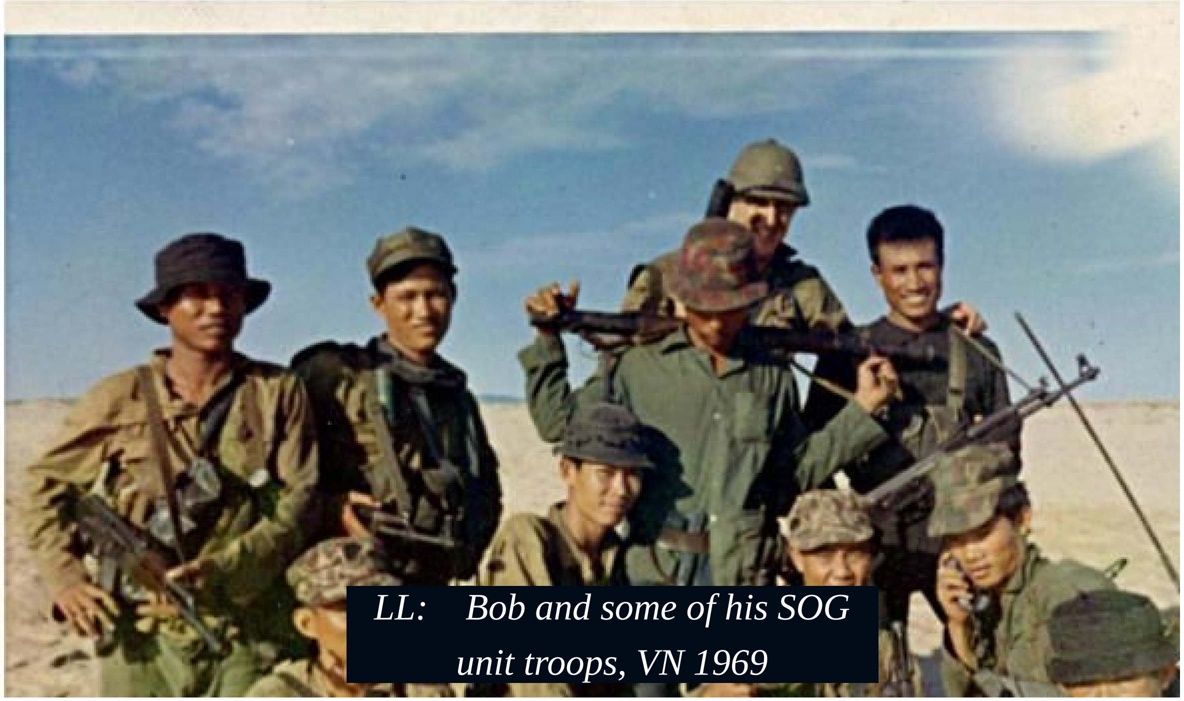
What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: TBS? Oh, easy one. Seemed as though the genius planners at Manpower hadn't guessed the casualties quite right and found they were just a wee bit short of lieutenants. So a couple of us on our 1st class Mid'n cruise got ejected from Bulldog and were sent up the road to TBS. So Mid'n Lewis attended TBS with your lot for another very long month. Sweet. The Corps? It was the times, I guess, but after TBS, I never was back on a rifle range. Evaded every parade but one. As an 03 spent exactly one year in the infantry. Boot polish? Ha! Conversely, managed to draw combat pay my first month out of TBS. No trick, that. However, in my last month in the Corps, spent on the Amazon river in Puerto Leguizamo, Colombia, I managed to squeeze the Corps for one last combat remittance. I spent it all buying piss-warm beer for Colombian Marine lieutenants in a riverside cantina that was so exotic, so to speak, that they thought it best to set up a M-60 MG at the front door. What a long run of luck.

My Home Address: 415 Ruskin Ave, Ocean Springs, MS 39564

Bob Lewis on Patrol with Naval SOG

UL: Bob and Jan Lewis, Ocean Springs, MS, 2018

R: Jim Leslie and Friend, Marine Corps Ball



LL: Bob and some of his SOG unit troops, VN 1969

Bobby R. Light

Nickname: Flash

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in Cumberland, MD. Attended NAPS and USNA. I was influenced to join the USMC by the quality of the Marines I met at NAPS & USNA.

My Memories of TBS: Married at TBS. Many close friends. Infantry tactics were the best part of TBS. Expert rifle and pistol. I had my sword engraved. I donated it to a member of USNA class of 2016. Buzz Buse was my platoon commander. I have always admired him.

TBS Graduation: 7500(basic aviator)

After Completing TBS: Fort Benning then Pensacola. Wanted to fly the F-4, but there were no slots available. Went to A-4's in August 1968.

Vietnam Era Service: Assigned to VMA-324 in Beaufort, SC. Arrived in Chu Lai in May of 1969, joining VMA-311. Transferred to H&MS-11 in Da Nang in July 1969. Flew 460 missions, mostly on the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos. Came home on the USS Ogden, LPD-5, in January 1970. Primary lesson learned: You can never train enough or know enough about your opponent.

After Vietnam: Joined the Harrier program in 1971 in Beaufort, SC. Was in Iwakuni, Japan with VMA-513 '75-76. OIC of WESTPAC Harrier Det '77-'78 & '79 (seven months each trip). Flight instructor in Kingsville, TX '79-'82. With H&MS-32 '82-'86 flying TA-4.

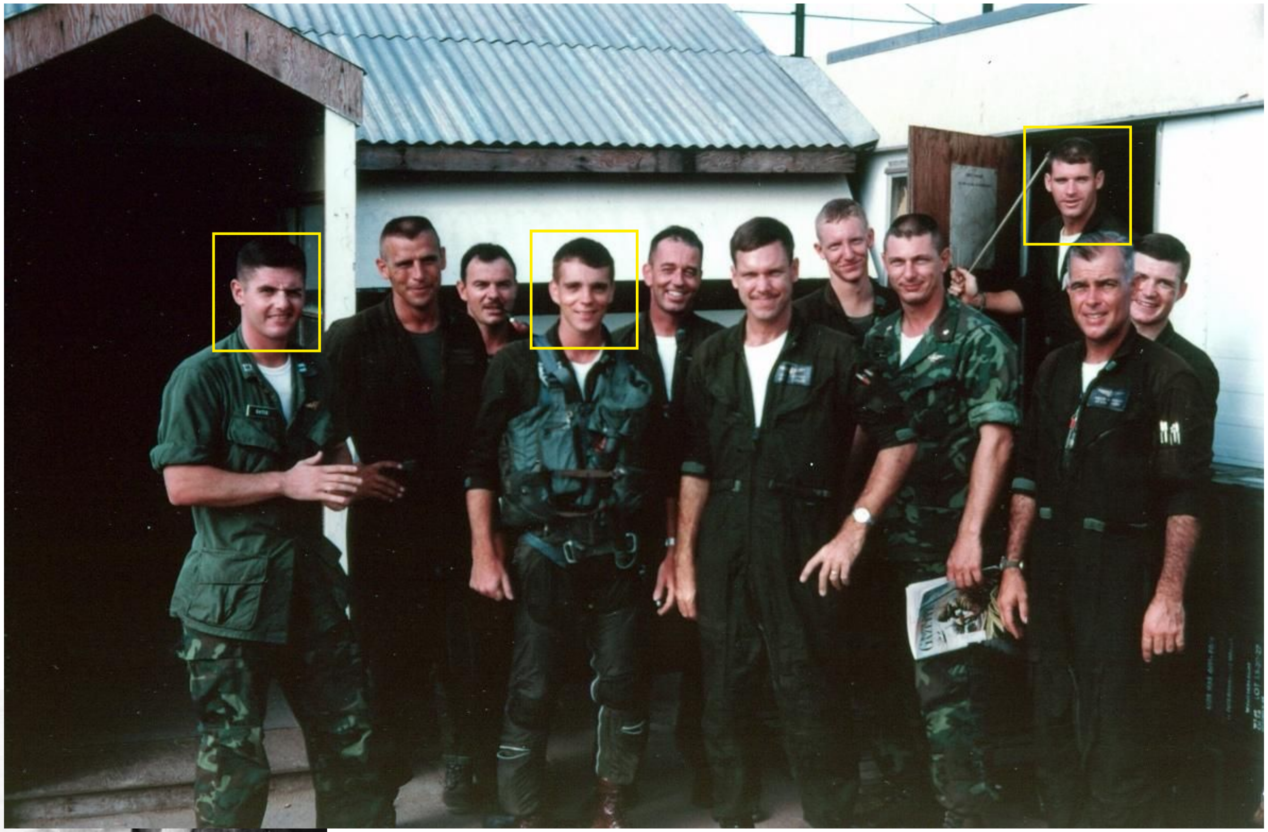
After My Initial Obligation was up: Got out in 1974 for 4 months (bad decision). Missed flying so came back in. Had a career highlight every time I added power to take off. Never tired of that sensation. Flying was THE dream of my life and I loved almost every minute of it (night carrier landings in an AV-8A I could have skipped). Got a MA in business at night school and taught business courses at a community college in NC for 5 years. Retired as a Major in '86.

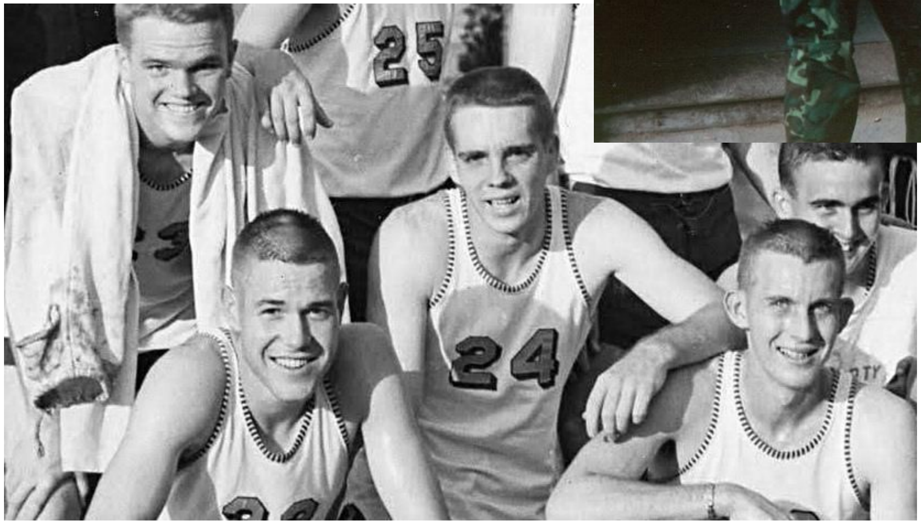
My Current Life: I've been married to Hope Cheryl Light for 34 years. I don't like to travel, but she forces me to do some. We have two granddaughters who are both college students at this time. We also have two Bichon's and a cat. I like to go fishing and usually take a trip to Canada each summer to fish for bass. I like to garden. I don't watch TV so spend evening times examining the physical nature of our world and its associated math. (Should've done more of that at USNA). As often as I can, I attend our USNA class luncheons at the A/N Country Club and dinner with the Semper Fidelis Society at the A/N Club in D.C. I still have some slight lingering effects of PTSD. Nothing serious. The VA, where I get my medical care, said that the prostate cancer I had 4 years ago was stimulated by exposure to Agent O. Who knows? That is under control and my health is good, in general. My Dr. wants me to live like a monk. Fat chance! I can use a computer. I once sent a one sentence text message. It took 25 minutes to compose and I haven't done so again since.

Plans for the Future: I have no bucket list and hardly plan longer than a day at a time. My mantra is the path of least resistance. I have been described as boring.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: I have met a great number of wonderful people!

My Home Address: 74 Mesquite LN, Hedgesville, WV 25427





Upper: Pete Oatis Bobby Light
Toby Griggs

Left: Bobby Light #24 at NAPS, 1962

Samuel R. Marrone

Nickname: Sam

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born and raised in Frederick, Maryland and attended Frederick High School. My father was a Seabee in WWII and served on Saipan and Okinawa. I was recruited by the Navy football program and attended NAPS where I played football and lacrosse. I entered the Naval Academy in June, 1962. I played on three national championship lacrosse teams at Navy. During my 1st class cruise I was fortunate to spend time with the 82nd Airborne Division in the Dominican Republic and that convinced me to go into the Marine Corps. After graduation Carl Fulford and I went to jump school at Fort Benning, Georgia.

My Memories of TBS: I enjoyed TBS and thought it did its best to prepare me for Vietnam. I was very impressed with the officer cadre and my classmates. I was not married and my roommate was Dean (Mo) Mottard.

TBS Graduation: My MOS assignment was 0302; my 1st choice.

After Completing TBS: After TBS I took 30 days leave and then reported to Camp Pendleton. Pete Hesser and I attended the Naval Gunfire Liaison School in San Diego before flying from El Toro to Okinawa for assignment.

Vietnam Era Service: I landed in Okinawa in April 1967. Pete Hesser, Bruce Greismer and I were assigned to Special Landing Force Bravo and Battalion Landing Team 2nd Battalion, 3rd Marines. Bruce was assigned as a Rifle Platoon Commander to Hotel Company and Pete and I were assigned as Rifle Platoon Commanders in Golf Company. I arrived in-country in April 1967. Our area of operations was in I-Corps, mainly along the DMZ. I returned to the "states" in May of 1968.

After Vietnam: After Vietnam I was assigned to Marine Barracks, Kodiak, Alaska as the Guard Officer. Bruce Greismer was also assigned to Marine Barracks, Kodiak as the XO. My last duty station was Headquarters Marine Corps, Division of the Reserves. I shared an office with another classmate, Steve Clark. I resigned my commission in the Marine Corps in June 1970.

After My Initial Obligation was up: Leaving the Marine Corps was a hard decision. I knew that the mission and camaraderie of the Marine Corps could not be equaled, but I wanted to try something else. My first job was with Ross Perot's company, EDS. I was assigned to a contract with a brokerage company in New York City. The financial services industry was exciting and could be financially rewarding. I spent the first 10 years in trading and sales of fixed income securities at DuPont Walston, Merrill Lynch and First Pennco Securities. The next 20 years were spent in management and executive positions at Becker Paribas, Kidder Peabody, Barclays Investment Bank and ABN AMRO. I left the financial services industry in 2001 and in 2004, I joined a small defense contractor founded by a Naval Academy classmate and friend. We made deployable self contained shelter systems for the military for use as operations/command and control centers and field hospital/ aide stations. We sold the company in 2015.

My Current Life: In 2007 Carl Fulford organized a return to Vietnam trip with Military Historical Tours for Naval Academy classmates and wives. Vietnam had obviously changed but for me it completed the circle.

Plans for the Future: I got married to my wife Jane in 1981. We have two sons and two grandsons. I am fully retired and am happy to spend time with family, friends and chasing my two grandsons.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: Nothing has prepared me for life's challenges better than my time in the Marine Corps.

My Home Address: 64 Five Mile River Road, Darien, CT 06820-6234

Sam and Ron Hartnett at NAPS Reunion

Carl Fulford, Ron Hartnett, Sam Marrone,Pete Hesser, Mark Campaigne

Samuel Martini

Nickname: Sam

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was raised on a small cattle ranch just east of Sparks, Nevada. I attended schools in Sparks, graduating from Sparks High School in 1960. My high school years flew by while participating in school activities. I lettered in football and particularly enjoyed wood shop and mechanics. For a year after graduation I worked in various jobs before enrolling at the University of Nevada in 1961. In 1966 I graduated with a Bachelor of Science in wildlife management. In my junior year a Marine recruiting officer convinced me I needed to join the Marine Corps and enrolled me in two summer Platoon Leaders classes. During that summer I attended my first six week training session. Upon graduation I started my second six weeks of training. After four weeks of training I was promoted to 2nd Lieutenant and sent directly to The Basic School for training. I took pride in being the first and only one in my family to ever serve in the military.

My Memories of TBS: While at Basic School I roomed with a Naval Academy graduate named Kenny Moore. I also made friends with Ted Hart and Bob O'Connor, with whom I had many good times. Basic School pushed me to my physical and emotional limits, but it taught me I could accomplish a whole lot more than I had previously thought possible. I have utilized the many skills acquired at The Basic School throughout my life. I still remember one day in particular; waking early one morning, we marched for about two hours and conducted live fire exercises all day long. The live fire exercises required a lot of running. After exercises we ate dinner and started marching, expecting the same march back to school. WRONG! We marched until almost midnight before getting back to the school. ONE LONG DAY. I remember fondly the range and practicing with the Mameluke sword, which I did have engraved and still hangs in my study.

TBS Graduation: Upon graduating from The Basic School I was assigned an MOS of 1300 Engineer and went directly to Camp Lejeune for training. I had experience with tracked vehicles while growing up on the ranch that came in very useful in the heavy construction portion of engineer duties. During the six weeks of engineer training we received training in all aspects of

Going away party, Chu Lai, the officer is Lt. Sam Martini. Smothering the Lt. is Dave Lawson, I think he's looking for a.)a transfer, b.)a promotion, c.) another COLD beer. The answer is obviously C. This shave your head and go to the DMZ thing has me baffled on some. Bob Mollossi in door engineering including extensive training in explosives.

After Completing TBS: Upon completion of Engineer School I received a week's leave then flew out of the San Bernardino Airport on Friday the 13th day of April 1967. Upon landing in Da Nang I was assigned to the 6th Engineer Battalion based in Chu Lai. As the platoon I was assigned to was attached to the 9th Engineer Battalion in Da Nang, I returned North. While in Da Nang my platoon performed maintenance and repair on Route One, the main supply route. This included daily mine sweeps to ensure the road was safe for travel. In December of 1967 my platoon was assigned the job of installing mine fields around a small village called Ca Lu along the DMZ. In early 1968 my platoon returned to Chu Lai and performed maintenance along Route One at a place called Hill 21, about half way between Da Nang and Chu Lai.

After Vietnam: Leaving Vietnam in May of 1968, I returned home, married my fiancé, and was assigned to the 5th Marine Division at Camp Pendleton. Since I had a degree in Biology I was assigned to Headquarters Company as the NBC Defense Officer for the Division. My duties included running the NBC defense school for the Division and conducting readiness inspections in the area of NBC defense. As part of my training I attended a four week training class at Fort McClellan Alabama.

After My Initial Obligation was up: Upon leaving the Marine Corps in 1969 I accepted a job with Pfizer Labs as Pharmaceutical Sales Rep. This required living in the San Fernando Valley of Southern California. While living in Southern California my wife and I experienced massive flooding, wildfires and a massive earthquake. Being a small town boy, I decided that we had had too much excitement and made the decision to move back to Nevada, where I accepted a job as a Trooper with the Nevada Highway Patrol. I was originally assigned to the Las Vegas area. As this was a lot like living in Southern California, I requested a transfer to Elko, where I patrolled for six years. Upon being promoted to Sergeant I was transferred to Carson City and assigned duties in Headquarters. After sixteen years with the Highway Patrol I accepted the duties as an Administrative Hearing Officer. As part of my training I attended a two week training course at the Judicial College at the University of Nevada, Reno. My duties consisted of conducting administrative hearings and overseeing the other hearing officers in the state. In 1999 I retired in order to stay home and care for my wife when she became terminally ill with cancer.

Plans for the Future: Since retiring from state service, my second wife and I have purchased a motorhome and have spent time traveling. When not traveling I am kept busy with spoiling grandkids, my church duties, and working on my hobby of scroll saw woodworking.

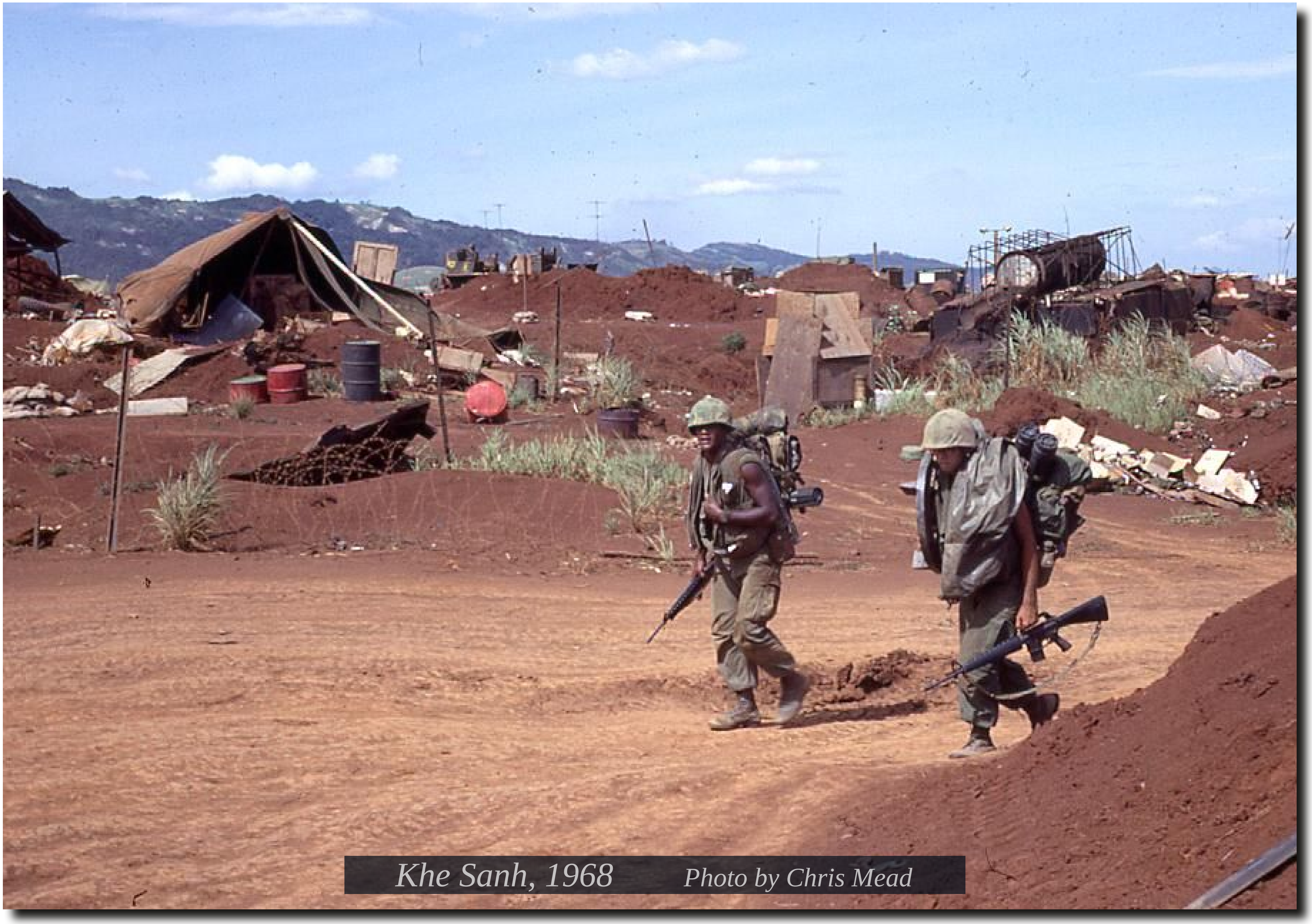
My Home Address: 5150 Goni Road, Carson City,
Nevada, 89706

Ted Hart and Sam Martini on layover at Honolulu Apt
April '67

Sam
Martini
Carol

Upper: Ted Hart and Sam Martini at Honolulu Airport

Right: Sam and Carol Martini at Joe's Crab Shack



Khe Sanh, 1968 Photo by Chris Mead

Bill McBride

Nickname: Bill or Mac

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born in SF, Calif, the Ides of March, 1941 and grew up in Tamalpais Valley. I attended primary and elementary schools in Mill Valley. In June of '58 I graduated from Tamalpais High School. I had joined USMC on my 17th birthday in March of '58 under the 120 day delay program. Went to boot camp in San Diego, CA July '58. From there to Radio Repair School, then on to 1st Recon Bn, Camp Pendleton. I spent a couple of years in 1st Recon Bn, took the NAPS selection test with Chris Jameson and others, and from there to NAPS in late 1961. I attended USNA from 1962-1966, middle of the class, graduated in June of '66 with a USMC Commission. Immediately following graduation, I spent a couple of months on the USNA Staff as a Drill Officer, and then joined Charlie Company, TBS in Sept. of '66.

My Memories of TBS: Not married at TBS, Buzz Buse's 3rd Platoon. Roomed with Tom Nelson from Kannapolis, NC. My close friends were Tom and many of my USNA classmates. Participated in liberty runs both north and south....D.C./Virginia/MD, and Mary Washington College in F'burg VA, but was serious about studies, so not much of a liberty risk during TBS tour. Had a couple of Isetta "three-wheel" minicars while at TBS, and prowled local car graveyards looking for parts. Barely qualified with the M-14 on qual. day..."Pizza Box" marksmanship award. Did well on everything else in the curriculum. Remember Buzz Buse and other staff fondly, and feel we had "the best of the best" for our training team.

TBS Graduation: 0301.

After Completing TBS: Took leave, drove a VW bug belonging to one of the TBS Staff to the West Coast and left it with him at Camp Pendleton. Bought a 1961 Porsche coupe. Went to Vietnamese Lang. School in Monterey for 12 Weeks with TBS classmates Cowan, Taussig, Mangram, Fulford, F. Smith, Clark, Bonsper, and then off to Camp Pendleton. Left the Porsche with Col. Wilbur Helmer, stepfather of my plebe year roomie, George Philip. I was an 0301 out of TBS...which was my preference. I felt the training was very good. Because our TBS tour was somewhat accelerated, we didn't spend a lot of time on "nice to have" training vs. "need to have".

1957 BMW Isetta. TBS Transportation

Vietnam Era Service: Following the 12 Weeks of Lang. School in Monterey, I spent a few weeks at Camp Pendleton, and then flew into Da Nang. By some quirk of fate another Marine Lt, with last name McBride, had arrived a few days earlier and was assigned to 1st Force Recon...a billet I had been angling for via several in-country friends, and one that was "in the bag". Anyhow, as fate may have it I was assigned to 3rd Recon Bn, Alpha company. Ran patrols...some successful, some not so; had a platoon that ranged in size from 13-18 men, and became well-grounded in the ins and outs of ground recon at the elephant grass level. Later was assigned as the X.O. of Echo Company, took them to NTA, Okinawa for a few weeks of training, missed the beginning day of TET '68, and then took over Delta Company, 3rd Recon, pretty much an admin job, until the end of my 13 month tour in July, '68. Our TBS classmate, Bob Lewis, was in Charlie Company, 3rd Recon, and then in the S-3 shop. While in country I ran into Bob Lewis, Guy Pete, Chris Jameson, Al Roland, Joe Taussig, Andy Finlayson, Bill Cowan, and several others from our TBS Class. General Buse stopped by our compound in Quang Tri and gave me a personal "hello" from Buzz, which made my day/week/month.

After Vietnam: Went back to CONUS via Okinawa. When I picked up my seabag which had been stored there, I found that all of my dress uniforms were mildew-ridden, and I had to survey almost all of them. It took ages to get compensated as I recall. My first assignment after Vietnam was with the G-2, FMFLant staff as the Ground Recon Officer. I had some interesting projects involving ground sensors and a bit of travel. Worked with LtCol Al Gray (later CMC) at Quantico, and had the opportunity to attend some good intel-related schools. I married Penny in Kilmarnock, VA. (I met her during TBS...she was teaching school in Woodbridge, VA). The cast of characters in our wedding included: Lt/Col Bill Corson, Capts Feifs, Jameson, Richards, Parrish, Dusenbury, Lt. Treasure, et al).

While at FMFLant, I continued to pursue my interests in skydiving and I bought, but never really learned to fly, a Benson Gyrocopter. Had I learned to fly it, I am pretty certain I wouldn't be here writing this tome. I also bought a barely used 1966 Porsche 911S to replace the '61 Coupe and the multiple Isettas.

After My Initial Obligation was up: There was never any thought in my mind about getting out of the Corps after my initial obligation was up. I stayed in for a total active duty time of 24 years...not counting the time at USNA. For the most part I had mostly Infantry assignments. I was accepted to Naval PG School in Monterey, and received a MSEE. I did an exchange tour with 1st MAW, Iwakuni, Japan (Unaccompanied tour), and spent some of that time at the Rose Garden in Nam Phong, Thailand. This was followed by a payback tour on the staff at USNA...I taught the basic "Wires" course in the EE Department, as well as some fun other assignments during the summers. TBS Classmates of note there were: Carl Fulford, Ted Smyth, Bob Kirkpatrick, Rich Muller, Hugh Ronalds, and a few others. Two of our three boys were born in the Naval Hospital at Annapolis. By this time I had upgraded my stall of exotic automobiles to include a 1955 M'Benz Gullwing which Penny and I drove X-country twice. When I found out I had orders to Hawaii, I (reluctantly) sold the Gullwing to classmate and auto devotee Billy Cowan, who enjoyed it immensely for a few years.

My next assignment was with the 1st Marine Brigade, Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii. Initially I was assigned as the S-3 of the 3rd Marine Regiment, soon to be joined by Andy Finlayson who went to 3/3. Capt. (later Gen.) Jim Mattis was also in 3/3 at that time. I deployed to WESTPAC aboard the USS Tarawa (LHA-1) twice: once as the S-3 of the 31st MAU, and once as the X.O. of BLT 1/3. The CO of 1/3 was our former TBS tactics instructor, Lt/Col. Ray Findlay, and the BLT Sgt. Major was John Canley, who just had his Navy Cross from Hue City '68 upgraded to the Congressional Medal of Honor. It was a good tour. I extended in Hawaii to delay my overseas control date in my favor. Unfortunately, our three (at this time) boys were too young to really enjoy the beaches of Hawaii. My next assignment (and sunset tour) sent me to San Antonio, TX as the Inspector-Instructor of the 4th Reconnaissance Battalion, U.S. Marine Corps Reserve Forces.

Bill as I&I 4th Recon Bn., 1981

This was a somewhat "rocky" tour for me, and I retired from our Corps in 1983 with 24 years of active service. Too young to sit around home and not a golfer, I used my EE credentials as leverage to work in several very interesting civilian jobs, terminating in a 20 year + run with the Southwest Research Institute, one of several non-profit research organizations in the country (Battelle, Stanford Research, Midwest, Northwest, and Southern Research Institutes). During my final 12 years there, I managed a robotics testing program for the CIA and DARPA. We developed a miniature version of the TBS obstacle course for robotic vehicles and tested many flavors of small robotic vehicles....including some you may have seen on YouTube. In conjunction with this testing I had the privilege of re-walking old acreage at 29 Palms, Pickle Meadows, and other garden spots of the Corps. It was a good tour...almost as much fun as TBS, but with clean sheets almost every night.

My Current Life: I am fully retired now. I pursue the hobby-workout of cycling...I own several versions of recumbent bicycles and trikes, and manage to get out with some other old-timers a couple of times each week. I still have some hair, my health has been okay so far, symptoms of some latent PTSD, still married to Penny with the big 50 coming up this June (2019), and three boys within 70 miles of us here in San Antonio. I did a solo trip back to VN in 2006, and recently in 2019. I visited some old haunts and new ones, and thoroughly enjoyed it. I also included a side trip to Laos, the border of which had been a feature on some of my military maps during patrolling days in 3rd Recon. We have cats. I volunteer on Wednesdays with a local non-profit, Operation Comfort, that provides programs for wounded and disabled veterans...almost all from wars more recent than our own.

Plans for the Future: I prefer to keep a low social profile, avoid crowds when I can, talk about Vietnam experiences only with others who walked the walk, or who can relate to it on a personal or professional level. My mother just passed away shy of her 104th birthday. I have a brother and sister who live in the Bay Area of California. I also maintain a long-standing website for Vietnam Vets, family, and friends at www.vietvet.org. It is mostly in "coast" mode now, but was one of the first internet sites (1994) focused on telling the stories of Vietnam Veterans. Our TBS classmate and company commander, Fred Smith, donated the use of a computer at FedEX for the first two years of our web page's existence.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: Brotherhood and Esprit d' Corps as evidenced by our reunion.

My Home Address: 714 Rocklyn Dr. San Antonio, TX 78239

Richard S. McConnell, Jr.

Nickname: Rich

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in Toccoa, Georgia when my father was Asst. PMS&T at North Georgia College in Dahlonega, Georgia. He retired after a 32 year Army Career in 1958 and I attended Hazelwood High School in North St. Louis County, next door to a pig farm and across the highway from the State Institution for Wayward Youth. Attended Princeton University on a NROTC scholarship. I was CO of our Drill Team, an English major, and participated in Triangle Club. Elected the Marine Option late, after going on permissive orders to Jump School at Fort Benning, Georgia with a number of gung ho Princeton NROTC students who had decided to join the Corps after graduation. My family lived at Fort Benning when my father was Provost Marshal and I had fond memories of admiring the spirit of the chanting, baldheaded soldiers running in formation around the Post when I was young. I graduated from Princeton, then attended OCS at Quantico before TBS.

My Memories of TBS: I was single at TBS, rooming with Ed McMenamy. Interesting conversations with Ed about our different experiences. I had been accepted to USNA but was advised to go elsewhere for a year, take more math courses, and join the next year's class. Then I got the NROTC package to Princeton. TBS was a blur. I felt throughout that we were being rushed. I recall the McBride Isetta Ranch, crammed into one parking slot outside our BOQ, and the jovial bartender who greeted all of us at the end of the training day with "Afternoon, Lieutenant. What'll you have?" Firing a weapon was a new experience for me, but interesting.

TBS Graduation: I was assigned my first choice and received orders to Flight School in Pensacola. There Marine Officers had to wait months to get into a class. We mustered each morning, answered roll call and ran the Obstacle Course before securing for the day. I took a part time job painting beach furniture for the Five Flags Motel and got engaged on Santa Rosa Island.

After Completing TBS: Flying and I did not agree. I was reassigned to Tank Officer School at Camp Pendleton as a newlywed and we lived in a duplex in Oceanside. I was briefly CO of an Ontos Company with MOS of 1802 at Camp Margarita, then assigned as XO, Lima Company, 3/27 which shipped out abruptly as the President's response to the Tet Offensive in February 1968.

Vietnam Era Service: 3/27 was assigned to patrol the Rocket Belt outside of the Da Nang airstrip. I ran into Ernie Pascarella at NSA Da Nang after he was wounded. I was there paying Marines from our unit. After several months in the field I was assigned a secondary MOS of 0302. My tour was cut short on May 18, 1968 when I was wounded by a sniper during Operation Allen Brook and sent to an Army hospital in Japan, then to RLT-26 (R) at Camp Schwab, Okinawa where I served as Company XO then CO. /27 short timers rotated to CONUS through Camp Schwab after eight months in country.

After Vietnam: At the end of my tour in RVN, Japan and Okinawa I had one year left on my NROTC obligation and extended it by a year for orders to MCAS Iwakuni, Japan on an accompanied tour. I had lived in Sendai, Japan as an Army brat and was anxious to show Japan to my bride. I served there as MCAS

Personnel Officer, then Training Officer, then Brig Officer (during the 4th of July brig riot), then Top Secret Control Officer, then back to CONUS in April 1971 for RELACDU in late summer as a Captain.

After My Initial Obligation was up: Having enjoyed tv courtroom dramas, To Kill A Mockingbird, and testifying at a number of Courts Martial as a witness to the Brig riot at MCAS Iwakuni and observing what a horrible job some of the JAG officers did, I went to law school as a number of my college classmates had done, graduating from Washington University School of Law in St. Louis in 1974. I was a trial lawyer for 35 years, the last nine of which I was Senior Counsel then Lead Trial Counsel for Fred Smith's beloved FedEx Express in Memphis. The FedEx experience was a highlight. Outstanding company and the legal department left me pretty much alone to do my thing. I retired in November 2009 and we moved to the mountains of Western North Carolina near Asheville.

My Current Life: I am active with Building Bridges of Asheville, an anti-racism program that runs twice yearly, nine weekly sessions dealing with white privilege and raising awareness. Also with Read-2-Succeed where I serve as Reading Coach to a second grader whose reading skills are below grade level. We have two sons and two granddaughters (Kansas City and LA) whom we travel to see several times yearly and have traveled to England, Italy, Scotland, France, Belgium and Holland. I am on the Agent Orange Register and enrolled in the VA, currently 100% disabled due to prostate cancer, type two diabetes, and the Vietnam wound. I had a successful prostatectomy last year and am due for disability reevaluation next month. Likely to lose the greater amount of that rating. I play racquetball frequently, read and enjoy the mountain view over the treetops here in Black Mountain with my lovely wife of fifty one years, Joy Elayne.

Plans for the Future: No desire personally to revisit Vietnam although I appreciate that some have returned and found it a worthwhile experience. Want to stay as healthy as possible and continue volunteer work and remain involved in political campaigns.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: It all depends on the situation and the terrain.

My Home Address: 100 Gold Creek Crossing, PO Box 1211, Black Mountain, NC 28711.

Edward L. McMenamy

Nickname: Ed

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in North Easton, Mass. Oldest of five. Moved to New Jersey after 2nd grade. Graduated from Summit HS in '62 and headed to USNA. Seemed like the 'free ride' at Navy would benefit the entire family instead of paying to attend Georgetown Pre-Law. Worked out. Three of my siblings became lawyers. When the companies expanded from 24 to 36, I opted to move....left an uninspiring Navy Lt. as a company officer and got a dynamic Marine Captain. Other Marines at USNA were equally impressive.

My Memories of TBS: Single at USNA. Got married in '72 during my final few months of ACDU. Roommate was Rich McConnell from Princeton plus some married guy who used our room to lock up his rifle. Name escapes me. Interestingly enough, my sword remains unengraved; thought I'd be out in a few years and need to sell it. One of my prized possessions, it hangs prominently in my den, unengraved.

TBS Graduation: "Had an aviation guarantee from USNA but lacked the eyesight to be a pilot. Assigned to NFO training at Pensacola after TBS.

After Completing TBS: To Pensacola and Glynco, GA, for NFO training. Spent virtually no time in a 'pool' like most of the pilots had. A very vivid memory from Glynco is having to make a casualty call, twice. Initially I went to visit a family to let them know their son was seriously wounded. Went back the next day to let them know he had died of his wounds. Will never forget the family.

Vietnam Era Service: Transpac'ed in August '68 to Da Nang; relocated to Chu Lai in early '69; extended my tour as the squadron relocated to Iwakuni in September '69. From Iwakuni, I joined VMFA-212 at Kaneohe Bay in May '70. Deployed with 212 as part of the Easter Offensive in '72 back to Da Nang for 3 months. As the Squadron S-4, it made for some interesting times. Went straight from a Friday night Hail and Farewell Squadron party to the hangar for a banding/palletizing party. C-141s landed at the rate of one every two hours on Sunday/Monday until everything was loaded. Six C-130s arrived on Sunday and the transpac began on Monday for 8 a/c. I flew with the squadron C.O., and the final division flew out on Tuesday. Didn't even get to RON at Cubi. Straight into Da Nang. Lost 3 good friends during the deployment. Left active duty in '73.

After My Initial Obligation was up: Picked up my MS in Systems Mgmt from USC while on active duty in HI. Started my MBA at Univ. of Hawaii (interrupted by Easter Offensive). Finished at Golden Gate University in SF, after leaving active duty in '73. Joined Electronic Data Systems (EDS) after active duty and spent three years with them as a Systems Engineer. Next ten years with Crown Zellerbach Corp., a SF-based timber/wood products/paper/containers & packaging company. Bought out in '86 by Sir James Goldsmith who recognized that the parts were worth more than the whole. Paid off his $3 billion in borrowings and still had 3 million acres of Canadian timberland and lots of SF real estate leftover free and clear. I left CZ and got into software sales and sales management. Worked for over a dozen companies in Silicon Valley thru multiple takeovers; e.g. Cambridge Systems was bought by UCCEL which was bought by Computer Associates (CA); Duquesne Systems merged with Morino Associates to create Legent and got bought by CA; Platinum Technology also got bought by CA; Business Objects was eventually bought by SAP; Brio Technology was bought by Hyperion which was bought by Oracle; McAfee was bought by Intel. It was a wild ride and I retired in 2009 after relocating from CA to FL.

My Current Life: Met Earlene Cone of Middlebury, VT, during HI tour; married in October 1972 after returning from RVN. Status unchanged. Relocated from SF Bay area (Marin County) to Palm Beach Gardens in 2005 to care for my father. He died in 2010 at 94 and we decided to stay in FL. Active in golf, tennis, Life Long Learning at FAU/Jupiter, book club, bicycling. Healthy; no pills/no parts replaced. Past President of our Men's Golf Association, Board Member of our 1575 member HOA, also on some committees in/around the community.

Plans for the Future: Got a few more bike rides to do and lots of travel to do. Already rode the Great Allegheny Passage/C&O Canal from Pittsburgh to D.C.; Erie Canal from Buffalo to Albany; KATY Trail in MO; Chief Ladiga/Silver Comet in AL/GA; Hiawatha & Trail of the Coeur d'Alenes in ID; Flume Trail by Lake Tahoe; Natchez Trace is pending. Great non-biking trips to VietNam, Croatia, Amalfi Coast, Venice, Budapest/Vienna/Prague but I need to see the Greek Islands and Alaska (on track for August '19). Got anything to recommend?

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: Bill McBride had a really bad idea during the 3-day war. Ask him how to make a hammock with your poncho! I have never ever considered camping out after that. Good thing I went Marine Air. If I want to sleep under the stars, I open the drapes; as for roughing it, maybe Red Roof Inn.

My Home Address: 37 Bermuda Lake Drive, Palm Beach Gardens, FL 33418

Christopher A. Mead

Nickname: Chris

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born 5/21/1944 in New York, NY. Raised in my early years in Stamford CT. Oldest of six children. In high school years I attended St. Basil's Prep (1yr) Stamford CT, Lake Forest Academy(1.5yrs) Lake Forest IL, and graduated from Stamford High School(1.5yrs) Stamford CT. Made persistent attempts to get into Univ. of Notre Dame, South Bend IN. On the third effort I was accepted in Fall 1962. In Freshman year I signed up for the Army ROTC but subsequently dropped the program to concentrate on studies. In Junior year, (1964-65) Vietnam was heating up (Tonkin Gulf incident, Marines landing in Chu Lai, etc.), I needed to make a post-college choice. I was exhausted with academia. Why not go for some change and excitement in life? So, I walked over to the Marine recruiter, had several discussions and signed up. I graduated from Notre Dame's College of Business majoring in Accounting and Minored in Management.

My Memories of TBS: DURING TBS: I flew into D.C. for the first 6 weeks of the PLC program, was greeted by a Marine Sergeant, escorted to a green cattle-car bus and entered with a dozen or so others headed to boot camp. The no-nonsense Sergeant stepped in, closed the bus door, and in a barking tone introduced himself as our new and ONLY 'Mother' for the foreseeable future. Only two speaking rules for responding: "Sir!" and "Yes Sir or No Sir". A hint of our new life, but what the hell?, it is only for a few weeks, so who can't suck that up? After 6 wks I then joined a college classmate and rode a used BMW motorcycle all over Europe, loaded it back on a student ship home and suffered through a hurricane with huge swells in the North Atlantic (I was glad to have skipped signing with the Navy recruiter).

Upon graduation from Notre Dame I returned to Quantico to complete the second 6 wk PLC training. I had a world ahead of me, without hearing "maggot". A new life was starting over again with my Marine 'family', The Basic School (TBS 21 wks), and my 2nd Lt Commission. TBS was a blur and now hard to remember all the great guys. Several I recall meeting again somewhere, somehow. Did I meet this fellow in PLC, TBS, at the Officers Club bar, on duty stations, in training, or in exchanging places in Vietnam? Hence the need for me to attend this first ever reunion after 53 years and get some of these Marine buddies, the events, and training properly filed back in some order in my mind.

I do remember qualifying as a pistol expert and rifle sharpshooter, ---no 'toilet seat' badge for me. Really liked USMC history and traditions, reading up on our MOH winners and their feats, the leadership training, weapons and tactics, obstacle courses, combat engineering training, land-mine exercises, and nighttime orienteering around and thru dense brush obstacles; but not the forced marches or bivouacs in the cold snow-covered winter terrain.

TBS Graduation: Upon graduation, I wanted none other than assignment within the Air Wing, if not flight school. I got assigned specialty 6709-Air Defense Control Officer (now the MOS is reclassified somewhere in the 7000 series).

After Completing TBS: After graduation, Air Control training was at MAD, NATTC, Glynco GA, AIC (Air Intercept Control) School for 6 wks. Learning air defensive engagement tactics, the characteristics and maneuvering capabilities of all Navy and Marine attack aircraft (type, specific turning times at various speeds, altitude limitations, types of ordnance onboard for head-on or rear engagements, times aloft and fuel limitations, air emergencies, etc. The job required use of a large ground-based radar.

Later in Vietnam we had capabilities to team up with Yankee Fleet by data-links to see North beyond our radar ranges utilizing those on the carriers. Our radar site's scopes were very sophisticated multi-function products of Litton Industries (unlike WWII) not seen in US civilian air traffic centers I visited for 20+ yrs later. Our site was accompanied by an adjoining Hawk missile battalion for our own defense. Our tasks included spotting incoming enemy/unknown aircraft (called 'bogies'), being the extending 'eyes' for the pilot scrambling out to an intercept beyond the aircraft's own radar, recognizing pilot symptoms and hazards of oxygen deprivation, tactical remedies, and being knowledgeable on effects of pressure losses, explosive decompression, very hard turns and pilot vertigo. Our equipment was all digital display, including friend and foe speed, altitude, and heading data and with the ability to 'tie' friend to foe or with designated routing mileposts.

Our MOS defensive purpose was to be a part of an extensive air support team to put our air assets in special airborne maneuvers to intercept, identify, and positioned the pilot and his RIO (radar intercept officer) to quickly be within a conical lethal range to lock in and engage the enemy. Then the pilot would give a 'tallyho' to indicate he and the RIO were armed and taking over the engagement. We remained quiet to follow the attacking action/or dogfight, and if either were lost in sun, overcast or darkness, to get back in the engagement and assist the pilot to be reoriented to his 'bogie' and, be maneuvered quickly to recover his attack positioning of specific ordnance for the kill. Further training in hard-turn complex tactical maneuvers with the attack aircraft took place while on assignment to SU#1, C&E Bn, MCB, 29 Palms CA, Weapons Control Courses for 5 wks.

Later, upon return to Camp Pendleton, I attended a program at El Toro CA airbase to qualify for a 'backseat license' in the F-4 Phantom (if that occasion should ever arise, --it did not). The program included decompression chamber exposure and training, oxygen deprivation, types of ejection seats, use of various seat and chute lines for survival tools/equipment, and being strapped in, pulling the windscreen over my face, and shot (ejected) up on a rail to practice a simulated ejection. Also learning to free-fall after ejecting before opening chutes at 10-12.000 ft to avoid the 'green apple' seat canister running out of its 15 min of oxygen during a long slow descent.

Vietnam Era Service: After training, I was sent to MACS-4 (Marine Air Control Squadron), MACG-38, 3rd MAW, MCB, (Area 21) Camp Pendleton, CA. By early January 1968 (as a 1st Lt) I was shipped out to Vietnam joining MACS-4 (now with the 1st MAW) in Northeast Da Nang (on top of Monkey Mtn). Shortly thereafter (1/21/68) the Tet Offensive broke out and we monitored the skies for potential air attacks from the North and West. When off-duty I observed and took pictures from above Da Nang airfield and base taking heavy rocket fire for hours, days and nights. One of our large ammo dumps was hit, causing some damages around the airfield, while other air assets launched and refueled incessantly on end in the many perimeter and distant battles using flareships, huey gunships, aerial tankers, and available bombers.

In early February, I was transferred over to MASS-3 (Marine Air Support Squadron) with the 1st MAW HQ on Da Nang’s Western side (Freedom Hill 321(?). MASS-3 was a sister unit but focused totally on offensive air ops supporting the infantry. We were heavily focused on getting air assets out to the FAC’s (Forward Air Controller with the infantry) for close-air support bombing runs. We worked closely with the Artillery HQ unit next to us to work out pathways for gunships and emergency medevac helos to navigate beneath and around continuous artillery fire trajectories from base to the engaged troops hotspots. Gunships were used for many purposes, but typically to strafe and suppress hostile fire and widen a bombing distance of friendly troops from the foe. This enabled our bombers to at least have their minimum distance for avoiding friendly casualties (depending on ordinance type and size and ceiling levels for high dive or low bomb drops).

During some enemy assaults we used napalm when available. Key point was to always have aircraft up and available with a variety of bomb types, sizes, fuses, and (if low cloud cover) with high drag bomb fins (vs low-drag bombs for clear weather high diving drops).

On April 1, 1968, the siege of the Khe Sanh Combat Base was lifted, and Route 9 was reopened for reinforcements, although some hostile actions continued and recon patrols were active daily in various areas around the Base. I was one of those who earlier had rotated in through Dong Ha into Khe Sanh and lived within a deep bunker (debris and accumulated C-rat garbage outside our entrance attracted significant rats). On one evening we set and trapped 14 BIG rats, then reset them to snag 6 more by daybreak. For good or bad, a rat bite became a ticket for an early lift out of Khe Sanh for treatment. Latrine calls meant coming out of the bunker during the cover of a surrounding fog, racing to the adjacent sandbagged outhouse, and hoping it won't be your last with a purple heart citation describing "....in combat while on the shitter".

Showers for us meant carrying a 5 gal water can to the reservoir drum topside the bunker to have water flow down thru a garden hose to a tiny below-ground shower stall. When water was scarce, we pumped out the used shower water that fell through a grate-covered drum buried in the bunker floor into a 5 gal water can for reuse. Sometimes you do what you must do to get some amount of that red dirt off your skin or clothes. For about 3-4 wks our MASS-3 team continued to provide air support operations and strikes very close to our perimeter and beyond. At one point shrapnel from a drop took down some of our communications antenna. We also had a 2-man half-size shipping container portable precise pencil-point radar beam unit called a TPQ-10 that enabled us to run close air strikes around our position in cloudy/fog days or during nighttime bombing from up to 20,000 ft (in such cases the pilot was not able to see the target, or a FAC was not available, so we guided him) to drop on suspected enemy units or truck parks (coming down the 'yellow brick road' from North Vietnam). The Air Force had a larger similar setup for guiding and dropping its B-52's bombs from very high altitude).

At times Naval aircraft had to abort their targets in the North, and then sought alternative targets before turning home (otherwise they would have to waste/drop their loads at sea to avoid landing heavy on their deck). We invited and took in any carrier strike aircraft to drop for us below the DMZ and be run on targets we had a list for. Sometimes we ran up to 12-15 aircraft at a time in a 'mini arc-light or rolling thunder' fashion on our large suspected targets. Secondaries always brought joy to everyone.

On or about late April, my unit evacuated Khe Sanh to

LZ Stud (several miles east of KS, within a couple miles from the DMZ, but west of Camp Carroll and Dong Ha). We set up our tents, dug our own foxholes to roll into, joined tracked vehicle/tank troops in bathing down in a river stream, and took several rockets on a night or two. We left the LZ within a week and returned to Da Nang. I heard that LZ Stud was later renamed Vandergrift Combat Base.

In Da Nang I was assigned to the 1st MAW MACG (Marine Air Control Group) compound, which under it had my former MACS and MASS units reporting to it. I was assigned to MACG's Control Bunker (a bat cave) as one of the on-duty SAD's (Senior Air Director). I had a team of 8-12 men within that updated on large grease pencil illuminated Plexiglas status boards all of the Marine Air ops in the I-Corps area. We received air requests from the field commanders, had direct lines to the airfield Squadron's on-duty pilot's ready room with pilots awaiting mission assignments for scrambling to target areas and FAC's. Responsibilities included assigning mission numbers to scramble fighters, bombers, getting refuelers aloft, flareships for night work, helos for medevacs, Recon inserts and extracts, and air caps aloft to provide quick troop support in uncertain times.

Of course, our gung-ho pilots never want to be on the ground during their ready time awaiting a mission. So, during a lull the pilots might occasionally call to us for a target (even static ones like intel reported suspect sites) to be off the deck for any good reason. Sometimes another aircraft was utilized in an order and assigned a mission because it was already loaded with the required configuration of high drags, low drags, bomblets, flechettes, napalm, or fuse settings needed on target. Pilots often welcomed clear sky assignments involving a high dive drop which they could eyeball. Low ceiling close air support runs carried other special risks, but pilots always wanted to get in any fight, not sit in a ready room. They were a macho, totally dedicated bunch. Generally, pilots got very little joy dropping loads by TPQ-10 control from an on-high dark nights without flares, or a nighttime low ceiling TPQ-10 run drop.

Since the siege began we had a larger presence of Army units in our I-Corps and with it we had more Air Force air assets aloft. From the beginning of the war, the 7th Air Force had overall air responsibility for Vietnam that included their B-52's, fighters, bombers, "Spooky" rapid multi-firing gunships, reconnaissance aircraft (Redeye's with SLR), Cessna O-2 spotter planes with smoke rocket pods, etc. The air control traffic was now at even higher risk of potential aircraft collisions and artillery/aircraft incidents with both services controlling their own flights and specific missions in support of troops. As a result, a new air control agency was formed in the Marine Corps area to help alleviate the risk, called I-DASC (I-Corps Direct Air Support Center), composed of both Air Force and Marine Air Liaisons. Because of my variety of in-country USMC air control facilities experience, I was assigned to this agency for a few weeks during the Summer of 1968.

Among my I-DASC experiences was one to accompany an Air Force Major piloting a front & rear engine Cessna O-2 spotter on mission to reconnoiter an area west and southwest of Da Nang along the Laos/S.Vietnam border for targets along the 'Yellow brick Rd' (also called the Ho Chi Minh Trails). We typically flew between 2-4000 ft above ground (minimizing small arms fire), and were well supported by a multi-flight air-cap aloft ready for our targets of opportunity such as troops in open, occupied areas with disturbed soil, unnatural buildups or features, submerged walkways/bridges, weapon emplacements, fresh footprint traffic to suspected hiding places or tunnels, road traffic, parking areas for weapons, trucks, ammo parks, etc. When found, we dove and marked the area with a colored smoke rocket from a pod (of 9-11) under each our wings. That enabled the pilot to be visually guided with our description of the target location from the smoke's source. We also provided the bomber with any identified gun emplacement locations, barometric checks for altimeter, headings for his run-in and pull-outs to avoid hazards or topographical features and, after strikes with a BDA (bomb damage assessment).

While based in Da Nang, I periodically accompanied several medical assistance visits/patrols to certain remote outlying villages as part of efforts to "win over the minds and hearts" of villagers through much needed medical care to both adults and children. Of course, we still needed to keep alert for risks, unusual behavior, and stay attentive for any helpful intel. During my tour, I had a 3- day R&R in Bangkok, and another 5-7-day R&R with my fiancé in Honolulu.

After Vietnam: When my 13 months in-country was within 90 days I spent more time in less hostile situations, still with my MACG Senior Air Director duties, but also marking/counting down to my remaining Day 0 on a revealing calendar before departure aboard Pan Am for home. The flight stopped in Okinawa for 2 rest days to be inspected for any live ammo or arms, then on to San Francisco, and Pendleton with leave to home in CT. Within days, I was married on 2/1/1969 to my sweetheart of 5 years and then we honeymooned our way by car back to duty station at MACS-7 in Camp Pendleton CA. I was discharged from active duty effective 7/15/1969. My rank upon final honorable discharge was Captain, USMCR.

After My Initial Obligation was up: After my initial obligation was up I applied to go back to an MBA program at the University of Chicago to sharpen my business skills, majoring in Finance, and 2nd major in International Business. Some anti-war students were peacefully blocking our building entrance on the first day of class. I had no sympathy for that crap, so with some frustration I quickly grabbed two of them and threw them off the steps, somewhat stunned. A News reporter was there and put a question to me. I briefly told them I was here to attend the School at my expense, and I did not intend to put up with any draft evading ‘hippies” and war protesters blocking my path or rights to attend. Unbeknownst, that short encounter was part of the local Chicago newscast that evening. In later reflection, I was proud to have taken that stand.

Upon graduation in June 1971, the economy was weak and exciting job offers were relatively few. I sought to go into the Financial field, so I took a starting path with Ernst & Ernst CPA on their audit staff. After 1 year transferred into their Consulting Services unit working on financial engagements for major corporations.

After two years, I joined Cresap, McCormick & Paget an International General Management Consulting firm in late 1974, one of the top four behind Booz Allen, AT Kearney, and McKinsey. I was hired into Cresap’s Operations Practice area and for 4 yrs worked engagements with major corporations and across multiple business lines (railroads, major oil companies, airlines, computer, agricultural equipment and telecommunications firms (ARAMCO, United Airlines, Region Seven Intercontinental Railroads, Control Data Corp, Fiat-Allis Farming Equipment, etc.). I travelled extensively domestically, and abroad (within Europe, Saudi Arabia & Middle East, North Africa, Canada, and Caribbean). In 1978 I was recruited by a headhunter for Tiger International (of the Flying Tigers legacy) for their Heavy Equipment & Services Division as VP-Finance & Administration. This business provided finance and operating leases of purchased heavy equipment to clients outside the US, for refinery expansion/upgrades in Mexico, Aruba, Venezuela, massive infrastructure projects in the Saudi Arabia, the construction of the Hong Kong subway system, large coal mining operations in South America, etc.

Such clients included Fluor, Bechtel, major oil & mining companies, and global contractors. In 1981, I joined a privately-owned business, Bosler Supply Group, specializing in Industrial Supplies (a hardware & tools supplier to large and medium industrial firms). Competitors were McMaster-Carr, and W.W.Grainger. My title initially was Corporate Controller and then Treasurer and Chief Financial Officer. I led the firm’s acquisition merger efforts of a competitor raising the annual business volume from $25 million to $80 million, after which I resigned (1985) out of concerns for excessive stress.

In 1986 I joined a privately held $30 million/yr. color separation/graphics firm as a consultant to the Chairman on organic growth matters of operations, finance, and cost control. Soon I was involved in growing the company externally by selective mergers and acquisitions of private companies. My responsibilities involved strategic planning, target identification, opening initial contacts, conducting negotiations, leading due-diligence prior to closing, and ongoing operational management counsel to the Chairman. As a senior executive (VP-Corporate Development) over 28yrs until my retirement in late 2014, we closed on approx. 40+ acquisitions, achieving global presence with branding services and package design operations within all continents, raising annual volume to approx. $600 million.

A final task before retirement was assisting the family owners in the successful sale of their business to another major global competitor within the consumer packaging markets. Those combined client's markets include cereals, wrapped foods, beverages (beer, wine, water, soft drinks), cosmetics, hair coloring, electronics, confectionery, consumer staples, pharma & drugs, retail, hardware, toys, etc. Virtually any consumer product that required extremely high-quality images on its packaging, whether it be paperboard, film, metal cans, glass, or marketing display, promotions, billboards, or video media.

My Current Life: Now 53+ years later. Retirement is now for making visits with my two handsome sons and five grandchildren (Naperville IL and Park City UT), my two sisters and to the related families of my loving and devoted spouse, Janice. We have embarked upon several leisure travel trips and expect to continue our U.S. and world sightseeing trips (domestic and international).

Plans for the Future: Vietnam is not on my bucket list. I can still recall sitting out and on top of my Khe Sanh bunker with buddies remarking how much of a garbage dump the base looked; and out over the post-battle landscape and comparing the craters to features on the moon. Then we all joked that someday crazy tourists (but not us) may be here to sightsee this God-forsaken wasteland, or build a golf course upon it.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps:

1.) How to grow up FAST among rapid challenges around you at just about any time. Essentially, learning to be quick on the 'uptake' mentally in assessing new and unforeseen situations, and developing an actionable plan therefrom.
2.) The Brotherhood of the United States Marine Corps and its Esprit d' Corps. Once a Marine, Always a Marine. OO-RAH !!

Welcome
TBS CHARLIE CO. 2-67

My Home Address: 683 Cavalcade Circle, Naperville, IL 60540 Home Phone: 630-420-7898 (because of robo-calls, you must leave a msg for pickup or my call-back) Email: cmead2@aol.com, or cmead1@outlook.com (PLEASE keep this BIO personal among my fellow Marine classmates. No use for solicitations or copying to third parties permitted without specific prior written permission. Thank you.

Arthur F. Millard

Nickname: Art
My Life Before Attending TBS: Raised in Wichita. Age 5: Became member of The Gun Culture with Daisy ss air rifle; age 10, .410 BA shotgun. Junior rifle clubs. Age 14, hi-power rifle & .12 ga. shotgun. Reloading rifle & shotgun ammo. Fired M-1 rifle cal. 30, M-2 carbine cal. 30 & M1918 BAR cal. 30 with JRC at Ft Riley KS; hosted by Army infantry company who loaded mags, fed and billeted us for a weekend. Hunting: jackrabbits, cottontails, quail, dove, pheasant, skunk, coyote, feral feline, crow, & deer.
My Memories of TBS: Roommate at O'Bannon was Ron Kersey (Where R U Ron?) Bob Kirkpatrick was our MOLAR married occupant. Bob was so thoughtful and respectful as a guest - he even asked Ron and me if it was okay to pee in the shower; but Bob, did you ever offer to pay rent to Ron and me? Ernie Pascarella and Robert (our man of the cloth) O'Connor shared the shower etc. next door. Father O'Connor's Blessings and Hymns were always uplifting on the Cattle Car Trailers bouncing along the road for a field training day.

My most memorable classroom event was the first-aid training film; I learned immediately that I did not want to treat a sucking chest wound. I managed not to be the one who would fall to the floor with the instructor at the ready by the light switch. As I recall, the lucky fellow was the JA 1stLt football player from SMU. He said he lost his balance on his chair. We all believed that, of course. At TBS I spent free time at MTU indoor & outdoor ranges shooting my S&W M41 .22LR, S&W M19 .357 and Colt M1911 .45 ACP pistols. Sunday afternoons were at the skeet range. Tactics Instructor Major Rick Kramer provided mentoring and skeet tips for us brown-bars. He could break 25-straight regularly. I think Rich Hodary and George Gorman were regulars there also. On the rifle range I posted a 208 and suffered a toilet seat on my uniform for a year. High expert with the pistol. I distinguished myself on the land nav problem (with an unnamed accomplice) and won a free Repeat on Sunday morning. My sword is engraved and sits in a storage locker. I don't remember any ad hoc speaking gig.
TBS Graduation: I don't remember a thing about graduation. Was I even there? All witness statements are invited on this one. I don't know if I have a diploma. My 1st MOS choice was supply. I don't think Motor-T was on my list. I don't remember my other choices.
After Completing TBS: I went to Lejeune for Motor-T charm school. 30 days. Dave Rice & I hung out together there. Hi Dave!!
Vietnam Era Service: From Lejeune, leave in KS and then to Pendleton Staging. Hung out with Charles Ross. Hey Charles!! Departed Norton AFB May '67. Landed Kadena. Assigned to Truck Co., 9th MAB, Camp Hansen. Wound up being at Hansen until September (nearly 5 months). While on Oki I did get to rid myself of that Toilet Seat with a 232. The command held a pistol tournament also and gave me the trophy for that. I've got it in a storage locker with the mother-luke. In September just after getting my silver bars I went south. Assigned to 7th MT Bn at Red Beach, NW of Da

Nang. After a deafening night by the flight-line and bumpy ride in the back of an M-37 3/4 ton truck, I was greeted and briefed by Bn CO, Lt.Col. Lance D. Thomas. He thought he was getting a senior 1st Lt. based on my serial number. He quickly realized that my USNA origin was the basis for the low number.

Upon unpacking my footlocker I discovered that the Seagrams VO I had packed came unsealed, making my utilities etc smell like a distillery. War is hell. I was given a platoon of 15 M-52 tractor trailer trucks, drivers and A-drivers. CO was Capt. Tom Martinson. First Sgt was Franklin G. Townsend, to whom I presented a slightly soiled promotion certificate making him a Second Lieutenant; he responded by putting up barbed wire and a dummy Claymore on his desk aimed at mine. Mike White was CO, A-Co. See ya on the other side, Mike, dear brother. 7th motors offloaded ships and convoyed to the field; also hauled ammo to the Hill 327 ASP. Part of my time was spent checking on the loading. Getting forklifts to the trucks timely was a frequent problem.

All my convoys, from Hoi An, An Hoa, PhuBai were unremarkable; around the Bn I was nicknamed "The Shepherd". After running a few convoys I was sent to Div.HQ to monitor convoy radio. Nothing of note there either but it was comforting to have Div. watching over us when hauling. Our 8 or 10 co-grade officers shared a GP-Medium tent with 1 light bulb and folding cots. Later, after trading with the SeaBees, we got plywood hooches. In camp all was quiet until Tet. Our camp got about a hundred rockets. It seemed like forever for counter-battery fire to respond. I sure appreciated the interlocking bands of Pfc's and Lcpl's out in front. Nights were usually lighted in the distance with flares, tracers, arty, and sometimes apparent naval gunfire and B52 strikes which shook the ground. Sometimes Puff would spew out some 6000 rpm fire from above. Reminded me of the Mad Moment I suppose.

Sometime in all this, I moved to XO and S-3A. The Battle of Hue was going on and I recall convoying to Phu Bai and seeing Rich Muller (USNA 66) with his troops, possibly our ground security. Thank you, Rich! I was in a radio jeep and Rich was on the shoe-leather express. We we apart by about 4 ft. I don't know if he recognized me at the time but that was no time for greetings or a class reunion. I'm not sure exactly when that was. B Co., 7th MT Bn was in Phu Bai, OpCon to units there. I overnighted in B Co.'s area and took a rinse with my helmet. My drivers slept under the trucks. I found someplace to lie down but can't remember where. We probably ate C's but I can't remember that either. Col. Thomas appointed me to sit as a member of a GCM trying a civilian merchant seaman for assault w/intent to commit grievous bodily harm. Later he assigned me to prosecute a larceny case before special CM. A JA capt. presided. Conviction, Redn. to E-1, 6 mos CHL, 6 mos FF 2/3 pay and BCD resulted.

When my tour was up and I was entering a jeep headed for DaNang airfield, Col. Thomas approached and asked me to extend my tour. Looking back, I think he had in mind giving me a company, possibly B Co. I hesitated and declined with some reluctance, remembering my WW-II (N. Africa & Pacific) Naval officer Dad's words to me as I left Wichita for Pendleton the previous year.

After Vietnam: After leaving DaNang I went to Hansen. My uniforms were okay. At the PX I bought a Winchester M101 12 ga. O/U which I brought home. Went to Kansas on leave, married Mrs. Millard#1 (there are two more), then to MCRD San Diego as OIC of Series 3081, 4 platoons of 80 recruits each and 13 DIs. Got to use my Mamaluke at parades there. Taught the law class to the 4 platoons; hope I didn't put them to sleep. The JA observer told me I did a good job. This recalled memories of law class at USNA taught by a Marine Major whose name I have forgotten. The MCRD PX had a new S&W M41 .22LR for $115; I snapped that baby right up. Noontimes I'd take that 41 over to NTC indoor range and work on some targets.

When 3081 went to Edson Range at Pendleton I knew I wanted to move there. That happened and I took over A-Range's 50 targets. Later I was at the Chappo Flats 150-target range, a very busy place on record day. My boss was Col. John D. Counselman, Navy Cross-Korea, Distinguished Rifleman, a super officer. XO was Lt.Col. William McMillan, Olympic gold medalist in rapid-fire pistol. Col. McMillan was an inspiration. Range Co. CO was Capt. Robert L. Peterson, an 0302 and a helluva shooter. I became team captain of the pistol team and we fired in weekend tournaments at Chappo Flats, San Diego Police range, Phoenix, Yuma, Las Vegas, and L.A.

In July '69 and promotion to captain (threshhold for inter-svc transfer under 10 USC), I decided to transfer to the Army Corps of Engineers which was granted in 1970. First stop, the 9-month Advanced Course at Belvoir. Learned the Continuous Path Method of Engineer Planning. Took a course in pre-stressed concrete structures from Geo. Wash. U. and a professional engineer prep-course. I graduated easily but not high enough to achieve academic recognition. Then, in 1971, CO 264th Engineer Company (Panel Bridge) at Ft Bragg under Col. James F. Fraser (USMA '48). I ran an administrative discharge mill there; VOLAR was in effect then. Lots of druggies. Then HQDA announced shortage of JAGs and the XS leave JAGC program. I applied. It required attendance at an ABA law school. I took the LSAT and scored 607, probably 20 points below average for non-ivy league schools.

With some wrangling on the phone, I was accepted at Golden Gate U in San Francisco, near The Presidio where I could do clerk work and get some active duty time and pay. GI Bill paid some bills. Savings paid the rest. In class, I was surrounded by radicals; guest speakers included Nancy Pelosi and Diane Feinstein. I figured out how to avoid buying text books, by listing the cases in the texts and briefing them in the law library; class notes voila! On graduation I passed the Calif. bar on the first try, probably shocking the Dean; I wasn't a stellar student. The pass rate was 38%. Sept. 1975. Next stop, the JAG Basic School, on the Univ. of Va. campus in Charlottesville. Graduation and back to Presidio. Army had no PCS money to send me elsewhere. Under Maj. Wm. Eckhardt (prosecutor in the Medina case), I was chief of claims for Northern Calif. and Nevada. Worked with DoJ on Federal Tort Claim actions and Letterman Army Hosp. on Medical Care Recovery Act claims.

Supervised civilian staff adjudicating personnel claims. Attended CE courses in SF with civilian lawyers, including VA. Sept. 1978 divorced, promoted & PCS'd to Ft McPherson, GA as Deputy SJA and acting SJA. 1979 moved on-post to HQ FORSCOM Contract Law Division under FORSCM SJA Col.Fran Tocher. Attend Procurement Course, Ft Lee, Va. Honor Grad. 1981: Married Mrs. Millard#2, PCSd to 8th Army RoK as CO/ Chief US Armed Forces Claims Service & US Chair, US-RoK SOFA Claims Committee. One of 3 JAGs in Army in command psn, with NJP authority. Admitted to RoK bar by Atty. Gen. Dinner guest of RoK Vice-Pres. Hosted US Armed Forces Pacific Claims Conf., Camp Hay, Philippines. Completed non-res CGSC Cse. Leavenworth.

Promoted. 1983: Offered 0-6 SJA assignment in Colorado. Declined, planning on retirement in GA; PCS to Ft Gordon GA as Ch. Admin. Law & Counsel to USA PEB. Represented 150+ disabled soldiers in contested hearings. Tribunal judge hearing non-UCMJ offenses: DUI, traffic, fish & game viols etc. Military Magistrate, reviewing, approving & denying search warrant applications & pre-trial confinements. Passed Georgia bar without review course. Sworn in GA bar before superior court jury trying drug case - judge told me (in Class A green uniform) he wanted to "give jurors a civics lesson". June 30, 1986, to Retired List as 0-5, JAGC. Admitted to practice in California trial, appellate and supreme courts; US Court of Military Appeals; US Tax Court; US Court of Claims; US District Court; US 11th Circuit Court of Appeals; and US Supreme Court.

After My Initial Obligation was up: On retirement I moved to Dunwoody, GA and set up general litigation practice, sharing office space with a Vietnam Veteran infantry officer. After a year or so with him, I wanted to be solo and opened my own office, representing the owners of my office building, real estate development companies, small business owners, and ordinary people. I had numerous indigent clients. One of my first cases was in the US Court of Claims, on behalf of a widow whose military husband failed to designate SBP election. The DoJ folded and she got 100% of what she wanted. She sent me Christmas cards for several years.

I had some other cases which didn't turn out well. On occasion I prevailed against some of the smartest and priciest lawyers in Atlanta. 1998: Divorced from Mrs. Millard #2. In 2008 I married Mrs. Millard#3 and we became Mom's full-time caregivers, not wanting her to be in a facility. I closed my office. In 2014 Mom passed at 93. 2020: Mrs. Millard#3 and I are now living separately. From '86 for several years I was active in a Baptist church. Having 3 boys automatically made my leader of the Royal Ambassadors, the Baptist boys program. We went camping, fishing, shooting (air rifle), crafting, competing in Bible memory events & racing model cars built by the boys. I was SS teacher, VBS worker, usher, substitute men's SS teacher, t-ball, baseball and basketball coach. Then the "flood" hit; divorce #2. I commend you guys who have been with one wife for all these years. I have few regrets, however; I made my bed and I'll sleep in it. My biggest accomplishment is discovering Satan's design to attack mankind. For you skeptics, a US District Court has ruled that Satan can be sued; however, the case was dismissed, without prejudice, because the US Marshal could not effect personal service of process.

My Current Life: I am now downsizing, getting rid of stuff - Mamaluke etc. will have to go; trying to reconnect with my children - making some progress there but it's slow; and trying to resolve issues with

Mrs. M#3. Have some personal financial & business fires to put out, but they're under control or will be shortly for the most part. I still have a 30-inch waist, 140lbs, hair on head except for growing bald spot in back, some dark hair, close to 30 teeth, no eyeglasses, no PTSD, no animals. Healthy diet. VA disability 40%: tinnitus, back & knees. Have COPD from 2-yrs in Seoul (air pollution) but not VA rated on that yet. Haven't been back to RVN; don't expect to. Hobbies: reading, mentoring, sharing Apostolic Christianity. Can text, email, and get lost in Windows and Google.

From RVN, I learned about suffering in war, seeing starving, displaced, people and losing brothers-in-arms who had their lives ahead of them otherwise. This motivated me to read and mention Maj.Gen. Smedley D. Butler's memoir (online) "War Is A Racket." Gen. Butler said, "Al Capone operated on two sides of Chicago, I operated on three Continents" (paraphrased). I just finished Mark Bowden's book, "Hue 1968". Shows what terrible things men do to each other, individually and collectively, through government. After becoming a history student at Millard University and being a chapter leader of America's only national anti-communist organization, I became a self-proclaimed purveyor of enlightenment for those who are concerned about our nation's circumstances and future. Things aren't as most folks think. If anyone out there wants some illumination on that field of America's current war, email me. The enemy is within our gates. Or perhaps you can enlighten me. The Oath sez "...ALL enemies, foreign AND DOMESTIC..."

Plans for the Future: Keeping low profile. But, continuing to share warning of false Christianity which prevails in USA and globally, obscuring Apostolic Christianity.

Also sharing Bible prophecy.

Also warning of necessity of USA to keep the seventh-day Sabbath, secure national borders, withdraw from the United Nations Organization, abolish the "Federal Reserve System", abolish deficit spending, abolish direct election of US senators, abolish income tax, establish fair trade with tariffs, abolish most federal agencies and repent of national sins (i.e., abortion on demand, same-sex "marriage", etc.). The reality is that the USA is on the verge of collapse. Do I sound like a radical? I want my Constitution back!!

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: I learned that I could march thirty miles at night, with helmet, pack, and rifle, plus pretend to do PT the next morning.

My Home Address: 2681 Harber Valley Dr. Atlanta, GA 30360

Kenny Moore

Nickname: Kenny

My Life Before Attending TBS: I grew up in Lawrenceburg Tennessee - -Home of David Crockett-- and attended Lawrence County High School. Baseball and Football were my excelling sports, and the focus of my youth. In high school I worked as a lifeguard and taught swimming. My first jobs were selling scrap metal, delivering newspapers, cutting grass, I was a bag boy at a Supermarket, and worked the wheat harvest. I was an Eagle Scout and worked at the Boy Scout Camp, Boxwell Reservation in Tennessee in the summer. I taught Archery, Canoeing, and Pathfinder, and Compass/Navigation. I attended the US Naval Academy.

My Memories of TBS: My roommate was Sam Martini. Hank Nothhaft and Tim Pitchford shared a bathroom in our suite. We had a great platoon and unbelievable memories. Sam was a great partner. Hank and I had roomed together at USNA and he greatly influenced my life with his example of drive, determination (never quit), and successful accomplishment. He was and is a great friend and confidant. My presentation was "The Battle of Chancellorsville." TBS was great, wonderful examples of Leadership, instruction, and inspiration. I felt fully qualified to serve in combat, Buzz Buse was the best; how fortunate we were to have him as our SPC!

TBS Graduation: 0301 - 1st Choice

After Completing TBS: After TBS, Rich Muller and I drove across the US, stopped to see Pete Hesser in Arizona, and were seat fillers at Camp Pendleton on the first Aircraft available to RVN. We were both assigned to 5th Marines: Rich to Lima Company and me to India Company, 3rd Battalion, 5th Marines. I felt I was extremely prepared for combat. Spent two months as a Platoon Commander and then became a Company Commander for several months. One highlight of this tour was tasked with making a successful 2 Company coordinated night attack, on the last night of Union II against the 31st NVA Regiment. We were heavily outgunned and out-manned. After waiting 3 hours for arty priority, 5/11 and 2/11 gave us 153 rounds of 155 mm support - the result was amazing.

Kenny Moore VN 1968

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No casualties taking the objective! This was perhaps my finest hour as a Company Commander. Later I was a by-name replacement to G-2, 1stMARDIV and served in a LtCol Billet as G-2 Acquisition Officer (Reconnaissance, Air Observers, Army Mohawks of the 225th Reconnaissance Aircraft Squadron, Electronic Intel, Super Snoop Operations). Later during TET, I was OIC of a Recon Screen in front of the 173rd Airborne Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division. Both Rich and I returned to CONUS in April 1968.

Vietnam Era Service: After returning home I discovered an article in the local newspaper, which was also published in the HQMC - NROTC Monthly magazine about a battle in RVN concerning Operation Union 1 & II. Rich and I went directly to TBS as Staff Platoon Commanders in separate Companies. Rich then went to Mapping and I went to Company Tactics. As the only Staff at TBS that had made a night attack in combat, I was chosen to teach the class on Night attacks. After Company Tactics, I was selected to command the 1st Naval Academy Training Company at TBS. Then Rich and I went to AWS, and after graduation, we were returning to RVN. Our orders were changed on Okinawa to 9th Marines on Okinawa, as the Corps was departing RVN. Rich went to 2/9 and stayed in Okinawa, I was back to Vietnam aboard ARG shipping, in BLT 1/9.

I commanded Bravo Comany (1/9), aboard the SLF, 30 miles offshore from RVN. We were frequently in combat during this tour, reinforcing/supporting US Army and ARVN units in I, II and III Corps areas. Combat was mostly light compared to the 5th Marine's Campaigns in Que Son Valley in 1967 (where at one period 3rd Battalion, 5th Marines experienced 119 straight days of maneuver combat). I finished this tour by deploying aboard the USS Grayback (SSR-564) as the FMFPAC Raid Force Commander. My second combat tour was short toured in 9th Marines to FMFPAC as an Aide to the CG. A new world of learning the nuances of politics, social graces, and traveling extensively from California to New Delhi was opened up to me.

After Vietnam: Afterwards, I returned to CONUS and served at Tulane University's NROTC Unit in New Orleans. This tour offered one of the greatest responsibilities and opportunities one could imagine. Primarily teaching NROTC, and additionally three University courses, hosting the Mardi Gras NROTC Rifle Pistol Meets, Drill Teams, and Drum and Bugle Corps Competitions, Sitting on the Mardi Gras Committee as Military Chair, all of which provided valuable lessons in academia, relationships, municipal governments, and almost unlimited access to military resources. One of the great pleasures was serving on the University Senate and Assistant Dean of Admissions. I met Stephen Ambrose at Tulane, and sponsored him as an Adjunct Faculty teaching a Symposium on the Civil War-- the largest class held on Campus.

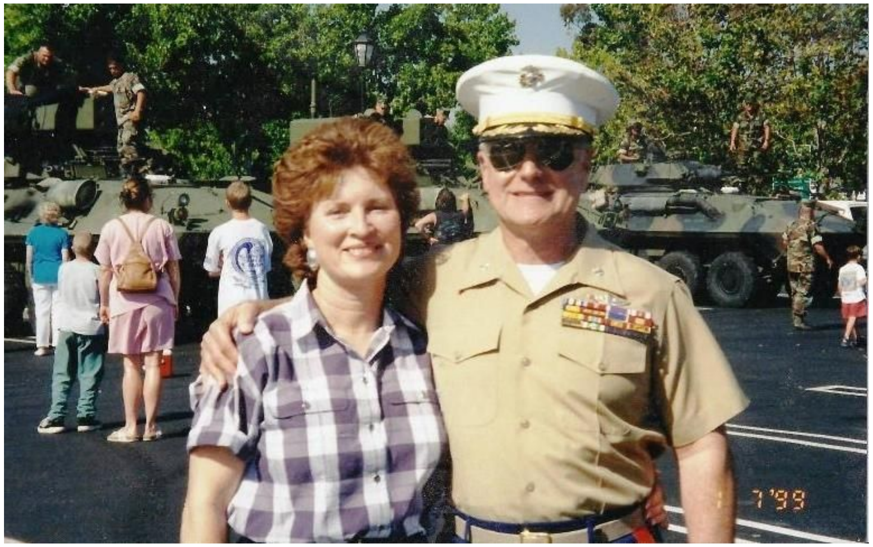
After My Initial Obligation was up: After Tulane, a tour at HQMC in OPS, and then back to WESTPAC, serving as Operations Officer in BLT 3/9. Returning to CONUS as I & I, and then CO of the 24th Marines in Kansas City, followed by XO/CO of the Marine Corps Finance Center in Kansas City, XO 7th Marines, CO 1st LAV (later the 1st Light Armored Reconnaissance Battalion), G-3 MCB, Camp Pendleton. Civilian life followed.

My Current Life: Immediately after retirement, I was hired as Commanding Officer of Devil Pups (12 years), a national youth program in So. California. I simultaneously attended Bible College at Spirit Life University, and went on a mission trip to Burma. Several of us built a Bible College in the jungles of Burma for the Karen People group, installed a hydro-electric generator for power, and learned many lessons in life. We were in the center of a 45 year-long civil war and underwent several bombing missions in the jungle. A life-time of memories! Upon return to CONUS, I was elected as the President of the Marine Corps Coordinating Council in Orange County California. I started several electric companies, and learned a million lessons in civilian economic practices. My greatest lesson was learning that small innovative businesses were quickly overcome by major energy conglomerates like Southern California Edison and Pacific Gas and Electric.

Plans for the Future: I retired to North Idaho near Coeur d' Alene, Idaho, bought a log home, taught History and Math in High School, started a Naval Academy Alumni Chapter, write, speak, and joined a History Club. Life is full of friends, memories, the Lord, my wonderful wife, and I especially enjoy teaching Bible Studies and giving lectures to groups. The beauty and pleasures of the outdoors, our chickens, grandchildren, Book Clubs and travel have been the focus of our lives. I especially enjoy fishing, golf, and reading.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: The superior qualities of camaraderie with the world's finest, learning that BAMCIS works well in all phases of life, and in all organizations, rubbing shoulders with so many heroes, and occasionally mentoring America's youth fills my days now. The many Marine contacts seem to grow every year, and each one is precious to me.

My Home Address: 31048 E Hayden Lake Road, (PO Box #2020 Hayden, ID 83835 for mail) Hayden, Idaho 83835. H: (208) 772-7494 C: (208) 755-3034 works well every place we go except in our home. Works well in the chicken coop or in the barn!



Lois and Kenny, 1999

Joseph C. Moosbrugger

Nickname: Moose

My Life Before Attending TBS: Basically I'm from Long Island, N.Y., Jamaica, N.Y. DOB 6/5/43 (pretty cool?) Rockville Centre....generally Catholic educated at St. Agnes School-Chaminade H.S. and Fordham University. While at Fordham, where I majored in History (seemed like a good idea at the time), I became interested in joining the Marine Corps as had several older team mates on the Cross Country and Track teams. My very first commercial airline flight was from NY to D.C. for the PLC program in the Summer of 1963. I guess I watched too many "Victory at Sea" programs, but also realized how proud my parents were of my choice. However, with a long last name and general distrust of anyone south of NYC, I figured I'd better be in my best physical shape as I placed myself at the mercy of the USMC. I really enjoyed both 6 week training sessions especially the O Course. Years later, however, as my daughter had a soccer tournament at MCS, Quantico, it became apparent that they had made this TBS Obstacle Course substantially bigger and more difficult...impossible may be is a better description. My first job after release from active duty was, interestingly enough, with Marine Midland Bank in NYC.

My Memories of TBS: At TBS I was not married...as a matter of fact after graduation from Fordham, I entered law school and coincidentally was given the boot by a long term girlfriend who seemed more interested in getting married than I. At the time my law school grades were mediocre enough that the Marine Corps basically felt I'd be more use to them than it appeared I would to the law, so they 'pulled' my deferment and off I went to Quantico, August 19, 1966. I became good friends with Grey Hutchinson, but I'm not certain he was my room mate. I remember driving down to Fredericksburg and up to D.C. on wknd excursions...I was a Sharpshooter on the Rifle range and Expert at the Pistol range. I competed for the Quantico Marines track team in the 5000 Yard Steeplechase.

TBS Graduation: I do remember looking a the MOS choices which I recall as being written on a bulletin board...then thinking back on those "Victory at Sea" programs...Iwo Jima Midway-Guadalcanal-Okinawa...and chose the Air Wing and Pensacola, Fl. as my next stop.

After Completing TBS: After TBS I went with Grey Hutchinson to visit his family in Hawaii...At Pensacola my vision did not qualifying me for pilot training so I 'assumed the position' of RSO which I believe was 7585.

Vietnam Era Service: After MOS training and receiving my Naval Flight Officer wings at NAS Glynco, GA, I was assigned to VMCJ-2 at Cherry Point, NC...7-8 months later I was assigned to VMCJ-1 Da Nang, from July '68 to Aug '69. I flew @ 125+ missions in-country in the RF4-B and will always remember taking off at zero dark thirty and climbing to 40-50000 ft and seeing the sunrise behind those tropical cloud banks...I don't think any of my 'adventures' made any local papers...most of them as we all know, preferred not to report the whole conflict period. I spent about 4 months as a Fwd Air Control Officer at 1st Marine Div.

HQ. I also remember both the smell of the burning waste barrels filled with kerosene and what I guess was maybe a Agent Orange smell. I served with several TBS and Pensacola friends as well as visiting a Comm friend up in lovely Dong Ha. I remember a Navy dentist wanting to take all my wisdom teeth out, just because they serve no purpose. I declined. I also remember becoming very accustomed to being damp with perspiration all the time.

After Vietnam: We would get the occasional 'good deal' and fly a plane in need of some repair to Iwakuni by way of Okinawa. It was during one of those hops that I met my wife, Claire, a girl from Long Island also who was teaching school at NAHA AFB.

After My Initial Obligation was up: I toyed with the idea of re-up and becoming Regular vs. Reserve...but did not. I was a Captain when discharged and tried to join the Reserves...but alas, living in Huntington, L.I., I was told I would have to travel to Willow Grove, outside Phila, Pa...which made little to no sense to me at the time.

My Current Life: I worked as an Institutional Taxable Bond Salesman/Trader...commuted an hour and change to and fr NYC...for 35 years...took up distance running and went from 3 mile local races to 5Ks.. 10Ks and 1/2 Marathons, and thoroughly enjoyed 15 marathons mostly NY Marathons and a Stockholm, Paris, and The Marine Corps Marathon in 2009...I'll answer the other questions mostly in the affirmative...except Negative for revisiting Veetnam (as LBJ always said).

Plans for the Future: Contentedly retired and doing volunteer work at The Guide Dog Foundation and an Equine Therapy foundation. Bucket list?...On the top is decamping from our home in the highly taxed 'GREAT school district' of Cold Spring Harbor.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: World's Greatest Fraternity....maybe better-a Brotherhood.

My Home Address: 165 Jennings Road, Cold Spring Harbor, N.Y., 11724...and 90 Glades Road, #303, Scituate, Massachusetts.

John Suhy and Joe Moosbrugger, Chow Call!

Thomas S. Nelson

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in Louisiana, raised on many Army bases until my father retired where my family settled down in NC. Wanted to fly and fight. Went to NC State, got a BS in Aeronautical Engineering. Spent two years in mandatory AF ROTC at NC State and then transitioned into the Marine PLC program, much to the mild chagrin of my father. The PLC program was appealing for three reasons: 1) – the Marines left you alone while you were trying to get through during the academic demands of the school year, 2) - between my junior and senior year, I could spend my 10 free summer weeks going through the Marine PLC course at Quantico and get all the training needed to qualify for a commission, and 3) – my pay longevity date started when I signed up for the program so the money was going to be a little better financially relative to someone joining right out of college.

My Memories of TBS: I had been scheduled to go to flight school right out of college but Pensacola had a backlog and I was given the choice of going home and awaiting orders or attending a school where I would learn basic Marine infantry leadership and tactics. Roomed at TBS with Bill McBride who taught me how to work on tri-wheeled cars in our BOQ room and still pass room inspections. He also gave me free sky-diving instructions at the local Manassas airport, as I figured it might be a good experience in case I ever bailed out in Vietnam. TBS is a blur of memories now at my advanced age...night recon missions in the cold, small unit tactics ("note the lone pine tree on the horizon"), SMEAC (can't count the number of times I have used that to train a entry-level engineer to think logically), the three-day war, Lt Buse telling me the best morale builder for a Marine Platoon is enemy KIAs, forming up in the parking lot so we could get our daily marching orders, cattle cars, weapon ranges, McMenamy, Moore and Oatis talking about going "Marine Air" (music to my ears). I had a good time.

After Completing TBS: After TBS graduation I headed straight to Pensacola and spent the next 18 months going through Preflight (NAS Pensacola), NAS Saufley

Ray Britton and Tom Nelson, Roosevelt Roads 1969

Field (T-34), NAS Meridian (T-2A), NAS Beeville (F-9 and married a girl from my hometown...coming up on our 51st anniversary), and then headed to MCAS Cherry Point, NC for F-4 training. Hutchinson and Hauptfuhrer were there about that time. As I recall, I saw that as a nugget pilot you were mostly a wingman for a long time if you went straight F-4Bs. That wasn't really appealing to me, so I volunteered to fly RF-4Bs and EF-10Bs so that me and my backseater Recon Systems Officer (RSO)/Electronic Countermeasures Officer (ECMO) would be "alone, unarmed and unafraid", and be our own boss making our own decisions when we were airborne. Not sure what Barney's rationale was but we both ended up at 2nd MAW, MAG-14, VMCJ-2 flying the RF-4B as 7545s. Spent 10 months getting some good stateside training in the RF-4B/EF-10B and then in Jun 1969, I headed for 1st MAW, MAG-11, VMCJ-1 stationed at Da Nang, SVN.

Vietnam Era Service: From Jun 1969 to Jun 1970, the flying from Da Nang was obviously a little more dangerous but also some good priority Marine air work was being done. A month or so after I got there, I learned from Hauptfuhrer (who was there with me) that the MAG-11, H&MS-11 squadron flying TA-4Fs was having trouble manning all their flight schedules for their Tactical Air Controller Airborne (TACA) missions in Laos. It was essentially a very low altitude, armed-recon mission trolling the Ho Chi Minh trail for trucks bringing supplies west out of NVN, heading south inside Laos and then turning east into SVN. It was a good way to fly and fight since the TACA TA-4Fs were modified birds with FM comm gear, 20 mm cannons and 5-inch Zunis you could use to interdict anything you found or, if you needed some help you could call for a strike flight to add some more ordnance to the target. The penalty for the privilege of flying 250+ missions was having to bring back four battle-damaged birds, but to the credit of those Marine mechanics, all of those RF-4B and TA-4F platforms got me back to either Da Nang or Ubon, Thailand.

Don Brodie
CH-46

Tom Nelson
F-4

Bill McBride
"Customer"

Old Guy
TBS 2-67
TBS 2-67

After My Initial Obligation was up: Life was active but not quite as hectic after returning from Da Nang. I returned to 2nd MAW and continued to fly the TA-4Fs and RF-4Bs at VMCJ-2 and H&MS-14. Went to Aircraft Maintenance Officer School in Millington, TN and got a secondary MOS 9624(?). Came back to VMCJ-2 and was assigned as Aircraft Division Officer and then Aircraft Maintenance Officer. In Jan 1973, I attended Amphibious Warfare School (AWS) and returned to VMCJ-2 until I went overseas again. I reported to

VMCJ-1 in Nov 1974 where I was assigned as Operations Officer of VMCJ-1's Det 101 which was flying RF-4Bs off the USS Midway (CVA-41). We sailed North and South seas between Yokosuka, Japan (where the Midway was home ported, I recall) and the naval base at Subic Bay, Philippine Islands. We also ended up sailing west from Subic Bay to just off the coast of South Vietnam and participating in the Saigon evacuation operations. Interesting times for all. All the RF-4Bs were consolidated at VMCJ-3 in El Toro and I wanted to stay near family in NC so I transitioned to EA-6As which had been consolidated at VMAQ-2 back at Cherry Point. I was assigned as the Safety Officer for the squadron. I left for the Naval Post Graduate School in Aug 1977 and got an MS in Electrical Engineering. On graduation in 1979, I was assigned as an Acquisition Program Officer (APO) at I&L, LMC-2 (Radar Intel Electronics Section) for two radar systems and a radar relay system. Went back overseas in Jul 1983 to 1st MAW, MAG-12 as the Group S-4 Officer where I flew the H&MS-12 OA-4M. Returned back to HQMC and was assigned to the new Space and Naval Warfare Systems Command (old Naval Electronic Systems Command, NAVELEX) working comm-elect equipment. It was apparent that my flying days were limited to one-year unaccompanied tours overseas squeezed in-between 3-4 year non-flying tours at D.C. so I retired from the Marines in June 1986.

My Current Life: Post Marine life was really simplified. I worked as a systems engineer at Analytic Services for about 15 years supporting Air Force acquisitions of intel equipment and then worked for Jacobs Engineering for another 13 years as a systems engineer supporting JSF/F-35 Mission Systems development. Retired for real in 2014. I went through all that and stayed in one piece and then in Nov 2014 I went off a mountain bike jump and crashed on landing (front wheel hit a rock and I went over the handlebars and rolled down a small ravine and a couple of fallen tree trunks),...sheared off the top of my femoral bone, shattered my hip bone and broke my right shoulder. I was going too fast. Two orthopedic surgeons performed the two surgeries (four hours to stop the bleeding and evaluate the damage, and then, four days later, another two hours under the knife to replace the hip). Interestingly, both surgeons (way younger than me) said they stopped mountain biking years ago because too many of their friends had broken bones on bikes. They suggested I take up some activity with less "impact liability" probabilities. So much for taking calcium pills to make for strong bones.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: It has taken a few years since the surgeries, but I am pretty much back to normal. I've got no complaints. In hindsight, the good Lord graced me with being in the middle of a bunch of good guy Marines during the most dangerous years of my life and I can honestly say I took more from the Marines than I gave...which is always true when one has been part of a truly remarkable organization.

Thomas F. Newman

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in Brooklyn in 1943. Attended Herricks Sr. HS in New Hyde Park, NY & went on to St. John's University, Jamaica, NY & NYU Graduate School. In HS & College I ran Cross Country and Track. I joined the PLC program after graduating HS and later got permission from Commandant Greene to attend Graduate School before going to The Basic School. We had a family business mfg. & installing window shades and venetian blinds so I started work around 5 years of age, sweeping up the place and being a gofer & getting lunch. My grandfather as well as my father served in the US Army in the World Wars. I joined the Marines because it is the best & like all life decisions "it seemed like a good idea at the time." I am alive today, so it was and is still a good idea.

My Memories of TBS: Grace and I were married when I attended Basic School and we had our first child, Angel at CLNC. Had the sword engraved. The kindest thing I remember is when we were assigned our MOS, it seemed that all the married men with pregnant wives remained stateside while others were sent directly to RVN. Didn't pay attention to it then but later in life I realized that the CO had let us remain with our wives in order that there would be photos of Mom & Dad with their children in case Dad might not come home. Very kind of the old man and a deed borne of experience.

TBS Graduation: Assigned 1302, Combat Engr. Officer. I had wanted a billet in Germany which after some 25 years I actually got at SOCEUR in Stuttgart.

After Completing TBS: As a 1302, I went to Courthouse Bay, on to 8th Engr. Bn and then to a letter company as XO. I organized the supply and mount-out boxes for the company and was later given command of another Engr. Company to do the same. The Marines I trained were sent throughout the Bn to square away the logistics.

Vietnam Era Service: Went to RVN and joined the 3rd Engr. Bn. in Gia Lai near Phu Bai. During TET, the engineers became infantry and I remained in Gia Lai in charge of moving the 3RDMARDIV engineer assets up north to Dong Ha. With the help of an army MT Bn we were able to move the assets north in record time. Later I became the 3rd MARDIV Embarkation Officer. Never went on R&R. Watched too many Marines who came back disheartened. Served 12 months and as a short timer I went back to CLNC and mustered out.

Lessons I Learned: It's good to be a Marine and serve with Marines. The second lesson is that God only knows why you came out alive and others didn't. Though, I believe those who survived are meant to do something else later on in life.

After Vietnam: Generally, got back alive. I saw my wife and children and life is good.

After My Initial Obligation was up: We have three children Angel, Grace and Tom and we wanted to settle down after the war. Left the Corps as a young Captain. Went on to teach at Herricks HS and discovered that administrators throw you under the bus, while in the Marines I had become accustomed to looking out for one another. Went into the family business until I turned 66. Joined the USMCR in 1970 for the next 25 years and served in a Comm Company as a training officer, was a NBC Instructor, Team Commander of the 34th IT & 34th ITT German language teams, sailed to Germany with the MAB as OIC of German Language interpreters, joined a Staff Group and went to Germany & Norway during the 1980's and finally served as a Liaison Officer with the West German army for SOCEUR in Stuttgart. The Marine Corps always gives you what you ask for. It was my first choice when I was in Basic School and I finally got there.

My Current Life: Retired and became an Emergency Mgmt. Coordinator for our township and then was elected 2x Towamensing Twp. Supervisor. In 2009 I became the CERT (Civilian Emergency Response Tm.) Director for Carbon County and still work closely with the EMA. Grace and I had traveled to Egypt and the Panama Canal. In 2007 Grace started showing signs of dementia and I have been her caregiver. I am now the fat bald guy with glasses.

Plans for the Future: Just resigned my position as Supervisor as of 7 March 2019. I may be going to Germany & Ireland in July with our son and daughter-in-law in July if we can locate a respite place for Grace. Like the John Denver song "It's been a good life all in all.." and Grace and I will "continue the march."

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: The loyalty and comradeship that persists in your heart and mind. The generosity and sense of humor of fellow Marine officers and enlisted. The fine Marines and NCO's I have been able to serve with. The CWO's & Gunnery Sgt. who groomed and supported you. A blessed band of brothers and sisters. An honor to be in the company of such fine men & women. For those who have gone on before us, I recall Kipling's Gunga Din "...so I'll meet him later on in the place where he has gone and I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din.." SEMPER FIDELIS!

My Home Address:
65 Johnson Lane,
Lehighton, PA 18235-6206

Lewis, Klauer, Newman, Buse

Henry R. "Hank" Nothhaft

Nickname: Nofty

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born and raised in Sharon PA. My parents were German immigrants from Bavaria. They believed in the American Dream and imbued us with a mantra that hard work and a good education would lead to success. I was active in scouting and was an Eagle Scout. My brother who served in the Army (eventually became a General in the National Guard) steered me toward the Naval Academy. I graduated with distinction from USNA in '66, BS, Engineering, Politics and Economics. Peer relationships and a strong desire not to serve at sea led to the Marine Corps.

My Memories of TBS: I roomed with Kenny Moore at TBS. I amazingly finished 18th in our TBS class while being one of a few not qualifying in either rifle or pistol. Given the weight of marksmanship, this was a rare achievement. I also convinced myself, if I couldn't shot worth a darn I would be crazy to go 03.

TBS Graduation: I went to Communications Officers School and became a 2502. This was my 1st choice.

After Completing TBS: After graduation, I took the maximum leave possible and worked in a steel mill in Sharon PA as a common laborer. I was then stationed at Div HQ 5 MARDIV @ Camp Pendleton. I was selected to attend Vietnamese language school and went to an extensive course at DLI East Coast, Arlington, VA.- I think it was 28 weeks.

Vietnam Era Service: I served in Vietnam 1968-1969 with the 3rd Marines where I was Regimental Comm Officer HQ @ Camp Carroll and 3rd Recon Bn as Comm Officer. I decided that I did not want to go stateside to a spit and polish Marine Unit and extended for 6 months. During my extension, my father suffered a stroke and I went home on a hardship leave. Once home, I experienced significant disrespect and disdain from the community at large, but in particular from my age group. I decided not to return to Vietnam as I had already exceeded my normal tour. I was assigned Schools Demonstration Troops Quantico, VA to wait to attend the University of Michigan Masters Computer Science program via SEP (Special Education Program). During this assignment, I was deployed as S-3 of a makeshift battalion made up mainly of recovered, previously-medevaced Marines to secure the U.S. Capitol Building for a week against the Moratorium Peace Demonstrations in Nov 1969. My cot was located directly outside the door of the Capitol Architect. It was during this week that I decided to leave the Marine Corps due to the lack of appreciation and disrespect from these folks. I returned to Quantico, put in my papers and left the Corps May 1970.

After Vietnam: I left the Marine Corps in 1970 as a Captain. While stationed at Quantico I started attending George Washington University. Although it took six years and a short stint at Northeastern University, I earned an MBA in Information Systems Technology while working full time.

After My Initial Obligation was up: My training as a 2502 and my MBA coupled with USNA/USMC served as the foundation of my civilian career. After starting out as a salesman with Memorex in the Washington, D.C. area, I began to work my way up through the sophisticated telecommunications network systems industry. I held positions in sales management and VP of Marketing and Sales, Group President and Board Member for several different companies, such as Sanders Data Systems, Telenet, and DSC Communications from '70 - '89. Over the next 17 years, I served with nine different major companies as President, CEO, Chairman of the Board, etc. in generally successful venture backed entrepreneurial ventures.

In 2011, I published a best-selling book, titled 'Great Again', through the Harvard Business Press and have also published many OPED's in the Wall Street Journal, New York Times, Harvard Business Review, and Chief Executive Magazine, among others. I also made a number of speaking appearances via the Washington Speakers Bureau.Through my various involvements, I have always been an advocate for common sense government policies that nurture innovation and start-ups. Though "Great Again" is a nonpartisan book, many of my ideas for rejuvenating U.S. manufacturing are being adopted by the current administration in Washington, D.C. Detailed Bio @ "https://www.linkedin.com/in/henryrnothhaft/.

My Current Life: In 1977, I married Randie L. Voris at the U.S. Naval Academy Chapel with Hugh Ronalds as our best man. We are still happily married with two sons/families and three grandchildren. We all live in Austin TX. Randie's father, Captain Roy M. "Butch" Voris was a noted Naval Aviator, WWII fighter ace and founder of the Navy's Blue Angels. As a result we sponsored the now iconic F/A 18 Blue Angels Hornet at Navy Memorial Stadium. In 2008, I founded HnR Nothhaft Horse Racing, LLC. I was looking to apply my skills to a new challenge, and succeeded in doing so. The company is based in Texas, but participates in breeding, racing and sales of thoroughbred horses throughout the U.S. and the U.K., with emphasis on PA, KY, and CA. I have been fortunate enough to breed a Breeders' Cup Champion and Eclipse Award Winner. (see our website http://hnrhorseracing.com/ & Facebook page HnR Nothhaft Horseracing LLC for the details of our exploits).

Plans for the Future: My goal is to enjoy my grandchildren and continue to raise the bar in my thoroughbred business to see where it will take us.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: The experience at the Naval Academy, TBS, and in the Marine Corps while serving as a Comm Officer certainly provided the basic foundation for my subsequent successes in the telecommunications and technology industry. It also gave me the opportunity to observe and learn from a broad range of leaders trying to emulate the best and rejecting the worst.

My Home Address: 1010 Town Bluff Drive, Austin TX

Kenny, Bill, Hank at USMC Museum

Robert O'Connor

Nickname: Bob ("One Nothing" in Vietnam by my comm friends)

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in Martinez, CA, moved to San Jose, CA 1955 - went to San Jose High (football & wrestling); San Jose City College (Accounting & girls); graduated from San Jose State (Accounting/Finance; Soccer & girls). Joined the US Marine Corps through the OCS program when I got a draft notice to join the US Army.

My Memories of TBS: I was a bachelor @ TBS, Ernie Pascarella & Jim Leslie were roommates (Ernie was my bunkmate during OCS}. I was a JOPA Commando, and went to D.C. & Mary Washington for liberty. Best part of training was firing 106 spotting rounds and making things go bang. Sharpshooter and Expert with pistol & rifle. Mad Moment was intense (did another on an exercise at 29 Palms, a real blast). Yes, my Mameluke is engraved. My short term memory doesn't allow me to recall my short adhoc public speaking gig. Did one at the Command & Staff with Col. Buse in attendance, too long to explain here, but I offended some with a bit of humor, but filled the gap before liberty call on the first Friday. I remember Major Ripley mostly from TBS.

TBS Graduation: 2502 - Major Clarity (sp?) drove a pink Cad convertible, and was our Comm Instructor, wanted to follow in his footsteps (at least the type of car [I now have a cool deep blue 2010 Toyota Tacoma X-Runner 6 speed - not for my grandson yet]).

After Completing TBS: After OCS - sent to Flight School Pensacola, FL May 1966, sinus issue, washed out returned to TBS Aug 1966, met Jim Leslie. After TBS I went on leave to San Jose, then returned to Quantico for MOS Communications training at MCS Quantico, with Bill Arant, Richard Klauer, Walt Pitchford, and Hank Nothhaft...After Comm school, went on leave to San Jose - I met a lady who became my wife 18 months later.

Vietnam Era Service: Arrived in Vietnam May 1967, 3rd MarDiv - Asst Commo to Radio Plt, CommCo, HqBn, 3rdMarDiv 1 month; then Asst Reg Commo 4th Mar, Camp Evan, Phu Bai (pay officer 3 months) for 6 months (met Bill McBride after he returned bloodied from a recon to the A Shau Valley), then Commo 11th Engrs, Dong Ha for 6 months. I ran into various TBS grads - Bill (last name?) MTO at different times, and loaned a lot of comm equipment to Jim Leslie who was at Khe Sanh. The 10 week Comm School helped, but the senior SNO's and other Comm O's really helped, and doing the job itself was the real test!. Went on R&R to Australia & Hawaii (served in 2 different units, worked out).

After Vietnam: After Vietnam I went to MCB Camp Pendleton, H&S Co, 2nd ITR, stopped at Okinawa on my way home, almost late for my plane home after an exciting night of liberty. Sent most of my non-utilities home. While at the 11th Engrs we had a hot locker for our clothes, which really helped.

After My Initial Obligation was up: When departing CamPen May 1969, at household effects, a Major recommended that I check out the USMCR unit in San Jose, So, in August 1969 I visited the SptCo, H&S Bn, 4th FSR, and joined. Before joining, I went to work at a CPA firm. Since then I have been involved with the

USMCR - MHE Plt Cmdr, XO - Spt Co; Bn Commo 2/23; Commo 23rd Mar; Co Cmdr H Co, 2/23; CO B&P Opns; S-3, 23rd Mar; S-4, 23rd Mar; XO MTU; mobilized for Desert Storm, CO replacement Bn (conflict ended) then Ass't Base Inspector CamPen. Retired in 1992 as LtCol.

My Current Life: Still married, just celebrated 50 years!; 3 children (lost my son in a 2004 road rage accident); 5 grandchildren (all must play soccer to be in the will); active coaching and playing soccer, been working at St Francis HS, Mountain View, CA over 20 years, supervision and coaching. Involved with ROA, treasurer; do some traveling, hair is graying, but still have some. Health is very good, registered with the VA (hearing aids & checked negative for Agent O. Have an older dog, computer dangerous, granddaughter taught me to text. Did a Vietnam tour in 2004, people friendly, liked our $, VC took down all our combat bases!! Still hot, but the beer was cold! Vietnam becoming a modern country, Da Nang very busy & big, as is Hanoi and Hue.

Plans for the Future: Semi retired, medium social profile. I want to go back to Yosemite, climb some easier mtns, been to Norway and England, like to try Europe and Ireland.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: The friendship developed and the painful losses of those close friends (Dick O'Leary for one, we hung out a lot, he was married just before going to Vietnam).

My Home Address: 917 Northlawn Drive, San Jose, CA 95130

Bob
O'Connor
TBS 2-67
EXIT

Bob O'Connor at the Reunion

Peter W. Oatis

Nickname: Pete

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born in Toledo, OH, but my family moved when I was about 2 years old, so I grew up in Indianapolis, IN; attended Cathedral HS and USNA. I am the only member of my immediate family to be in the military, although my dad was a combat engineer in the Army during WWII, and his 3 brothers were in the Army Air Corps and the Navy. I was most influenced to join the Marine Corps by the bearing and 'presence' of the Marine Officers I encountered at USNA.

My Memories of TBS: I was single (thankfully); my roommate was my hero, Nguyen Van Hien, a storied Vietnamese Marine who was born almost on the Chinese border, and spent virtually his entire life as a warrior. I truly respected him! I also will always remember Lt. Buse, our Staff Platoon Commander as a positive inspiration and a true leader and motivator. I have nothing but great memories of our times at Quantico...our BOQ area with Kenny Moore, Ed McMenamy, Hank Nothhaft, et al. I was crazy...spent a lot of time with Bruce Heitz and Stan Holmes...I still remember a couple of crazy trips to and from D.C. with Stan in the middle of the night...but there were so many other good guys it's hard to remember. I did have my sword engraved and it is just about my only memento left...most of my other stuff was donated to my brother-in-law, who is a somewhat crazed military memorabilia collector.

TBS Graduation: I was assigned to Aviation having been pre-qualified at USNA. My MOS was assigned after completion of training and assignment to a tactical squadron, initially 7501 (attack), then 7592 (nuclear delivery)

After Completing TBS: After TBS, flight training (fixed wing) in Pensacola, FL, Meridian, MS and Beeville, TX, where I received my wings in the summer of '68. First Squadron was VMA-214 (Blacksheep) in El Toro, CA, then off to Vietnam.

Vietnam Era Service: Flew with MAG 12, VMA-311 out of Chu Lai, then brought VMA-223 back to El Toro in '70. Served as squadron pilot and MAG 12 Group Operations Officer in Vietnam. Was shot down in May of '69 in Elephant Valley just outside of Da Nang. Saw several of our classmates there (Toby Griggs, Bobby Light, Bob Hickerson, et al.)

After Vietnam: After returning to CONUS, via a TransPac movement of VMA-223, as the draw down in RVN was beginning, I was assigned to VMA-324 in Beaufort, SC, then reassigned to HQMC when the all-volunteer thing came along. Served in Officer Procurement (not 'that' kind...) where among other things I was responsible for setting up a nationwide flight training program for PLC Candidates. Then it was AWS in Quantico, then back to El Toro, where I was with MAWTUPAC, a specialized weapons and tactics training unit for the 3rd MAW (Bob Hickerson was my 'mate' there). Then off to Iwakuni, Japan, where I served as Ops O for VMA-211. Returned to states in '76, another TransPac movement of the squadron, then became Ops O for VT24, an advanced jet training squadron in Beeville, TX. It was here that I made the tough decision to resign my commission, and I left the Corps.

After My Initial Obligation was up: After my resignation, I decided to stay in aviation and took the unusual route of entering Corporate Aviation, as I was 'too old' for the airlines. I first flew for a small commuter airline out of San Antonio, TX, then was hired by AT&T in Morristown, NJ. I worked with AT&T for about 17 years, becoming Chief Pilot; when Lucent Technologies split off in '96 I became Director of Aviation for them, setting up a new flight department. In '99 I was offered the chance to move back to the Midwest (my original home) and took a job as Director of Aviation with the Mead Corp in Dayton, OH, beginning my career, somewhat accidentally, as a "turnaround specialist" for dysfunctional organizations.

Due to a few mergers/acquisitions, etc. I had 6 jobs in the next 12 years, involving this 'turnaround' type of endeavor. (I also became very acquainted with the phrase, "if you want to make God laugh, tell Him what YOUR plans are"). I worked for Quizno's in Denver, Sprint in Kansas City, and for the Shaw Group in Baton Rouge as Director of Aviation. I also flew as a Captain for a charter company out of Phoenix, AZ and Millville, NJ, and on an international contract for a company out of Buenos Aires, Argentina. Much of our flying for these corporations was worldwide. I decided to retire in 2012. While at HQMC from '70-'73, I met my lovely wife, Barbara, a stewardess for American Airlines. We were married in '72 and had our wonderful daughter, Valerie, in '74 in Laguna Beach, CA. She is still unmarried and is living in the Phoenix area. Barbara has been my rock for the past 46+ years.

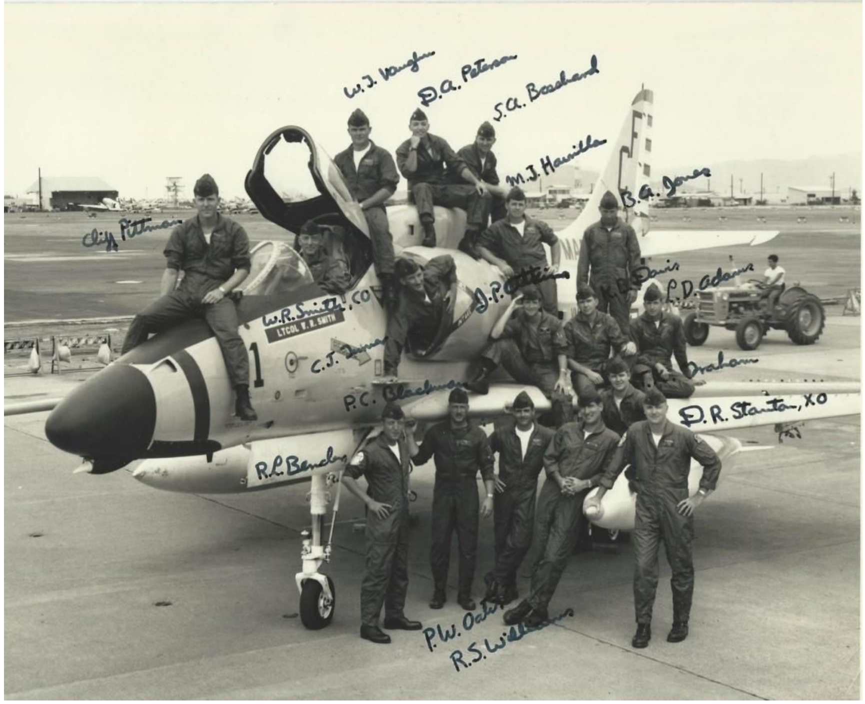
My Current Life: We retired to The Villages, FL in 2012 from Baton Rouge. I got involved in Dragon Boat racing when I got here ("The Blacksheep Marines" was the team moniker and included many former Marines, including 2 USNA guys and a couple of USMA grads) - we actually participated in the World Championships in Ravenna, Italy, a few years ago, beating all the US teams, but not faring too well against the Canadians, Aussies or Germans. I had to quit due to neck and back issues dating back to RVN, but can still work out and play golf (if you can call it that). I am involved with the Marine Corps League here which is very large and very active in charitable activities throughout the Central Florida area. We also participate in numerous club activities and have a wonderful circle of friends.

Plans for the Future: Just continue to hang around as long as I can...I virtually have no desire to travel anywhere anymore.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: I would not trade my time at TBS or my time in the Marine Corps for anything! The things I learned about dealing with people and mission accomplishment has served me well throughout my life, and the shared experiences and camaraderie are priceless. I have many friends in the civilian world, including those from other services; but when I see how Marines approach issues and deal with people, I see tremendous differences....and it makes me proud to say I am a Marine.

My Home Address: 594 Keller Court, The Villages, FL 32163

Pete, Kenny, Ty, Bob. Reunion Pic

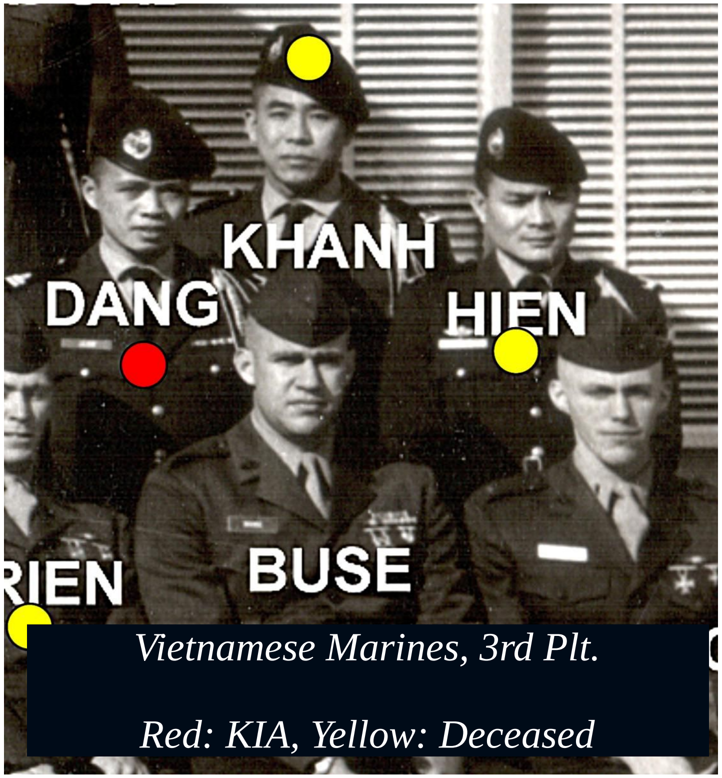

W.J. Vaughn
D.A. Peterson
S.A. Boschard
M.J. Haville
B.A. Jones
Cliff Pittman
W.R. Smith, CO
LTCOL W.R. SMITH
1
C.J. Turner
J.P. Atkins
R.B. Davis
L.D. Adams
P.C. Blackmon
Graham
D.R. Stanton, XO
R.L. Bensley
P.W. Oats
R.S. Williams

Nguyen Văn Hien, Vietnamese Marine Corps (Deceased)

In Retrospect:

Nguyen Van Hien was one of 10 officers from the Vietnamese Marine Corps (VNMC) who attended Basic School Class 2-67. While most of these officers were around the same age as their USMC brother officers, several were older and/or more senior, and had served in combat roles in their home country before joining us in Quantico. Hien explained that he had been born virtually on the Viet Nam border with China, in 1930, making him ~36 years of age at Basic School, significantly older that any of us. He had already served his country for many years, first with the French forces and later with the Vietnamese Marine Corps. Very much like our own Civil War, he had a brother who served with the NVA and still had some family in 'the North'. The stories of Hien's many long-range recon patrols were amazing; although he did not wish to discuss details of combat experiences, it was obvious that what we were doing at TBS was pretty basic for a Marine like Hien. Despite Hien's smaller stature, 'advanced age', and some language issues, he quickly became a true role model, not only for his Vietnamese compatriots, but also for many of his American counterparts. He was in excellent physical condition and put many of his fellow students to shame with his 'never say die' attitude and refusal to give up in any physical or mental endeavor. He was an inspiration to many of us!

Both Hien and Pete Oatis were fortunate to have each other as roommates during Basic School. Although language was sometimes a barrier, Pete and Hien became good friends and ended up spending a lot of after-hours time together during the short breaks in our training routine. This was true for most of the other Vietnamese Officers and their USMC roommates and friends as well. On one of the many trips to DC, Hien introduced Pete to 'beef fried rice' at a favorite Vietnamese restaurant that became a frequent destination.



Vietnamese Marines, 3rd Plt.

Red: KIA, Yellow: Deceased

One of the most memorable trips involved somehow fitting Pete, his Dad, and Hien into a fastback Corvette... no small feat for sure. Hien volunteered against (Mr. Oatis' wishes) to scrunch into the small back area; however, it was pretty humorous and became a great family story when Pete's Dad somehow managed to scrunch there for the return trip. This was a great laugh for Pete and Hien for a long time, especially the effort to help remove Mr. Oatis from the rear of the car. Another humorous development was when Hien was helping Pete learn some basic Vietnamese language...(he gave Pete a Vietnamese-English dictionary that Pete has to this day, as a treasured memento of his friend)....I guess he could not resist teaching Pete certain phrases, that when Pete practiced by delivering his carefully practiced pronunciations to the other Vietnamese Marines resulted not so much in an understanding, but in surprise and uproarious laughter, as the learned phrase was something totally different than what it was supposed to be. (for instance, instead of Pete saying something like, "good morning, gentlemen...I hope you are having a nice day", it came out as "you people look like a bunch of crazy monkeys". Even in the worst of times, Hien retained his sense of humor; and his smile and laughter over the smallest things, good and not-so-good, were a source of joy and inspiration for many of us.

Thanks to the capabilities of the Internet, we were able locate four of our original ten classmates, and "reunite" with several of our lost brothers. Hien was one of the first of our ten VNMC classmates that we were able to track down during the work up to our TBS 2-67 Reunion in May of 2019, and it was through eventual contact with his VNMC brothers living in the US that we learned that he had passed away in 2008 . Following the fall of Saigon and the aftermath of the war, these former officers were targeted by the Communist regime and all, including Hien, spent many years in brutal "re-education" camps before being allowed to leave their home country under the "Orderly Departure Program".

Kenny Moore Remembers:

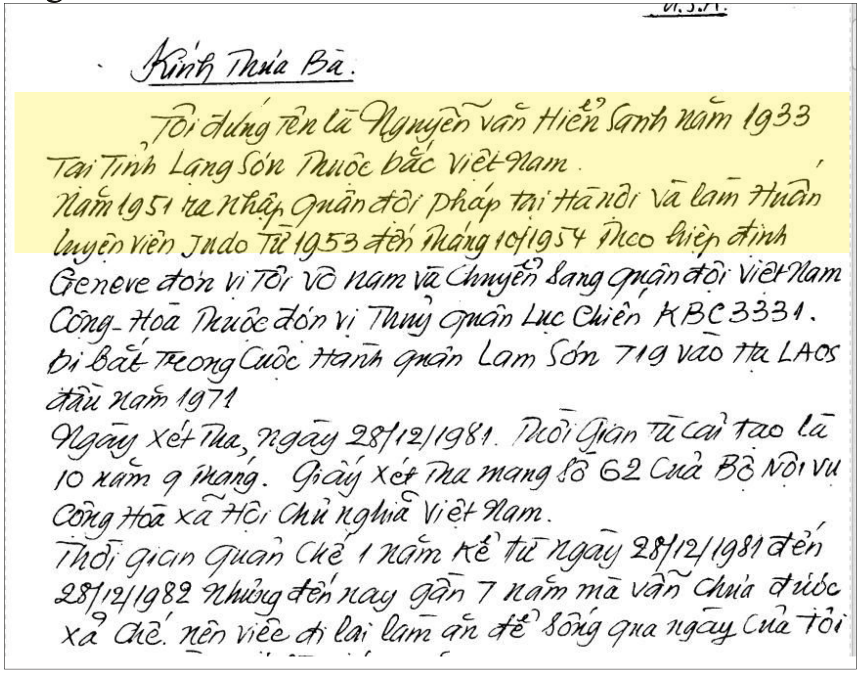
"Like so many of us 'green behind the ears' we had a lot to learn...I found the nearest RVN Marine to me at TBS was Hien, who lived across the hall from me in the BOQ. We worked out occasionally with Hien (& with Pete Oatis almost every day after our training ended). Hien was a major exception, tough as an old oak board, never stopped, and although he only had sight in one eye, he was a great inspiration to me personally and a fount of knowledge on the tactics or real combat. My life was enriched by his friendship. Pete and Hien made a great team! I will miss not having the opportunity to reacquaint with him at the Reunion!

...On the way to RVN, I received a photo from Hien....he had accomplished one of his life dreams. He was driving a new Vespa, with his whole family behind him wife and kids standing and sitting all over the Vespa. Hien had a grin bigger than a watermelon on his face!"

1966 Photo of Lieutenant Hien and unknown friend

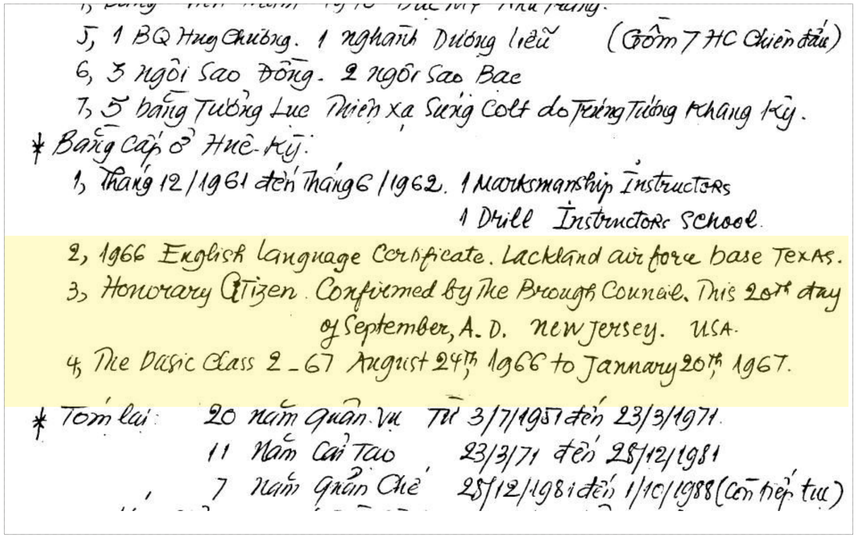
Liberty Call!: NV Hien, Kenny Moore, and Hank Nothhaft

These are two fragments from one of the ODP documents that were submitted by Nguyen Van Hien in his quest to Immigrate to the United States.



Kính Thưa Bà.

Tôi đứng tên là Nguyễn văn Hiển Sanh năm 1933 Tại Tỉnh Lạng Sơn Thuộc bắc Việt Nam.
Năm 1951 ra nhập quân đội Pháp tại Hà nội và làm Huấn luyện viên Judo Từ 1953 đến tháng 10/1954 Theo hiệp định Geneve đơn vị Tôi vô nam và Chuyển sang quân đội Việt Nam Cộng-Hoà Thuộc đơn vị Thuỷ quân Lục Chiến KBC 3331.
Bị Bắt Trong Cuộc Hành quân Lam Sơn 719 vào Hạ LAOS đầu năm 1971
Ngày xét Tha, ngày 28/12/1981. Thời Gian tù cải tạo là 10 năm 9 tháng. Giấy xét Tha mang số 62 Của Bộ Nội vụ Cộng Hoà xã Hội Chủ nghĩa Việt Nam.
Thời gian Quản Chế 1 năm Kể từ ngày 28/12/1981 đến 28/12/1982 Nhưng đến nay gần 7 năm mà vẫn Chưa được xả Chế. nên việc đi lại làm ăn để sống qua ngày Của Tôi



5, 1 BQ Huy Chương. 1 nghành Dương liễu (Gồm 7 HC Chiến đấu)
6, 3 ngôi Sao Đồng. 2 ngôi Sao Bạc
7, 5 bằng Tưởng Lục Thiện xạ Súng Colt do Trung Tướng Khang Ký.
* Bằng Cấp ở Huê-Kỳ:
1, Tháng 12/1961 đến tháng 6/1962. 1 Marksmanship Instructors
1 Drill Instructors School.
2, 1966 English language Certificate. Lackland air force base Texas.
3, Honorary Citizen. Confirmed by The Brough Council. This 20th day of September, A.D. New Jersey. USA.
4, The Basic Class 2-67 August 24th 1966 to January 20th 1967.
* Tóm lại: 20 năm quân vụ Từ 3/7/1951 đến 23/3/1971.
11 Năm Cải Tạo 23/3/71 đến 28/12/1981
7 năm Quản Chế 28/12/1981 đến 1/10/1988 (Còn tiếp tục)

Ernest T. Pascarella

Nickname: E-Tool

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in Erie, PA; attended Erie East High School and Princeton University; played high school football and football in college; went through the PLC course at Quantico.

My Memories of TBS: At TBS: Bob O'Connor was my room-mate, and Buzz Buse was a terrific Platoon Commander. Folks like Kenny Moore and Bill McBride were sort of my role models of squared away Marine Officers.

TBS Graduation: Infantry (0301) was my first choice and what I was assigned.

Vietnam Era Service: After TBS I took 30 days leave and went right to WestPac and the First Marine Division. Was a platoon leader with Kilo 3/5 until getting wounded and spending some time on the REPOSE (hospital ship). Reassigned to Vietnam and went to First Marine Regiment (Fox 2/1) as an XO. Took over Fox Company and had it during Tet until I was wounded again and shipped home to the Philadelphia Naval Hospital. Ran into Kenny Moore and Rich Mueller a few times and two of the guys from my Princeton football team who were with the First Marines.

After Vietnam: I spent several months in the Philadelphia Naval Hospital and then was assigned on limited duty (my last wound took out my right eye) to Assistant Inspector Instructor duty in Garden City Long Island. I was basically waiting to go through my physical review board hearing and get discharged. However, I did get promoted to Captain.

After My Initial Obligation was up: I was discharged (actually retired) from the Corps on April 1, 1969 with a 40% disability - the going rate for losing an eye. Used the GI Bill and some other educational benefits available to go back to graduate school and earn a Master's degree from U of Pennsylvania and a PhD from Syracuse University. My graduate training was basically as a quantitative social scientist and I have spent my entire career in academia. I taught for 20 years at the U of Illinois and in 1997 took the Petersen Endowed Chair at the University of Iowa and have been there ever since. My work focuses on the impact of post secondary education on undergraduates and I have been pretty active in conducting large studies and publishing in that area. I also directed an entity at Iowa for 10 years called the Center For Research on Undergraduate Education (CRUE). I ran my grants and contracts through CRUE and funded most of my graduate students that way. (On the extremely minuscule chance this peaks someone's curiosity, the best way to get a feel for what I do is to go to Google Scholar.)

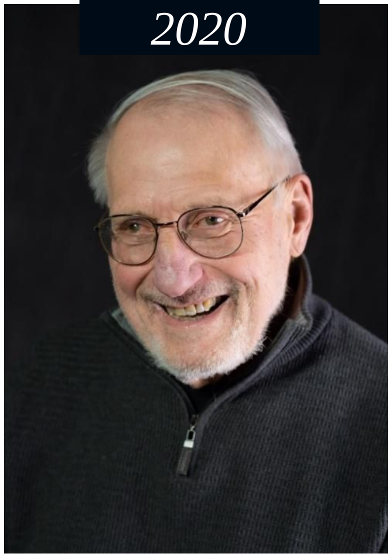
My Current Life: I'm still working at 75, but will officially retire in 2020. Hope to keep an office on the UI campus and continue to work with my grad students for a while after that. I still have most/some of my hair and my health so far has been good. I had a knee replacement several years ago and can no longer run so I have taken up indoor rowing to stay in reasonable condition.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: With the exception of raising a family, the Marine Corps and

Vietnam were the defining experiences of my life (After more than 50 years, I'm still in close touch with some of the Marines from Fox 2/1). The officers at TBS were a significant part of that experience and set the bar extremely high for all that followed. For that my sincerest thanks to you all! Our TBS platoon also had some authentic heroes in it - folks like Kenny Moore, Bill McBride, and Buzz Buse - just to name (and hopefully not embarrass) a few. (The only brave thing I ever did in Vietnam was to eat a can of Ham and Limas cold. No ribbon for that, although I think I could make a reasonable argument that there should have been!) I only spent 3 years and some change in the Corps, but I will consider myself a Marine for the rest of my life. I apologize for not being at the reunion, but my warmest regards and very best thoughts go to you all. Semper Fi.

E-Tool, 1967

E-Tool, 2020



William T. Pedersen

Nickname: Wild Bill

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in Brookhaven, GA and raised in Elmhurst, IL. Attended York Community HS and Northern Illinois University (Finance Major). Joined PLC as a freshman. Elected Vice-President of the student body and President of SAE Fraternity, influenced by father (Navy fighter pilot WWII; both younger brothers were Marines). Most of my high school friends enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1962.

My Memories of TBS: Unmarried at TBS. Sponsored and roomed with Lt. Troung Dinh Kanh. Lots of liberty in Wash, D.C. (frequently with all Vietnamese Marines). Scored Expert on pistol range. Best experience at TBS was learning so much from my Naval Academy classmates. Platoon Commander 1st/Lt Buzz Buse was a perfect role model. TBS staff (including Chuck Krulak -- later CMC) shared very useful Vietnam war stories.

TBS Graduation: MOS choices: 03, 08, 18 . Assigned 0802

After Completing TBS: Reported to Fort Sill after 30 days leave. Upon graduation, immediate assignment to Vietnam.

Vietnam Era Service: Assigned to Kilo Battery, 3rd Battalion, 11th Marines. Within weeks of joining, I was assigned as a Forward Observer to a Vietnamese Ranger Battalion. First OJT as a 2nd/Lt was moving to contact with elements of Second NVA Division. Next assigned as Executive Officer, Mike Battery, 4/11. As a 1st Lt, promoted to Commanding Officer, Mike Battery, 4/11. This command reflected favorably for the next 24 years. Hometown newspaper reported Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry (silver star) awarded as forward observer. BIG Lessons Learned: homefield advantage held by Vietnamese Rangers was a life saver. Trust the senior staff NCOs; they groom the best junior officers.

After Vietnam: At Camp Lejeune, assigned as S-3, 2nd Battalion, 10th Marines . Shortly thereafter, joined BLT 2/8 in Guantanamo Bay as Commanding Officer, Bravo Battery, 1st Battalion, 10th Marines (extended for 12-month tour).

After My Initial Obligation was up: Augmented after 4 years. Graduate of numerous schools (Artillery Career Course; 2-year Masters Degree (Management Information Systems/Computer Systems); Field Artillery Career Course; Marine Corps Command and Staff College; Top Level School -- Japanese National Institute for Defense Studies (Tokyo) preceded by Japanese Language School at Monterey, CA. Great career; Commanding Officer, H&S Battalion, 3rd FSSG; selected at 21 years for Colonel. Retired in 1991 and began a new 19-year career as a computer scientist. Joined Computer Sciences Corporation (a Fortune 100 Corporation) and retired in 2010 as Vice President, Navy /Marine Corps Systems Center responsible for major communications and intelligence systems worldwide.

My Current Life: Happily married after 30 years; Excellent health (no missing teeth; full head of white hair); Retirement from 2 great careers enables us to live the dream.

My Home Address: 146 Rees Place, Falls Church, VA
22046

Richard M. Perkins

Nickname: Dick, and in boot camp and TBS "Millie"

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born Flushing, New York City, March 4, 1944 and raised in a 100 unit apartment building. By 1955 I was going to have to join a gang, so my parents and I moved to Darien, Connecticut (pretty snooty town). As a kid, I was a Brooklyn Dodgers fan and had seen Jackie Robinson play, but I was devastated by their move to L.A. and I stopped following baseball. I resumed following baseball when I retired and am now a Yankee's fan. Graduated from Darien High School 1961. Attended University of Maine (Orono) and joined the PLC Program my freshman year. None of my family had been in the service since the Civil War. st 6-week boot camp at Quantico we had several fatalities in training. After 2nd boot camp (1965) I swam the length of Green Lake where I grew up summers (the type of thing a kid would like to do).

I graduated from the University of Maine and was commissioned as a 2nd Lt. in June 1966 with a B.S. in Business Administration. Played sports and on the varsity level, threw the Javelin 4 years on the track team. Had a good time in college and as a fraternity member of Phi Eta Kappa. Enjoyed hunting, fishing, camping, and canoeing. Summer of '64 I remember 3 of us fraternity brothers canoed the entire length of the Allagash River in northern Maine. So remote that in 10 days we only saw 6 or 7 other people. A funny thing to recall to my Marine brothers. A Marine Major came up from Boston to officiate on stage in the auditorium for the Commissioning Ceremony. He and I were in our dress whites. I was the only Marine and the 15 ROTC Army guys were dressed in their brown, baggy, sack-like uniforms, and also on stage. We were in the line and after we received our lieutenant bars we proceeded across the stage and shook hands with the University President. Didn't it "frost" the Army guys when the next morning on the front page of the Bangor Daily News the only commissioning photo was of the President shaking hands with me!

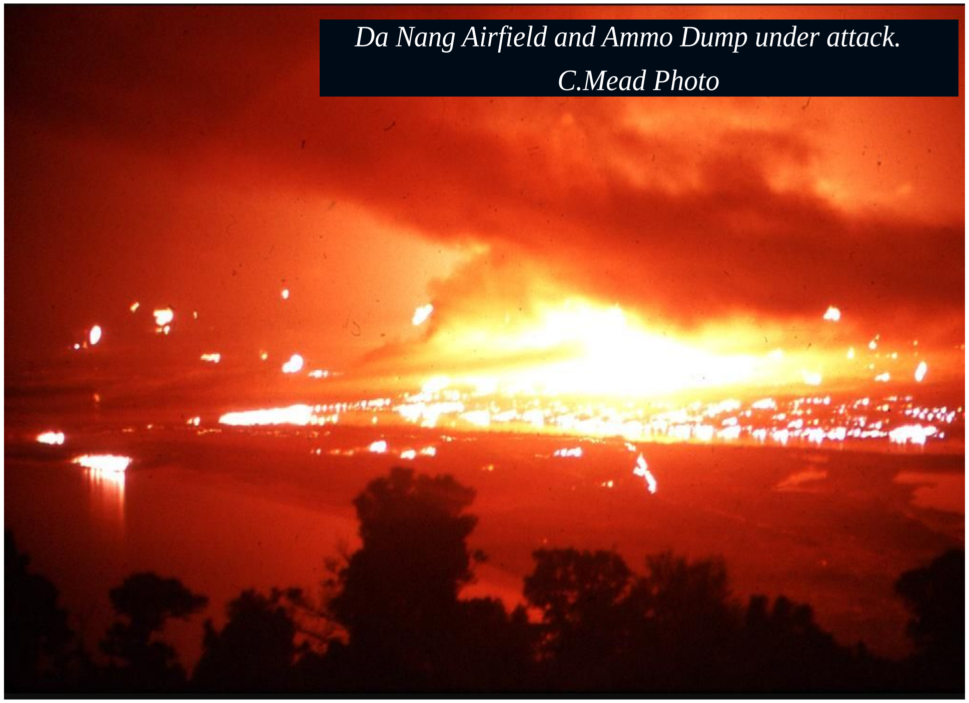
My Memories of TBS: I had gotten married after graduation and lived off base. I was friendly at TBS with Kevin Phalin and Dick O'Leary, his roommate. Dick O'Leary was probably my best friend at TBS and Boot Camp. I can remember Jim Leslie, Tom Newman, Bill Pedersen, Mike Kelly, and Ernie Pascarella. Senility has forced me to forget most of the rest of your names after 52 years, but I eagerly and warmly look forward to being reunited. Was very good on the obstacle course and with Pugil Sticks. High marks for Lt. Buse. Rifle, sharpshooter; pistol, expert.

TBS Graduation: After TBS Vietnam I was assigned as a Supply Officer and reluctantly went to Camp Lejeune to Supply School.

Vietnam Era Service: Then ordered in-Country April "67 to Da Nang and 1st Marine Aircraft Wing Headquarters. Assigned as Assistant Marine Corp Supply Officer reporting to a Major who was 1st MAW Marine Supply Officer. All I saw were Colonels, Lt., Cols, and Majors. Saw Kevin Phalin at Officer's Club Mess Hall one night, and learned Dick O'Leary (Artillery) was killed. He had just married before he shipped out. He was in a small spotter plane near DMZ flying low and 50 cal. enemy anti-aircraft fire fatally shot him. A tough loss for me. Additional duty I had was in charge of a Defense Reaction Platoon. We would secure 1 of 4 perimeters surrounding Wing Headquarters whenever we got rocketed (frequently) or attacked (seldom). I was on the line the night of the Tet Offensive when the VC hit the ammo and jet fuel dump (stored all in one place). It was some explosion and I was about 3/4 mile from it.

I came very close to going to Khe Sanh when I almost accepted a voluntary transfer. Khe Sanh was taking too many lieutenants (sniper fire?). A "voice" spoke to me from within and I listened and turned down the transfer and I know that's why I'm still here today. My second duty meant a transfer nearby to the Wing Airstrip. I became the Supply Officer at the Wing Headquarters Supply Group. I was close to where a lot of the Agent Orange pesticide was unloaded and mixed. (ask me about it) . A village chief asked me (as the nearest supply officer) to come to a village feast. I ended up eating dog (as I imagine some of you others did) although I didn't know it at the time. While he was "buttering me up" I was offered "Nuoc Mam." I turned it down as much as it offended them. You all know that. Right? While in-country I took R & R in Hong Kong & Hawaii where I met my wife. I also was sent to Iwakuni, Japan to close up a supply unit. While there I took the train into Hiroshima for a visit. It was then a little over 20 years ago since we dropped the bomb. I saw effects still of the damage and crippled people getting around. For the most part the Japanese gave me a chilly reception, different from today.

After Vietnam: Assigned to MCAS, Yuma, Arizona as Hawk Missile Supply Officer. Someone must have thought I was doing okay in my MOS because Hawk Missile parts are classified and I only received, for the most part, the best people. I was to gradually start phasing out the Hawk Missile Battalion there. Enjoyed off-base prowling around at night along the Mexican border (about 20 miles south). A close friend and I were either hunting for coyotes or spying on the border patrol making it's sweep through the sand looking for Mexicans trying to get across. Also while in Arizona I hired a guide to go mountain lion hunting on the Apache Reservation. I did shoot a cougar one day after spending 12 hours in the saddle on a mule, but I think the guide tricked me.



Da Nang Airfield and Ammo Dump under attack.
C.Mead Photo

After My Initial Obligation was up: Promoted to Captain just before my 3-year hitch was up. Gave some thought to staying in the Corps, but decided instead I wanted to stay in one place and go into business. I hoped someday I would own my own business, and that's the way it turned out.

My Current Life: My wife and I bought a truck and camper and toured the states. We also went across the trans-Canadian Highway entirely from East to West . Then at Dawson Creek, British Columbia we took the 2,500-mile ALCAN Highway (which was not paved at the time) up to Fairbanks, Alaska. Tried Caribou hunting unsuccessfully near Mt. Denali. We were almost killed and narrowly missed going off a cliff on a turn in the highway when the wheel bolts on the truck let go and a wheel came off. Some local had sabotaged the wheel on my truck. After 1969 we settled down and moved to Portland, Maine. Now considered one of the top 10 most livable small cities. Became a Commercial Banker and Loan Officer. After a few years I left to become a Realtor and knew real estate was going to be my career. In 1976 I started my own office (Perkins Co. Real Estate) as a Realtor and investor specializing in Commercial and Apartment Properties. Successfully operated my business until I retired at age 55. Highlight?...okay...was once known as "Portland's Leading Apartment Broker". " Call the Ol' Yankee". Enjoyed for 18 years in a row spending a month or two of the winter in Key Largo (in Paradise) in the Florida Keys. I got Prostate Cancer in 1999 and had to retire. Agent Orange caused, they say, as is my Type II Diabetes. Anyone want to talk about Agent Orange? Bring it up to me. My second wife was the best thing that ever happened to me. We'd been married 35 years. She had a stroke in 2005 and was confined to a wheelchair. Me, my 2 stepsons and a health aide were her caregivers at home for the past 14 years.

My next door neighbor: In 1967 while in-country what would you have said if someone predicted some 50 years later you would be living in a house in Maine and your next door neighbors would be a Vietnamese family, including a former ARVN soldier? My Vietnamese family next door presently consists of a 32-year-old husband and wife and his parents. Very good people. His father and I served Vietnam at the same time. He was captured by the Viet Cong and was shot while trying to escape. He was successful and went a considerable distance through the jungle to reach freedom in Cambodia. Unfortunately, he recently died of throat cancer (Agent Orange?) and his wife is dying of the same thing. He was a great guy, tough and wiry, and very lovable. I miss him and his smile.

Walter Timothy Pitchford

Nickname: Tim

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born and raised in Pittsburgh Area (Homestead/Munhall) Oct 4th, 1944. I played football at Munhall HS with Jay Gillard, your USNA Classmate. My Father was a Steel Worker and I was the oldest of 7 kids. I attended St. Vincent College, Latrobe, PA, majored in Political Science and played Football on a part scholarship at an all male Benedictine School. During my senior year became the intramural wrestling champ at 185 lbs. I joined the PLC program on Good Friday 1964. Due to the Steel Mill hiring during my summers, I delayed my last 6 weeks PLC until after graduation 1966 and slid into Basic School with all you USNA Grads. My Godfather was a Marine Sergeant during the Korean war and played in the USMC Band. He was my role model. He loved the Corps.

My Memories of TBS: While at TBS I was single and had a Chevy Malibu Convertible which took a bunch of friends to the JOPA Dances in D.C.. They sat up on the boot behind the back seat. Nobody was killed or injured. I met a nice freckled face girl who sent me a "Dear Tim" Letter while in Nam. My sword is a Wilkinson Sword made in England, engraved and probably worth a few bucks. My worst day in Basic training was evaluation day and I had a slight fever, I was told they would send me back a few weeks if I postponed. I was weak but passed. I got two toilet seats on the Rifle and Pistol Range. No excuses.

After Completing TBS: My MOS was Communications with a great group at Quantico with a few female officers. What a surprise. Training lasted about 12 weeks. It was my first choice with Artillery and Infantry next.

Vietnam Era Service: I went to Vietnam, May 1967, and was assigned as Assistant Commo to Third Marine Division, HQ, Phu Bai near Hue. I met Rich O'Leary the day before he was killed in August. We had a couple beers at the O-Tent. Great Guy! Loved his new wife. Next move was to Assistant Commo for Third Marine Regiment, Camp Carroll, and Quang Tri during TET. From there I went to serve as the Commo for 3/12 Artillery Battalion in Cua Viet along Coast south of DMZ.

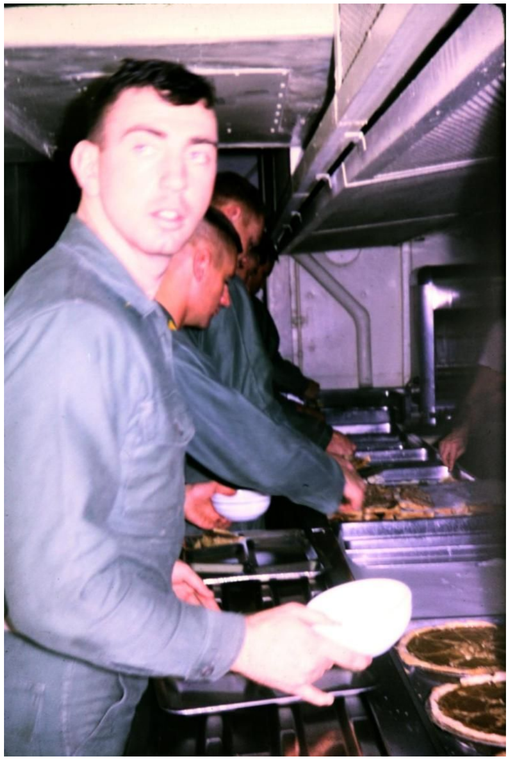
After My Initial Obligation was up: After leaving Vietnam I was assigned as an instructor at Little Creek Base, near Norfolk, VA. My boss was a Navy Commander and I worked with a Army Officer and Navy Lieutenant. I was told that the FBI was hiring without a law School degree, so I applied.

My Current Life: I have been an FBI Agent for 28 years, retiring in 1998. I married a stenographer from the St. Louis Office and we are still married after 48 years. I was sent to New York City for 5 years then to my Hometown Pittsburgh for 5 years. I requested a transfer promotion to squad supervisor Indianapolis in 1981.

Plans for the Future: Plans include vacations with 4 children and 11 grand kids.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: TBS was a good experience that equipped me with life saving skills and ability to be effective in combat with strategy skills, and determination to win. I was able to calmly call in an airstrike when stuck on a LCM loaded with ammunition and 6 Marines with a radio on a sandbar on the Cua Viet river. Marine Pilot call sign "Tiger One" Hit the NVA Ambush with Napalm. "Just another day in Nam".

My Home Address: 3727 Oak Ridge Road, Carmel, IN 46032



Tim Pitchford

Erle L. Plunkett Jr

Nickname: Butch

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born: Pittsburgh, Pa; Raised Fayetteville, NC. High School: Georgia Military College (Army ROTC); Junior College: Georgia Military College (Army ROTC). College: University of Georgia. Graduate School: University of Georgia. USMC Commissioning Program: PLC. I always wanted to be a Marine.

My Memories of TBS: Married with 1 child.

TBS Graduation: 1301 Combat Engineer Officer, 1st choice.

After Completing TBS: Engineer Officer Course, Camp Lejeune

Assistant S2 - Engineer Recon Officer (Mar 67). nd Assignment: Platoon Commander, B Company 9th Eng Bn (Sep 67). Operations: Wheeler/Wallowa (Task Force Oregon USA, Quang Nam, Quang Ngai), Cumberland Trail (Task Force X-Ray, 1st Marines, Thua Thien - Foreshortened by 68 TET Offensive), Hue City (Task Force X-Ray, 1st Marines, Hue City and Firebase Rock Crusher, Carentan II (101st Airborne USA, Thua Thien), Delaware (101st Airborne USA, Thua Thien) and Nevada Eagle (101st Airborne USA, Thua Thien)

After Vietnam: To the Engr Bn, Camp Lejeune (D Company CO). Augmented to Regular Establishment. Joined 2nd Force Recon Company (Platoon Commander), Engineer Officer Advance Course, USA Corps of Engineers, Fort Belvoir VA (Student). USS Canopus AS 34, SUBRON 14 Holy Loch Scotland (Ship Detachment CO)

After My Initial Obligation was up: Resigned

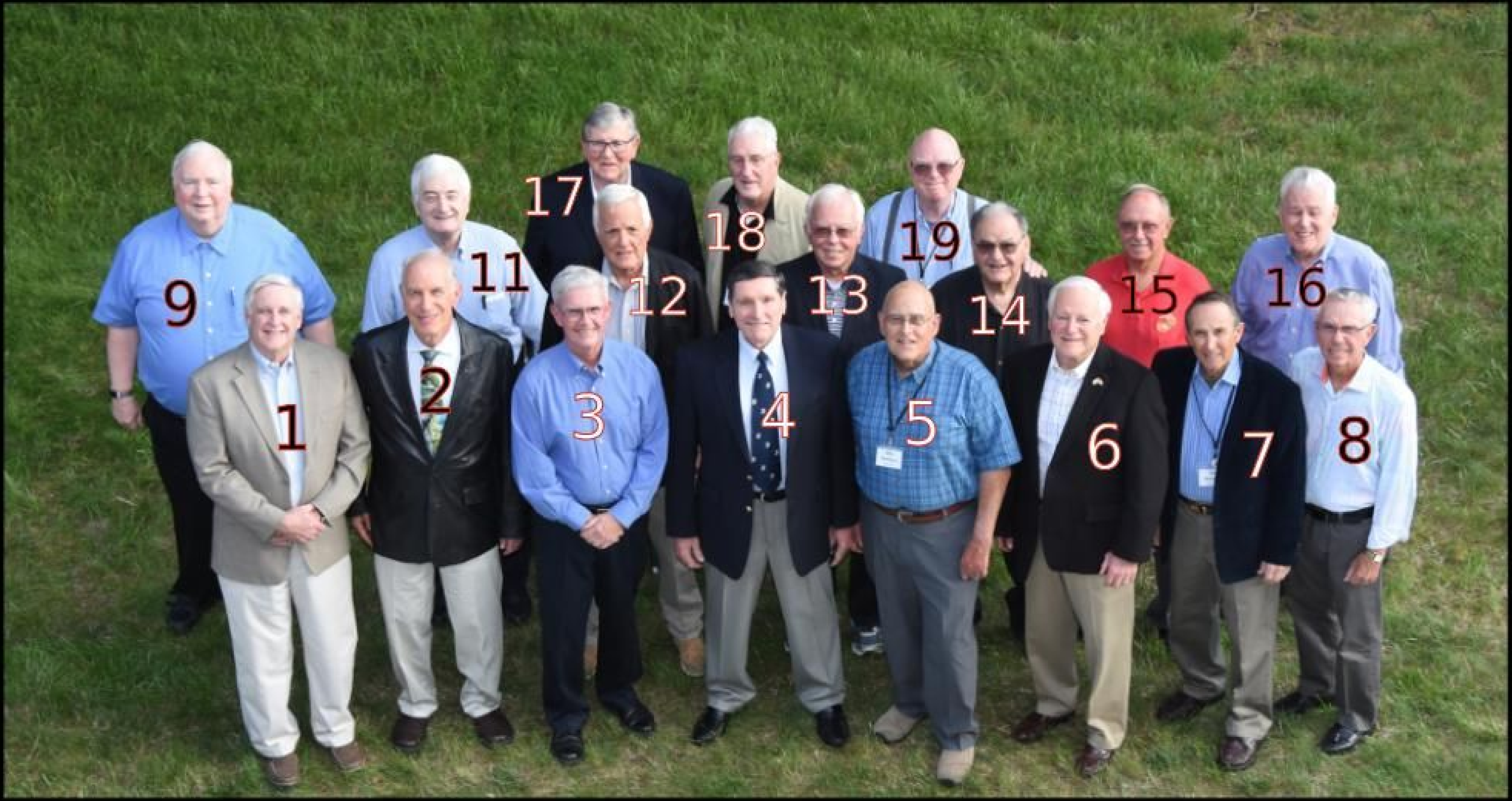
My Current Life: Currently retired. My son and I live aboard our 1972 42' Grand Banks Woodie "Daisy Mae" in the NE Cape Fear River, Wilmington, NC. I am rebuilding a 1969 36' Grand Banks Woodie "Minnie Mae" which I plan to live aboard and travel the SE US coast. I had 46 years with my dear wife "Maggie" until she passed on 4/7/2009. We have 3 children, 4 grandchildren, 1 great grandchild. I am affected by Agent Orange, and have had multiple heart attacks.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: Absolutely the finest men that I have ever known!

My Home Address: 1701 Jel Wade Dr., Wilmington, NC 28401

"Hey Lieutenant Plunkett...You have a phone call..."

3rd Platoon TBS Class 2-67



1: Chris Mead
2: Rich Klauer
3: Pete Oatis
4: Rich Muller
5: Mo Mottard

6: Kenny Moore
7: Bill McBride
8: Ed McMenamy
9: Tim Pitchford
11: Dick Perkins

May 16, 2019

12: Carl Kepford
13: Joe Moosbrugger
14: Sam Martini
15: Bob O'Connor
16: Bill Pedersen

17: Mike Kelly
18: Bob Lewis
19: Tom Newman

Third Platoon

Ed McMenamy - F4J Keeping an eye on a B52

Lt Tim Pitchford with South Vietnamese officers 1967

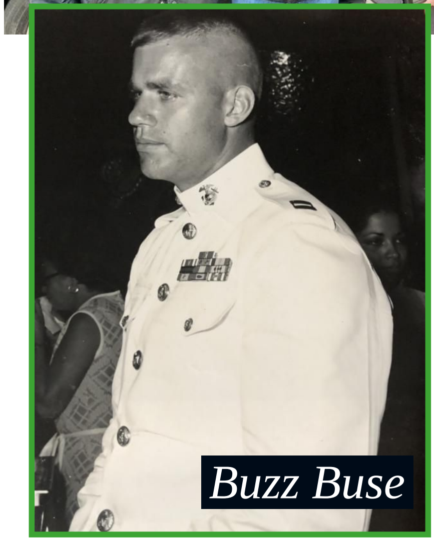
Left: Tim Pitchford with Vietnamese Officers

Below: Fred Smith and Rich Muller at The Wall

Left: Carl Kepford Everglades Hike
Right: Oatis, Moore, Trainor, Lewis
Above: Ed McMenamy Bike Tour

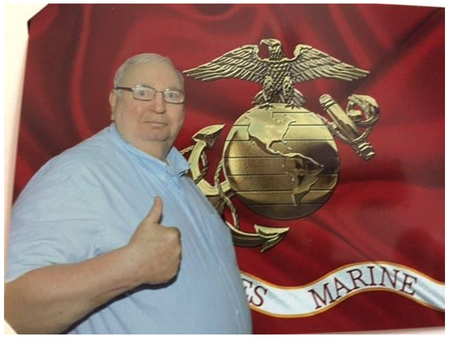
Third Platoon

Left: Ronalds, Nothhaft, McBride
Below: Moore Family and Ray Findlay
Right: Mo Mottard



Buzz Buse

Helping Dad find his son, L/Cpl John Nahan, KIA 3 Aug '67, A-Shau Valley. 3rd Recon Patrol Partyline One.



Left: Tim Pitchford
Above: Bob O'Connor, Skip Stephenson, M. Kepford
Right: Tom Nelson

Above: Kenny Moore, MC at Reunion

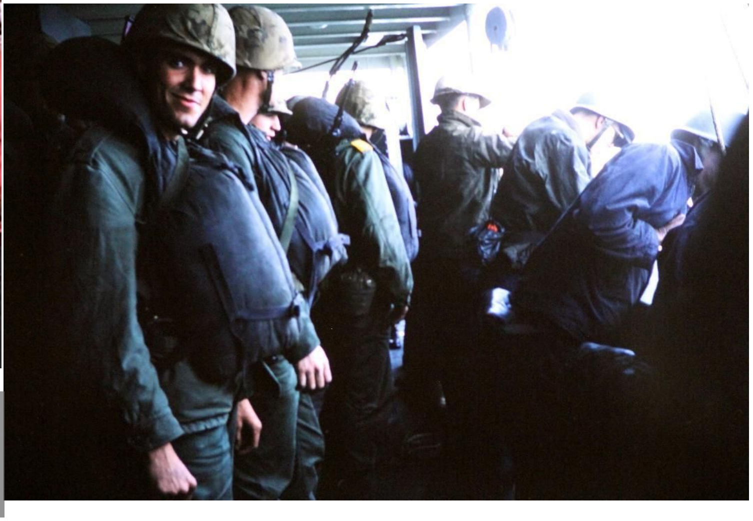
Below: Chris Mead

Sam Martini and Ted Hart at Sam's Reno Home '67

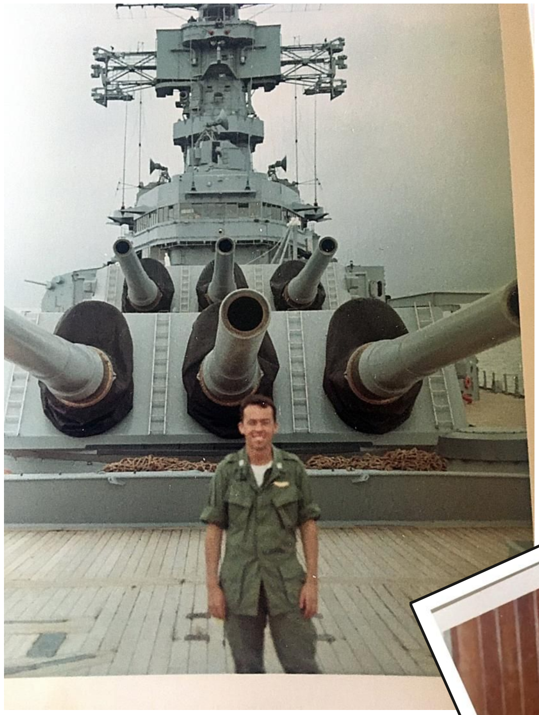
Left: Martini and Hart, 1967
Above: Hart and Martini and wives, 2019

Above: Tom Newman and Family

Right: Gary Newkirk at Sea

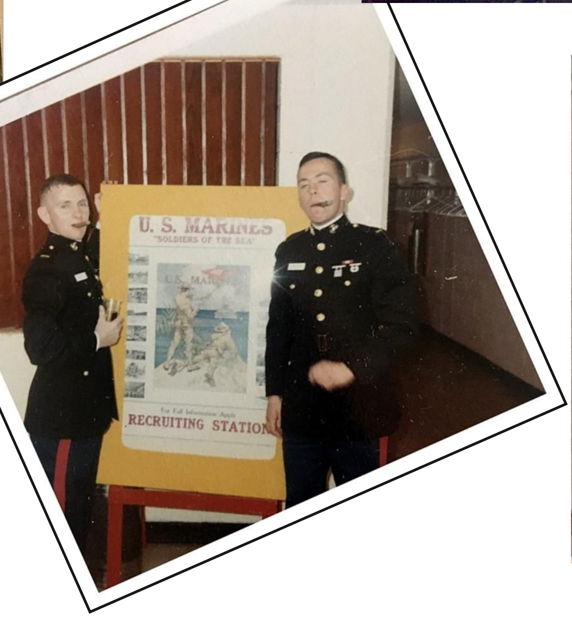


These next few pages contain pictures sent in by Joe Moosbrugger, Erle "Butch" Plunkett, and several others.



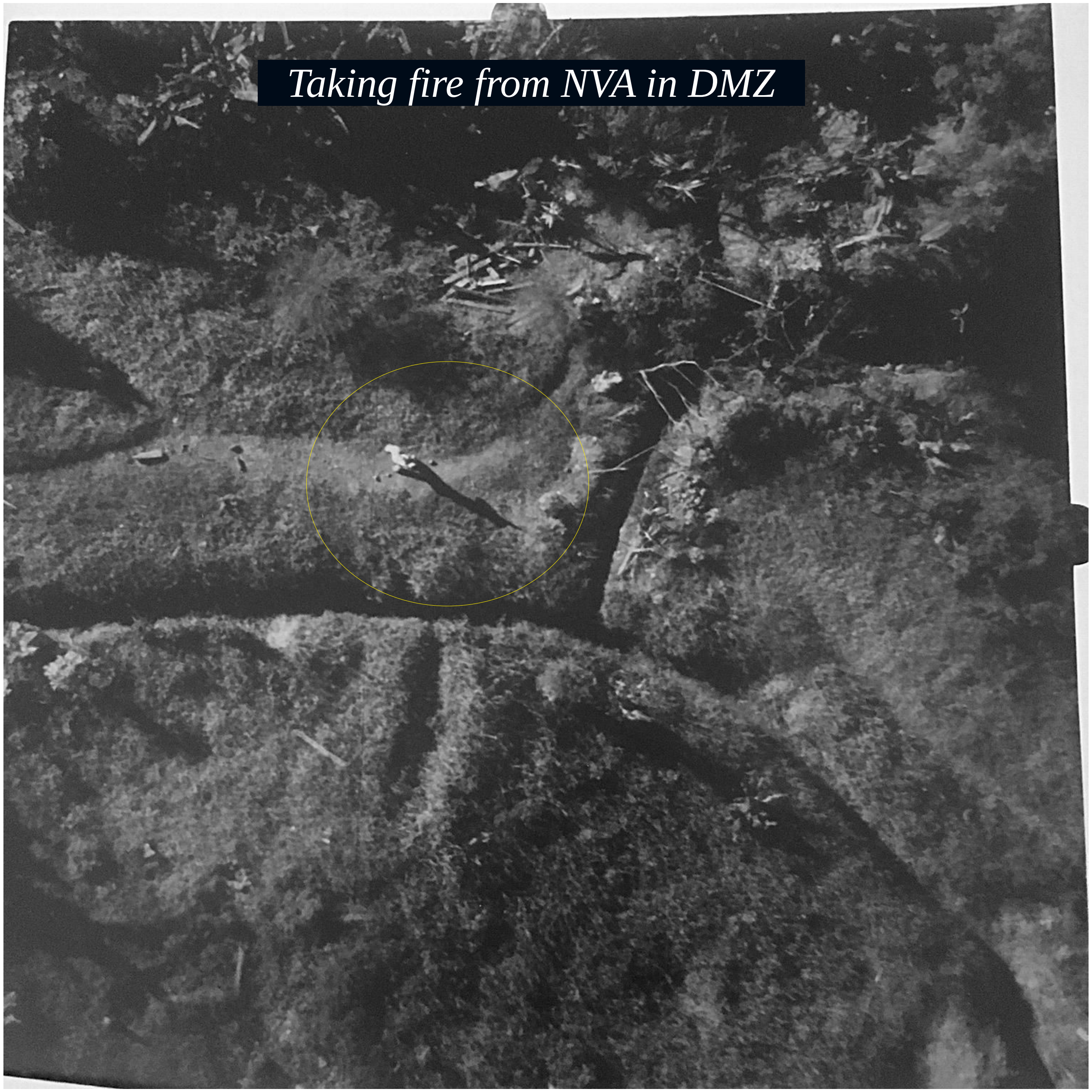
"Moose"

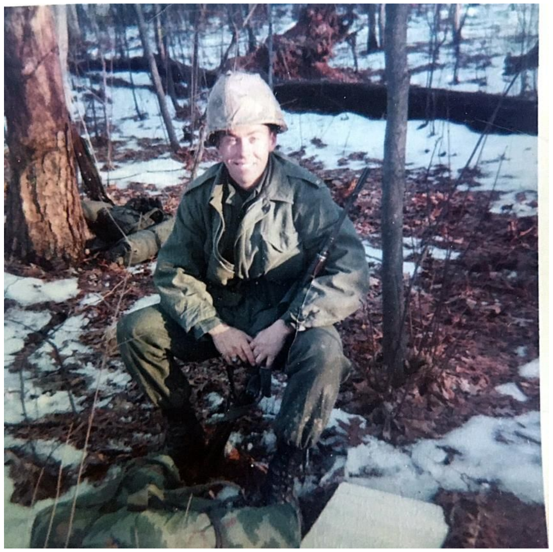
550
REENLIST
FREE
HELICOPTER
RIDES


U. S. MARINES
"SOLDIERS OF THE SEA"
RECRUITING STATION

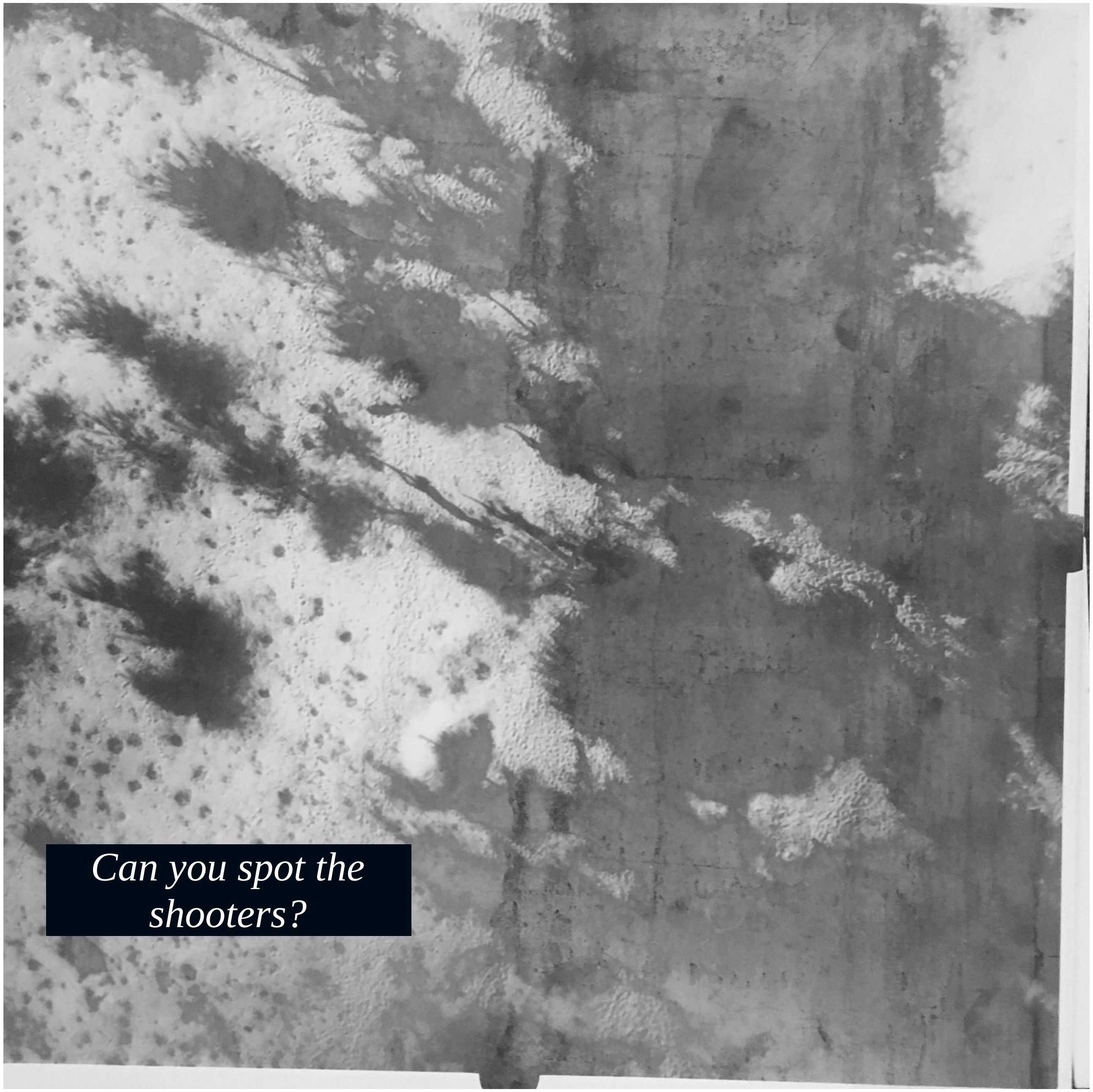
Anyone know who the Lt. on the Right is?

Third Platoon


Taking fire from NVA in DMZ



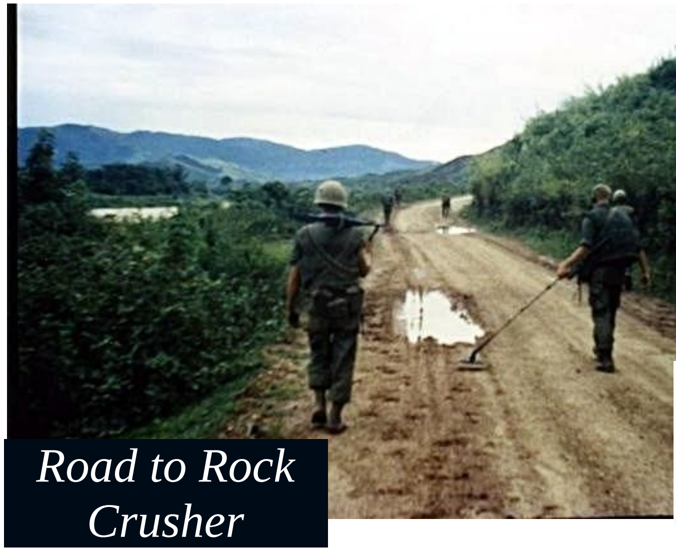
"Moose"



Can you spot the shooters?

More "Moose"

Third Platoon

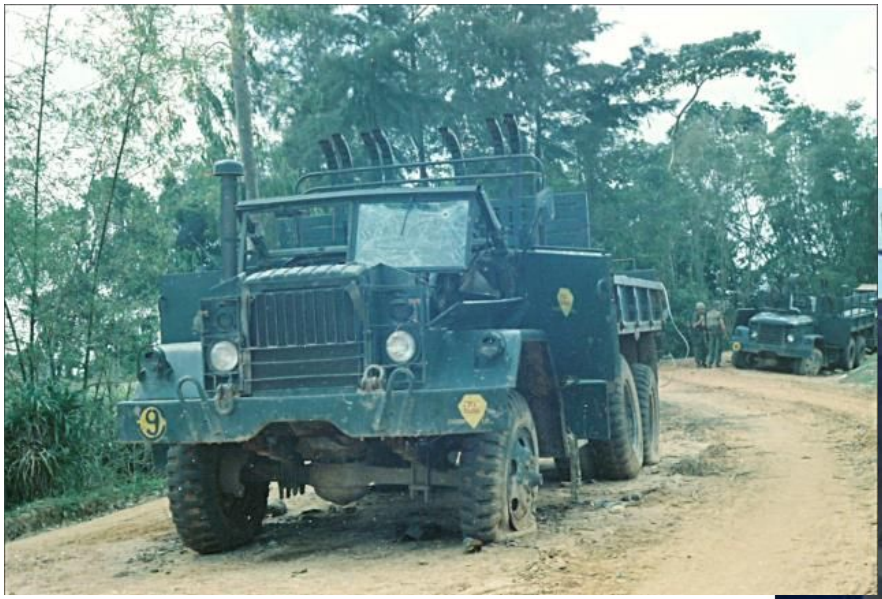


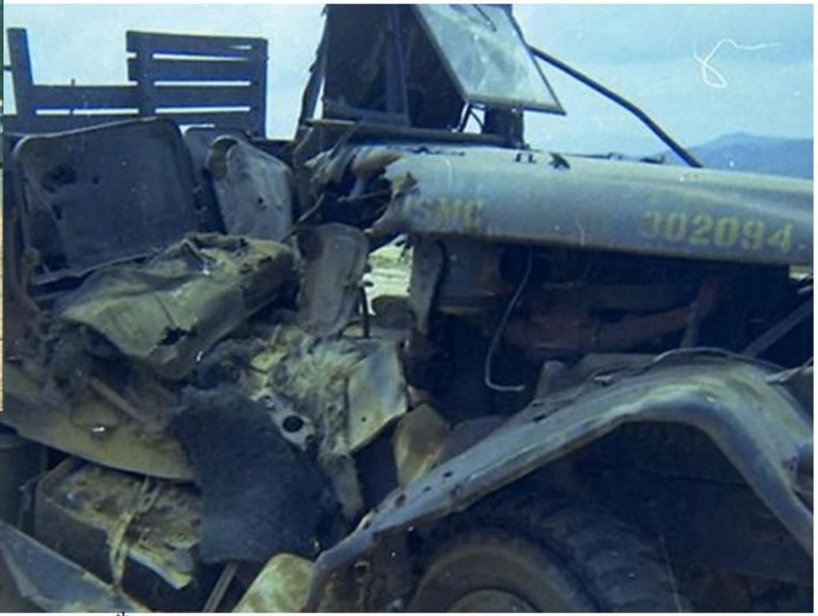
Road to Rock Crusher

Road to Graveyard

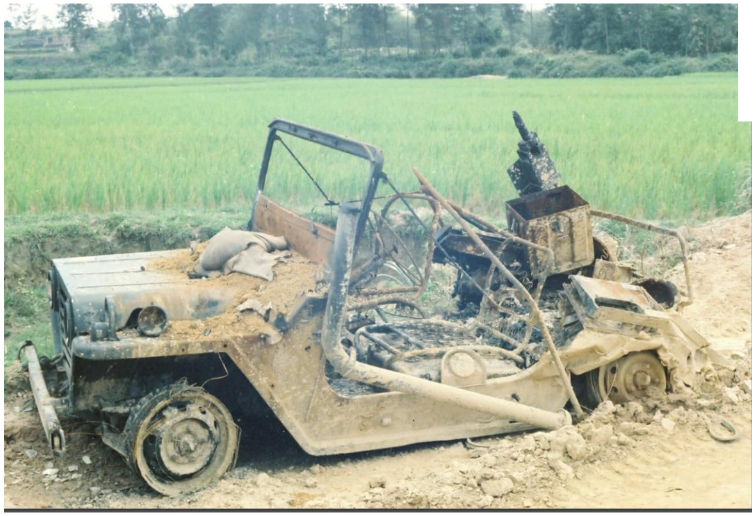
Hue City

Butch Plunkett





[Remains of M34, 11th Marines, truck destroyed by NVA on 2/7/68, most likely from a satchel charge] Photo R. Taylor



Photos of NVA Ambush of resupply convoy from Rock Crusher to Phu Bai

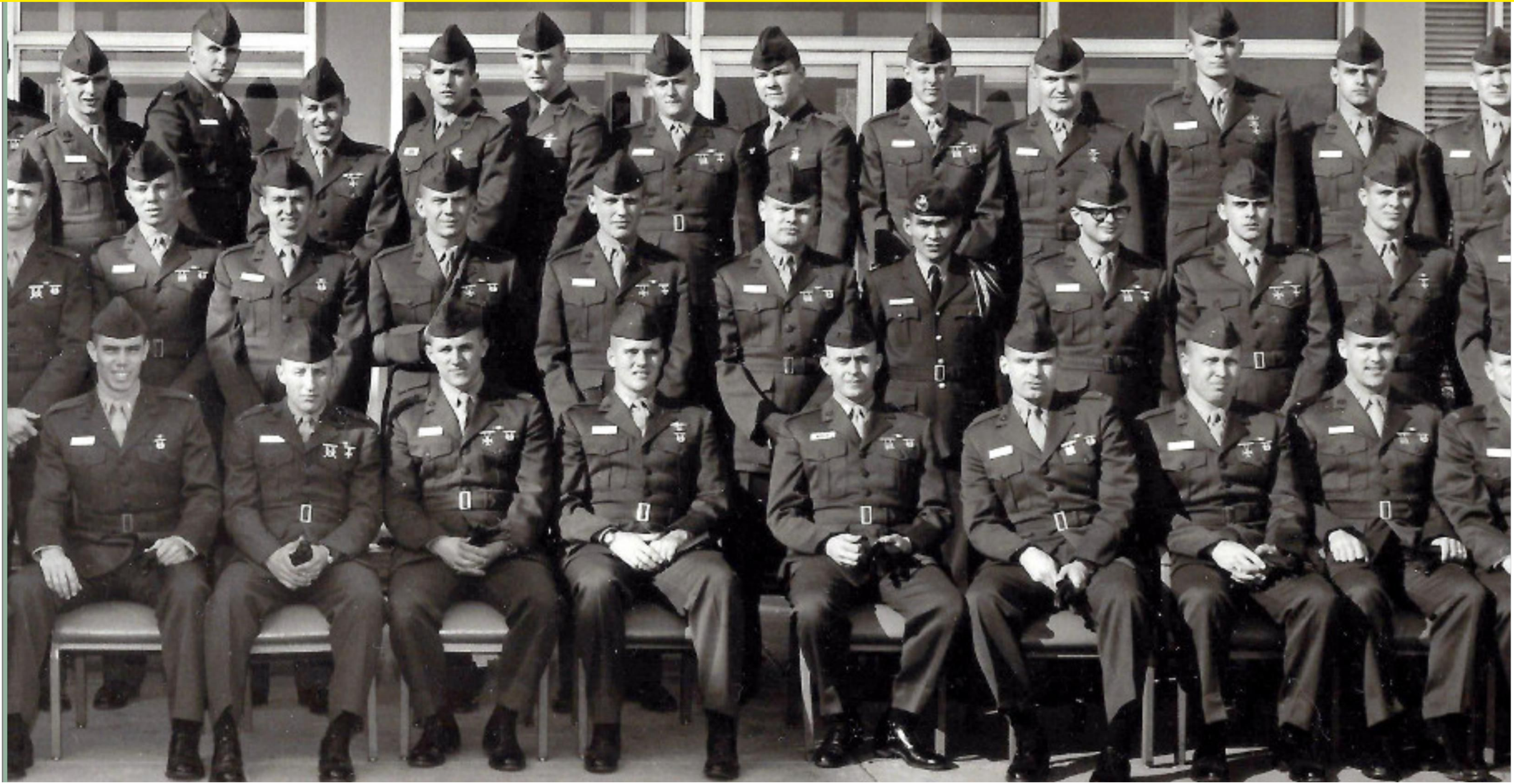
This occurred in February of 1968 during the TET offensive. Two of our TBS 2-67

Classmates, Bill Hayter and Erle "Butch" Plunkett were involved in this ambush

Read "Road To The Graveyard" for more details.

SMEAC

FOURTH PLATOON



TBS 2-67 Charlie Company August 1966 - January 1967

Fourth Platoon

4th Platoon Table of Contents

Introduction
Platoon Roster
Vintage Platoon Picture
Platoon Picture from Reunion
4th Platoon Photos
Return to SMEAC Index
Platoon Member's Biographies (Below)

Fred Fagan
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David S. Randall, Jr.
David Rice
David Bliss Robison
Hugh Arthur Ronalds
Charles A. Ross
Frederick W. Smith
Paul A. Spletzer
Skip Stephenson
Tran Dinh Thuy

Myles Still
Joseph K. Taussig
Thomas P. Taylor
Charles Tebrich
Edward L. "Ty" Trainor
William E. Treadwell
Richard Wheeler
John Burwell Wilkes
Tom Williamson
John T. Winkler
Dale Franklin Wyrauch, Jr.

Click on any of the BLUE Links to Jump to the item
Use the SMEAC link at the top of this page to return to the main index

Fourth Platoon, Charlie Company, TBS 2-67

Version 1B 28 Sept 20

This is the "Landing Zone" for the Fourth Platoon. In it you will find:

- **A Table of Contents with clickable links to the individual sections.**
- **A Listing of Platoon Members, including those Killed in Action and Deceased.**
- **Biographies of Most of the Platoon Members. Some are short, others are long. These were submitted by the individual Marines. The content is original. Minor edits and formatting were done to correct obvious errors and present them in a somewhat uniform manner. Included are photos related to Fourth Platoon Members and their lives since TBS.**
- **An Annotated Photo of the Platoon taken in early January, 1967 prior to graduation. A few Marines were not present when the photo was taken.**
- **An Annotated Photo taken of Platoon Members at the Reunion held during May, 2019. A few Attendees didn't make the photo shoot. The Company Landing Zone section includes Reunion Photos taken of all attendees and their guests.**
- **Photos from the Reunion and other photos and platoon information.**

Fourth Platoon

Ho Quang Lich
William James (Bill) Raabe
David S. Randall, Jr.
Robert Keith Redlin
Claude Reinke
David W. Rice
Clarence (Jack) Richards 🟦🟦
David B. Robison
Alex F. Roland
Dennis M. Rolland 🟦🟦
Hugh Ronalds
Robert E. Roos
Charles (Chuck) Ross
Charles H. (Chuck) Royer
John E. Russell
Billy E. Russell 🟦🟦
Russel W. (Russ) Schumacher
William (Bill) Schwartz 🟦🟦
John R. Smith
Frederick W. Smith
William F. Smith III
Ted Smyth
Paul Spletzer
James Charles. Stapleton
Jack Warren (Skip) Stephenson, Jr.
Myles C. Still
Larry G. Stone 🟥
John Suhy
James D. Swinson, Jr.
Dale Cliff Synnes
Joe Taussig
Thomas P. Taylor
Charles (Chuck) Tebrich
Keith Thomas
William F. (Buck) Thompson
Tran Dinh Thuy
Nguyen Kim Tien 🟦🟦
Edward L. (Ty) Trainor
William E. Treadwell
Chauncey Dale Venuto
Robert W. (Bob) Waller 🟥
Craig S. Walter 🟦🟦
Charles (Chuck) Warner 🟥
J.M. (Mike) Watson 🟦🟦
John W. Weber, Jr.
Daniel L. Welker 🟦🟦
Alex W. Wells
Rich Wheeler
Donald Whiting 🟦🟦
John B. Wilkes IV
Roger L. Williams
Thomas Williamson
Richard G. (Rich) Wilmes
John T. Winkler
Hank Wittel
William Carlton Evans Wolfe 🟦🟦
Michael (Mike) Wunsch 🟥
Dale F. Wyrauch

🟥 KIA

🟦🟦 Deceased
(Information as of May 2019)

My Memories of the Fourth Platoon, Charlie Co.
by 1stLt Fred Fagan
Staff Platoon Commander
The Basic School
August 1966-January 1967

To the 4th Platoon, Charlie Company TBS Class 2-67: I am very flattered to be asked to contribute to this document, a wrap-up to our time together and the great reunion in Fredericksburg last year.

The first thought I have is how proud I am and have been of you. There is no doubt that the staff members of TBS busted their humps in striving to impart to y'all the knowledge you'd need upon arrival in RVN. Having said that, the professionalism y'all demonstrated daily was something to behold! I'm quite sure we may have had a J.S. Ragman or two in our midst, but what I remember most was the sheer joy and professional challenge of working together to accomplish our goal---readiness for combat. Of course, let's acknowledge that there were moments of good fun and grab ass along the way!

My second thought is that book learning is all well and good and very necessary for the new guy to get his feet on the ground initially. The next step may be called the "school of hard knocks" or practical experience or time in the field. There's no question that the successful combat leader has to master both and combine them with solid judgement to accomplish the mission and to take care of his Marines. You have done that!

Over the years, I served with or bumped into a number of y'all. Some who stand out are Ty Trainor, Hugh Ronalds, Fred Smith, Russ Schumacher, Joe Taussig, Bob Redlin, Claude Reinke, Ed Smyth, John Suhy, John Winkler, Skip Stephenson, Dale Wyrauch, Rich Wilmes, Dave Randall, and Buck Thompson.

Buzz Buse and I have kept in touch and today remain the best of friends. I don't think he would object to me telling y'all that we have often agreed that the highlight of our Marine Corps careers was the time we spent at TBS training lieutenants for what was to come after graduation. It wasn't easy, but it sure was rewarding!! Bravo Zulu!

Semper Fidelis,
Fred

Fred Fagan
Staff Platoon Commander

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born and raised in Hattiesburg, Miss and graduated from the local high school. I attended Mississippi Southern College for a year where I was a member of Kappa Alpha. Then I went to USNA. I played all sports, but wasn't good enough at any of them. My hobbies were hunting and fishing. At the Boat School, I had a great opportunity to observe the officers on the staff there, both those wearing blue and those wearing green. I decided I wanted to be like those wearing green.

My Memories of TBS: As the 4th platoon's SPC, I was married.

Vietnam Era Service: After graduation from TBS, I went to RVN where I was a rifle platoon commander for 14 months. I returned to TBS where I trained lieutenants. After 2 years at TBS, I went back to Vietnam where I was a rifle Company Commander.......where, incidentally, I had over time 9 2/Lts. I had trained at TBS!

After My Initial Obligation was up: I never even considered getting out of the Corps. After RVN my assignments were:

*69-70 AWS*70-73 MCRD Parris Island, Co Cdr, Dir DI School, XO Recruit Bn.*73-76 HQMC Officer Assignment Branch*76-78 2nd Mar Div*78-79 Naval War College*79-81 4th MAB*81-83 2nd Mar Div*83-84 Air War College*84-87 6th Marine Corps District in Atlanta*87-90 Senior Marine USNA*90 retired and started new career with US Airways*98 retired again.

My Current Life: Still hunting and fishing, although as a new arrival in San Diego, I've got to figure out some things first. I finally have time to do the reading I've always wanted to do. I'm registered with the VA but don't have anything more to do with them than I can help. I have prostate cancer which they attribute to Agent Orange. Sadly, Ethelyn died last year as a result of multiple strokes and Alzheimer's Disease. I still haven't gotten over that.

Plans for the Future: Enjoy life and do what I want to do.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: My two year tour at TBS training lieutenants was the best tour I had in the Corps by far. It was so very professionally rewarding. My only regret is that we did not focus more on what they would face upon return from combat...but I don't know where we would have found the time to work on that.

William J. Raabe

Nickname: Bill

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born in Oakland, California and later moved to Provo, Utah where my dad spent two years in the hospital recovering for wounds suffered in WWII. We returned to Oakland where I started and completed school. I played multiple sports and graduated from Oakland High School. During my high school summers I worked picking up and delivering appliances for a local hardware store. Military service was prevalent in my family. My younger brother was a Marine, and my uncle and nephew were graduates of the USNA and retired from the Navy. I always wanted to be a Marine, especially after seeing Sands of Iwo Jima staring John Wayne as Sergeant Stryker.

I majored in Business Administration at Cal Poly, located in the small coastal city of San Luis Obispo, CA and played just enough football to letter. That is where I met my future wife and joined the USMC PLC program. My fiancée, Jan, and I were to get married in September 1966 and start TBS in October. However, my paperwork got lost and I could not attend the second increment of PLC training prior to graduation. Needing officers to fill TBS class 2-67, 12 candidates were pulled from the OCS after three weeks, and joined TBS class 2-67 three weeks after the start date. That was a hectic transaction for us and I also needed to explain this situation to my future wife. This was not a good introduction for her to the Marine Corps. We had to cancel our wedding and plan for her to travel east to get married.

My Memories of TBS: TBS welcomed our group and said we would have to make-up the missed classes on Saturday afternoons. My TBS roommate was Claude Reinke, a future MG, until I got married. 1/Lt Fagan, our Platoon Commander, allowed me to take an "entire" Saturday off to buy a car, get an apartment and get the wedding license. He did say that "If the USMC wanted you to have a wife, they would have issued you one" — just kidding, an old joke. We were married in Quantico on October 4, (The Chaplain, my Mother-in-Law and the two of us "filled" the church) while my classmates were running night maneuvers. We moved into an apartment in Triangle and classmates, Chan Crangle, Mike Kelly and their wives welcomed us to the complex. Later this group carpooled together to TBS. We spent a lot of time playing bridge to save money to pay off our uniforms. On special occasions, we would go into Georgetown for dinner and drinks, especially enjoying the 1789 Restaurant and The Bar downstairs.

USMC leadership training was and is special and different from other military branches and government agencies. It teaches you to become an effective leader and get people to accomplish specific missions. I also enjoyed firing weapons. Initially a rifle sharpshooter, I was an expert rifle and pistol shooter the remainder of my career. My presentation topic was "How to Report to Your New CO" and "How to Leave your USMC Calling card if he was not available". That really got and kept everyone's attention! We had to get our Mameluke Sword engraved with our last name to receive approval for acceptable uniforms. I used the sword in three parades at Camp Lejeune, but it now sits in a glass case in my house. Some of my uniforms have never been worn

TBS Graduation: Following graduation from TBS, I was assigned to Basic Officers Communications School at Quantico. The course lasted for 12 weeks and was an adequate introduction to the USMC communication systems. At the end of school, I received orders to Camp Lejeune and was assigned to 2/6, 2nd Mar Div as the CommO. I learned a lot being in the FMF and conducting various field problems. I was the junior LT, and maybe the only 2/LT in the battalion, and was given many of the undesirable additional duty assignments. I was also assigned as the battalion's Brig Officer, as well as trial and defense counsel. I saw the other side of the Corps and learned that you cannot believe a Marine doing brig time. Someone said there is a difference between lying and BS. I really heard some big ones.

After Completing TBS: While at Camp Lejeune, Darrel Hotard's wife and Jan attended and graduated from UNC - Wilmington. Looking at what my grandson is paying to attend college, it was a bargain of a lifetime. Following graduation, my wife and I drove to California where I reported in and boarded a plane headed for West Pac Ground Forces. My wife attended grad school and received a teaching certificate while I was in Vietnam.

Vietnam Era Service: I left San Francisco airport in June 1968 and arrived at Camp Butler for a very brief jungle training school (The M-16 springs are weak so don't fully load them). I remember Okinawa as being so humid you could not dry off after taking a shower. I then proceeded to 3rd Mar Div HQ at Dong Ha. I reported to Div headquarters and explained that I was an experienced CommO. Now a 1/LT, I was assigned as an XO to a rifle company. Col. LeMay, 3rd Mar Div CEO, asked to see me, and he reassigned me to Comm Company. I did some special projects for him and shortly became OIC of the 3rd Mar Div Comm Center. It had one of the highest error processing levels for any military comm center, but with the help of some new, good NCOs we became the most efficient comm operations center throughout the military. Later in my tour, I attended advanced crypto school in Japan and continued as OIC of the Comm Center. I had one classmate in my company, 1/LT Hank Nothhaft who commanded a separate platoon. I met Jan in Hawaii for R and R for an enjoyable week. My tour lasted 13 months — from 19 Jun 68 to 17 July 69. I was RELAD on 19 Jul 69, the same day we landed on the moon. I wanted to stay in the Reserves and joined the 4th LAAM Bn, 4th Mar Div and completed nine years of active and reserve duty.

After Vietnam: Returning from RVN, our 747 landed at El Toro MCAS in California. It was met by three people, my wife and the parents of a Corporal. That was disappointing even if

Bill Raabe

many of the Marines were being sent to other parts of the country. One day later I was released from active duty and headed North to start civilian life. My wife had a teaching position in a small San Joaquin Valley town south of Fresno. We wanted to put down roots and raise a family. We had our first child two years later.

After My Initial Obligation was up: I started my civilian career as an underwriter for Liberty Mutual Insurance Group in Fresno, California. Two years later I was transferred to the home office in Boston, Massachusetts. I held multiple positions in Boston and was transferred to Portsmouth, New Hampshire as the New England Underwriting Manager. I received the CPCU designation and four years later I was transferred to Chicago, Illinois as the Divisional Underwriting and Production Manager. I returned to Boston and was responsible for countrywide property and casualty personal lines underwriting and state rate and rule filings. I retired January 2000. So much for putting down roots. I later joined an intellectual property company, Creative Innovators Associates, on Long Island, New York, with an agreement that I would work out of my house the majority of the time. Our company worked with the auto industry in developing new financial and insurance incentive products. Working out of my house was a good transition to retirement as I retired again seven years later. However, working on a computer all day caused me to develop Carpal Tunnel Syndrome and I had two operations.

My reserve time was much different from what I initially envisioned. I wanted to stay in the USMC Reserves but no positions were available in the Boston area and the units that were located there began relocating. I was out for over a year when my boss asked me to interview with the MA Army National Guard. A few months later I accepted an inter-service transfer and a position as the Division Radio Officer. It was a difficult transition, different culture, different structure, different equipment, different organizational alignment, different NCO leadership characteristics, etc. I left for Annual Training (AT) a week after joining the National Guard. At the end of the middle weekend, I was assigned to a company because the commander was relieved of duties. The soldiers were not following his orders. I took what I thought was reasonable action to correct the situation and did not pay 17 non-performing soldiers and had 25 soldiers perform an additional week-end drill — both unacceptable actions according to the Division staff.

The good news is the National Guard units steadily improved their military performance levels and subsequently distinguished themselves with multiple tours in Afghanistan and Iraq. To make a long story short, I stayed in the Guard. I later held positions of company commander for four years, battalion staff officer for two years, battalion commander for four years, G2 for two years, Troop Command (brigade commander) commander for five years and state staff for four years. After serving in multiple states, I retired as Deputy Adjutant General, Colonel, in Massachusetts. That was a different career path and a long way from being a PLC candidate in Quantico.

My Current Life: Now fully retired, I enjoy playing tennis and golf as well as being a fourth alternate bridge partner with my wife. I also run a golf league for 15 members of our club in Plymouth and we play golf and dine at different courses around Jupiter, Florida. My wife and I are now residents of Florida, but we have kept our place in Plymouth. Both our daughters' family live in the Boston area. Each has three wonderful children. Our six grandchildren range from 8 to 17, and they are still talking to us. I planned to be on active duty for three years and then enter the workforce. My wife and I wanted to live, work and raise our family in a suburban area of California.

Plans for the Future: A few years ago, as a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, we visited Vietnam and participated in a couple of ceremonies. We saw the major cities as well as a few of the old war sites. The war sites are now major tourist attractions. At most sites, we had to sit through a 15 to 30 minute propaganda presentation by the government. I was startled by the number of motor bikes in the RVN cities. I was also surprised by the adoption of western culture and its impact on the youth. We were also welcomed warmly by the older population. The country is in a building boom and China is providing a lot of money for infrastructure to the government. China will expect a return on their investment someday and achieve their goal of financially controlling many of the undeveloped countries in the region. I have travelled a lot with my wife. We have seen Europe by train and by car, but in later years we have begun cruising. We are probably too old to rent a car in Europe now. We have taken 21 cruises, visiting more that 50 different countries, and wish to continue with mode of travel.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: Looking back, I appreciated my training and time in the Marines and feel that it helped me grow as a person and, I think, made me a better manager in the workplace.

My Home Addresses: 9180 SE Riverfront Terrace, Tequesta, FL 33469 and 9 Corwin Grove, Plymouth, MA 02360

RAD PLT COMM CO HQ BN 3D MAR DIV

David S. Randall Jr.

Nickname: Dave

My Life Before Attending TBS: A third generation Marine, I was born at Georgetown Hospital in Washington DC while my father was serving with the 12th Marines in the Pacific. At the same time my grandfather was the Director of the 12th District in San Francisco. HS at Valley Forge Military Academy. I was commissioned a regular officer in 1966 from the NROTC program at Duke University. As a dependent we moved frequently, I attended 9 schools and along the way lived in Quantico X3, Northern Va X2, Hawaii, 29 Palms and Paris.

TBS Graduation: Artillery.

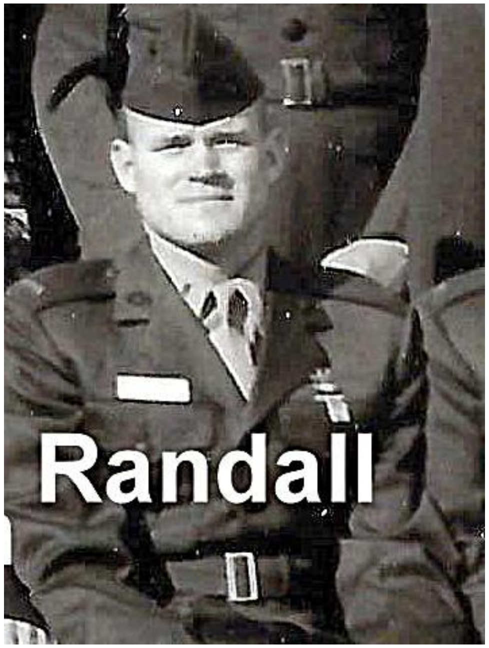
After Completing TBS: Artillery school at Ft. Sill.

Vietnam Era Service: Next stop Vietnam where I was assigned to Alpha Battery, 1st Bn, 13th Marines at Hill 55. Within two days we deployed as BLT 1/26 to Khe Sanh to relieve the "Hill Fighters." Spent the next 10 months there as an FO on 861 and FDO.

After Vietnam: Got the dream Bachelor assignment to MCRD San Diego as a series officer in 1st Bn RTR. Work 90 hour weeks, but the Liberty was great. Met my wife, Kay O'Donnell—a nurse in south Mission Beach who lived across the alley from our bachelor pad. We were married on September 27, 1969 at MCRD, with Skip Stephenson as best-man and Chuck Tebrich a sword-bearer.

After My Initial Obligation was up: From there on to language school at DLI in Monterey, CA for 47 weeks of North Vietnamese. First son David III was born there. Followed by a tour at Camp Pendleton with the 5th Interrogation Translation Team. Second tour was with the Vietnamese Marines in the '71-'72 timeframe. We were part of the "last game in-country." It was a privilege to have served with their officer group. It's a shame that our government didn't honor it's pledge to provide the support we had taught them to rely on for their survival. Years later, I was able to find my VNMC artillery battalion commander at a joint function in Westminster. After 9 years in a re-education camp in the north, thanks to President Reagan—he was able to get his whole family out. They are an amazing group—Americanized to the max—and very appreciative of what they have. We could learn a lot from them.

Next was AWS, followed by a tour in Hawaii: 1/12 Bn S-4, Alpha Battery CO, and G-4 Ops. Second son Robert was born in Tripler Army Hospital. From there it was the obligatory HQMC tour in the Recruiting Branch 76' – 79'. Took my "overseas" tour as the Nucleus Landing Force Staff Officer on the USS Saipan out of Norfolk. My daughter, Katie, was born in Newport News—completing the trifecta that all of my kids were born near the water. This was my ticket to the west coast, where



I was XO and CO of 2/11. Completed my tour as the G-4 Plans Officer at the Div. Continued my west coast time at LFTCPac at the Amphibious school as the head of the Supporting Arms Branch. I then moved across the bay to MCRD and bided my time as the Deputy G-4 for a year until a battalion opened up and was given command of Third Bn RTR. Best tour of my career.

After 2 years, I gave up the battalion and returned to the Deputy position in the G-4.

With the Iran-Iraq war under way, and after raising my hand and being told that I wasn't going to get a piece of that action, I started looking for an exit option. Following some sage advice from one of your classmates, Dick Kurth, I started sending applications to city and state job openings. As fortune would have it I successfully navigated my way through the process and was offered the position of Transportation Director for the Capistrano Unified School District in southern Orange County.

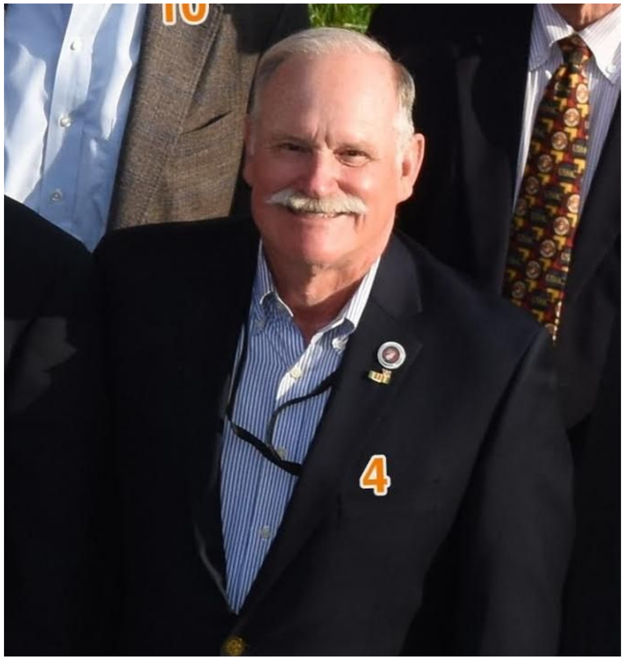
Who says the Marine Corps doesn't prepare you for the future. When I went back up to the G-4, we needed to rehab the recruit mess hall which required us to feed the recruits at NTC next door. This meant busing them for breakfast and evening meals. As I was interviewing for the Director position, I was operating a bussing system to move 2000 recruits twice a day —great talking points. In December of 1990 I retired and started at Capistrano. I had 7 managers who had all grown up in the school bus industry. My agreement with them was that I would teach them organizational leadership skills and they would teach me the intricacies of school bus operations. In my introduction to the drivers I told them that I had just traded 125 Marine DI's for 125 school bus drivers and I wasn't sure the trade was fair!! We had some ups and downs as I got used to the operation and they got used to my style. It was like being the CO 7th Motors with a staff dominated by women. Our mantra of "take care of the troops and they will make sure the mission is accomplished" could not have been more true.

I was there 6.5 years and acquired twice as many years of knowledge. The same position opened in Vista and I cut my commute from 30 miles to 10 miles. During this time I became very involved in the state transportation association and it would pay dividends. As the State Chairperson for the California Association of School Business Officials I presented at annual conventions—harking back to my LFTCPac teaching days! Additionally, I had the opportunity to work with three other Transportation Directors in authoring a book —Access and Mobility--addressing the requirements for transportation of students with special needs. It was both humbling and rewarding to work with students who struggle to reach the same levels we take for granted.

The economic down-turn in 2003, resulted in the elimination of my Director position and forced me to retire. Over the next 12 years, I worked in 8 school districts throughout California. Un-retiring for 5 years and finally retiring for good in September of 2014.

My Current Life: We never know what the future holds for us, but I was totally unprepared for the news in October of that year, when my wife of 45 years, Kay, was diagnosed with stage 4 liver cancer. Her prognosis was 6 weeks to 6 months and there was nothing medical science could offer. She rejected any chemo as it wouldn't grant her any additional time. She had great support from her nursing school classmates and family. Hospice was fantastic. She was at home and comfortable for 10 months before passing away quietly In her sleep. She did it her way and was the poster person for how to do it with dignity. She was a huge presence in her 5 grandkids' lives, a void I'm trying to fill. It was a tough year. But sometimes when God creates a void he also fills it. This is what happened for me. I benefited from the great support that she had from her Mercy Nurse School group. It was through her passing that I met Pat, a long-time friend and classmate of her's at Mercy. Pat had lost her husband 3 years earlier and knew what I was going through. Via phone conversations and walks on the beach we realized that we were brought together to fill a void in both of our lives. Standing on the beach one evening watching the sun disappear into the Pacific Ocean, we looked at each other and asked "what are "Kay and Ream thinking?" We were comfortable they would approve. At that moment we acknowledged that we were brought together to share our continued life together.

We confirmed our relationship on a 28-day trip to Vietnam and Cambodia with TBS class 2-68. Traveling with 8 other couples, we spent 2-weeks in VN I-Corps making a counter-clockwise circle. Starting in Da Nang, then to Hue, Leatherneck Square, Khe Sanh, A Shau Valley, and finishing up back in Hue. We visited the cultural sites associated with the emperors of the Nguyen dynasty, along with the locations we knew as Marble Mountain, Hill 55, The Citadel, Dong Ha, Con Thien, Rock Pile, Camp Carroll & Hill 881N. Six couples then flew to Siem Reap, Cambodia where we toured Angkor Wat and the surrounding temples. Followed by an 8-day leisurely boat ride down the Tonle Sap and Mekong rivers back to Vietnam, where we spent 2-days in Saigon. Having weathered this escapade, we were confident we could overcome any future hurdles. Therefore, in an all-hands merging of both familys—5 children & 9 grandchildren—on the 19th of August 2017, Pat and I exchanged vows at Saint Patrick's Catholic Church in Carlsbad. Aloha shirts and flowered dresses with sandal footwear as the appropriate UD. We are closing out or second year of marriage, and realize how lucky we are to have been brought together. Life is great and we have learned to enjoy every minute of it. You will have a chance to meet her during the reunion and learn what a great person she is.



David Rice

Nickname: Dave

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born in Belton, SC. Youngest of 4 boys and 1 girl. Attended Belton HS. Was the trainer and manager of all of the sports teams. Graduated from University of South Carolina with a useless degree in Political Science. Early my junior year, I was walking across the student union when I saw some guys in fancy uniforms. So I went over and talked to them. I figured that if I had to go into the military, I might as well go with the best. My favorite older brother was an enlisted Marine. My 2 other brothers were in the Air Force. So I signed up for the PLC program. I was blessed to have Sgt. Mullins as a DI at OCS. He was a great influence on me.

My Memories of TBS: I think I enjoyed almost all of TBS. I really felt it was a band of brothers, although somehow I haven't kept up with anyone. The only "worst" incident was late in training when the company commander got us lost, so we got back to TBS way after midnight. Then after PT the next morning, he confined us to barracks until we passed rifle inspection. Still have my engraved sword.

TBS Graduation: Assigned Motor Transport. Not one of my choices.

After Completing TBS: Right after TBS, I took a couple of weeks, flew military standby to Europe. Visited Germany, England and Scotland. Then went to Camp Lejeune for MOS training. To my surprise, I really enjoyed it, and felt it prepared me well.

Vietnam Era Service: Went right to VN. Served with HQ, 4th Marines. Had the pleasure of serving with Lt. Col. "Jinx" McCain, the XO. He was another great influence in my life. On my way home from VN, I was able to visit with Col. McCain in the San Diego Naval Hospital, after he was med-evaced with shrapnel injuries. Served one 13-month tour. My oldest brother was in Cam Ranh Bay the last six months I was in VN. I went down to visit him, and was able to scrounge a couple of conex boxes worth of stuff we needed up at Camp Carroll.

After Vietnam: After VN, I went to PISC. (There I moved from reserve officer to regular officer.) Started as a Series Commander, then XO of Range Company, then back to mainside as Company Commander. I had the incredible privilege of serving under/with Lt. Col. R.B. Twohey, Col. R.J. Parrish, and MGen. O.F. Peatross. Each of them influenced me in very positive ways. Especially Col. Twohey. They prepared me for my next duty station. In early "71, I had orders back to VN, but was stopped on Okinawa. I spent a year on Okinawa, wearing two hats: Company Commander and Regimental Motor T Officer. Had the privilege of helping turn a totally dysfunctional company into a dynamic team of hard-charging Marines.

After My Initial Obligation was up: I resigned in early '73. Moved to Colorado Springs a couple of years later. Worked at a Christian conference center for 3 years. Took a one-year trip around the world. Married Betsy Decker in '79. We're still in Colorado Springs. We have adopted

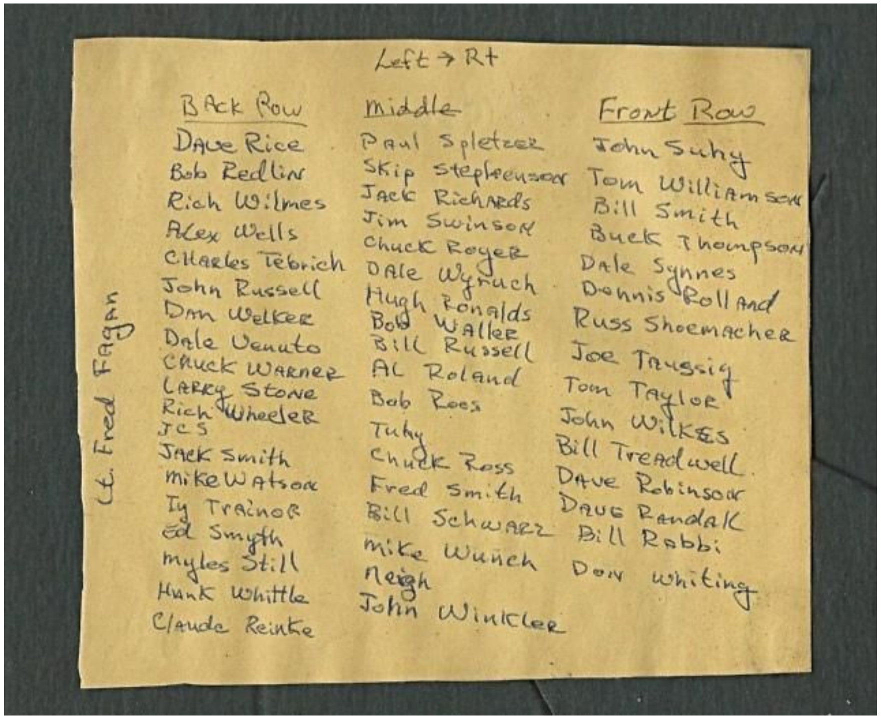
11 boys and 4 girls, and have another boy living with us now. We have children from around the US and around the world. All shades of skin. For the last two or three years, I have been mentoring a couple of young men. One, 18, is going to Parris Island May 20th. The other, 15, is planning to go with the PLC program, and get a commission.

My Current Life: We'll celebrate 40 years of marriage May 13th. I continued to travel, mostly to SE Asia, until a few years ago. I visited VN in '91, and a couple of times after. (Interestingly, I flew into Hanoi first. On the way from the airport, I was suddenly overcome with all kinds of images from '66-'67. I concluded that the smells triggered it. Rice paddies, water buffalo, cheap diesel, etc.) I am registered with the VA. I take no prescription medication. Work out not-regularly. Can do 25 push-ups, and a few other things. On facebook - I check it occasionally.

Plans for the Future: I've been to Nepal a couple of dozen times. We have a daughter from Nepal. I'd like to go back one more time with her. Otherwise, keep doing what I'm doing.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: Though it wasn't all fun and games, I remember the great positive times.

My Home Address: 1703 Columbine Road, Colorado Springs, CO 80907 daverice1776@gmail.com



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Back Row
- Dave Rice
- Bob Redlin
- Rich Wilmes
- Alex Wells
- Charles Tebrich
- John Russell
- Dan Welker
- Dale Venuto
- Chuck Warner
- Larry Stone
- Rich Wheeler
- JCS
- Jack Smith
- Mike Watson
- Ty Trainor
- Ed Smyth
- Myles Still
- Hank Whittle
- Claude Reinke

Middle
- Paul Spletzer
- Skip Stephenson
- Jack Richards
- Jim Swinson
- Chuck Royer
- Dale Wyruch
- Hugh Ronalds
- Bob Waller
- Bill Russell
- Al Roland
- Bob Roes
- Tuhy
- Chuck Ross
- Fred Smith
- Bill Schwarz
- Mike Wunch
- Neigh
- John Winkler

Front Row
- John Suhy
- Tom Williamson
- Bill Smith
- Buck Thompson
- Dale Synnes
- Dennis Rolland
- Russ Shoemacher
- Joe Taussig
- Tom Taylor
- John Wilkes
- Bill Treadwell
- Dave Robinson
- Dave Randak
- Bill Rabbi
- Don Whiting

Lt. Fred Fagan

David Bliss Robison

Nickname: Robi

Born in Ohio, raised in California, only USMC option to join the Corps from UCLA's NROTC class of 1966. Retired in '87. Followed USC NROTC big brother into Marines after my Navy midshipmen cruise.

Married, best training: *"listen to your SNCOs. They will save your life."* Worst: dirty boot camp tactics like rifle inspection after the hill trail. Always thought more of us would have stayed in if these were eliminated.....We were already super gungho.......Kinda took the wind out of our sails

Wife and I were sent back to LA to recruit officers at UCLA/NROTC fraternities while awaiting flight school in Pensacola.

After completing TBS: Got wings on July, 19, 1968, after 200 hours fixed wing/55 hours in helos/ instrument certification in both and T-28 fixed wing qualified : "tail-hooker" on USS Lexington.

Blessed to form and train with squadron HMM-263 at MCAS Santa Ana, CA. By my choice: one of the seven out of 54 pilots to remain with the CH-46 squadron for the entire year: 12Jan69 to 12Jan70 at Marble Mountain, on the beach south of "C" Med and the R&R Center....All East of Da Nang. We had to earn a good reputation fast with a call sign of: "Peachbush!!!"

It didn't take long to realize we were fighting the war in the wrong place---to lose. So, we switched from patriotic to survival. We did our job, but did not play hero.

Biggest lesson: Send squadrons to combat, not individual replacement pilots. Why? Our sister squadron at Marble Mountain, HMM-364 "The Purple Foxes" lost many more lives and had more crashes because they were all individual replacement pilots. Why? Because "the squadron" had been there too long and lost its trained together identity. In 1970 we returned to MCAS Santa Ana/Tustin to train pilots for Nam.

Made a private decision (as many of my peers did) not to go to war again unless Congress declares it and we fight to win. Since I had two more years to serve and was already a captain, I stayed in. Went to Amphibious Warfare School in 1973. Had orders to Nam in '74, but search and rescue (SAR) CH-46 pilots were needed at MCAS Beaufort, so I was the XO of the Station Operation and Maintenance (SOMS) instead of being in Nam at the end in 1975. In '76 I served in HMM-164 aboard USS Okinawa out of Philippines, ashore in South Korean war games and flew Guam governor around Guam after super-typhoon Pamela. I was MAG-36 NATOPS officer at Okinawa. In '77 was HMM-267 (HUEY) Ops O at Camp Pendleton. '78 3dMAW S-4 Logistics Ops O at El Toro. '79 MAG-16 S-4 at Tustin. 1980: CO, MABS-16, MAG-16. 1983: SAR pilot, interim Airfield Ops O at MCAS Iwakuni, Japan. 1984-1987: OIC TME-32, at MCAS tustin, CA.

Retired in 1987 as the most senior major in the Corps af-

ter over six years command time. Was told only 12% of my Marine generation retired. My second career was as a guard/rehabilitation counselor to young men at a Washington State juvenile criminal institution. I learned a lot about gangs, sex offenders, relationships and myself. Retired in 2006 to mentor grandchildren in Florida. 2019: time to begin mentoring of great-grand children. :) :) :)

We should not have fought any wars since WWII. None of our business-----we should not be the world's policeman. Goldwater was correct in 1964. We used to handle situations with effective black ops. If we did not fight these wars, the average American would be rich.

HMM-263
GOPHER B

Hugh Arthur Ronalds

Nickname: Hugh

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born in Pen Argyl, Pennsylvania in a small town doctor's "hospital." Lived in Wind Gap, the next town over but graduated from Pen Argyl High School. The school only had three sports and I played football, basketball and baseball. Wind Gap was on the Appalachian Trail and I was on it a lot, also at YMCA camp and Boy Scout camps. I went to Philmont in Cimarron, NM twice, RONing at Air Forces Bases along the way. My first job was a morning newspaper route and I also worked in a bookbindery and a shingle factory which also sponsored a baseball team I played on.

My dad was an Army staff sergeant doing the war and was a railroad engineer the rest of his life. He died at 63 while I was in Iwakuni; it was a long flight home for his funeral. Mom was an RN and worked the 2300-0700 shift to be home for me and my brother. Mom's brother was a Naval Aviator and I think he was my inspiration for a Navy career. He took me on a memorable family cruise aboard the Lake Champlain while he was embarked as the navigator.

It wasn't easy getting into the Naval Academy as an appointment was hard to come by, so I spent a year at Severn School where I learned to play lacrosse and another at Lafayette College, twelve miles down the road from home. There I was on the freshmen basketball team which ultimately led to an appointment to USNA from Navy's basketball coach.

Kenny Moore was my first roommate, Hank Nothhaft my last. I chose the Marine Corps mainly because of the example of Captain Tom Richardson, our Company Officer. After graduation I remained there on the Plebe Summer staff before joining Fourth Platoon at TBS.

My Memories of TBS: I was married while at TBS and in retrospect would have enjoyed being totally immersed in the program and enjoyed the camaraderie of my classmates. So, I think I was not as focused as I would have liked to be honest. I remember Fred Fagan of course and we crossed paths again at my last duty station prior to retirement in Atlanta, GA where he was CO of the 6th Marine Corps District in Atlanta.

TBS Graduation: I was assigned Artillery upon TBS graduation. After training at the Army's Artillery and Missile School at Fort Sill I went directly to Vietnam. I remember landing at Chu Lai on a Continental Airlines charter flight and was assigned to B/1/5 as an FO. The last part of the tour was with 2/11 as D/2/11 XO, a provisional battery command and lastly S-3A. Tom Gay, Stan Holmes and Bob Redlin were also in the battalion in various capacities. On a rare trip into Da Nang on what I think was a pay run I stayed overnight with Andy Finlayson, then with 1st Force Recon, a very different setting than I was used to with the rifle company.

After Vietnam: After leaving Vietnam in June of 1968 I had orders to HQMC, G-1. I'm not sure how that happened but after taking my annual physical and learning I had 20/20 vision I trundled up to the air desk where I asked the Major seated there if the Corps was looking for pilots. Long story short, I took the required aptitude tests and formal physical after which the Major asked where did I want to go for training? Say what? I thought we all went too Pensacola. Turned out that Pensacola was saturated with students and DOD worked a deal with the Army to train our rotary wing pilots and the Air Force to train our jet pilots. I chose jet training and was assigned to Undergraduate Pilot Training at Williams Air Force Base, Phoenix, AZ., Chandler, actually but it was a great experience. By now I was a Captain and so was the class leader which wasn't so well received by the Air Force hierarchy. Barry Goldwater pinned on our silver wings a year almost to the day after starting the program.

After My Initial Obligation was up: There were three of us Marines in the class and we left for MCAS Cherry Point to unlearn the bad habits of the Air Force way, particularly how they landed. So, after the requisite number of hours to do that I was awarded the "wings of gold." I was selected for the F-4 program which was also at Cherry Point after which training I joined VMFA-312 and then VMFA-251 in Beaufort, SC.

Next assignment was with VT-22, Kingsville, TX as an Advanced Jet Flight Training Instructor where, interestingly, I was General Jim Amos's instructor. After that tour came orders to AWS then a tour in WestPac with VMFA-232 before returning the USNA in the Phys Ed Dept. as the Intramural Sports Program Manager. Orders then to MCAS El Toro, CA with VMFA-314, H&MS and H&HS-38. I left El Toro then for the Air Force's Air Command and Staff College, Montgomery, AL. I think the detailer saw where the Air Force was in my health record and I seemed to get along fairly well with my Zoomie classmate.

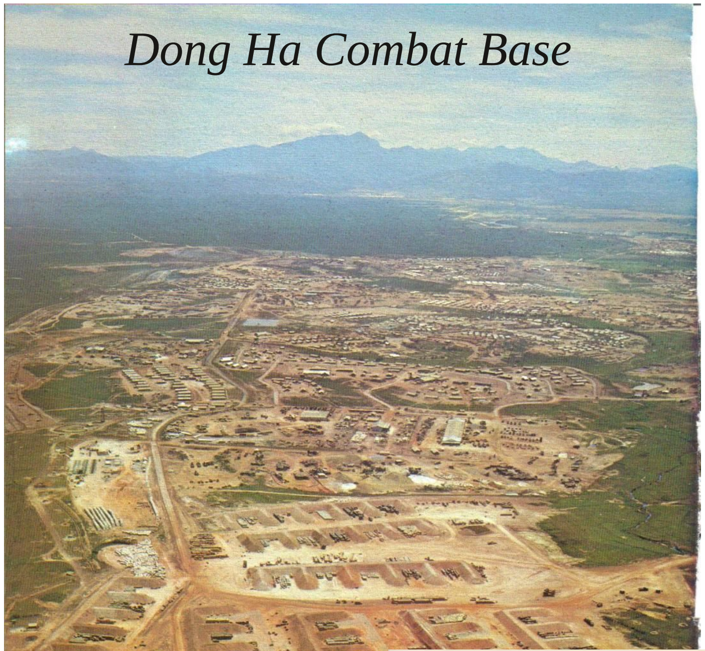
While there in Alabama I obtained an MBA from Auburn. Next, another overseas WestPac tour in Iwakuni, Japan with Marine Aircraft Group after which orders to the Navy in Norfolk, VA on the staff of CINCLANTFLT as the Marine Operations Officer. My final orders before retirement were as the Department of the Navy Representative to the FAA in Atlanta, GA. Upon retirement, I moved to St. Paul, MN as a corporate pilot with Northwest Airlines until I was offered a job with NASA at the Johnson Space Center in Houston working on the International Space Station.

My Current Life: I retired from NASA in December of 2017 after 50 years of government service and have been a drag on the economy ever since. In 2015 I was diagnosed with Multiple Myeloma which is one of the diseases associated with Agent Orange. So, technically I'm disabled but honestly I'm tolerating the chemo regimen fairly well and remain active to the point where I can still wield a golf club although not very well. For the past 18 years I have been blessed to have a young Italian wife, a product of Milan, who is an aerospace engineer and VP of Operations for a NASA contractor. We live in a Houston suburb with our son, Duncan, who is a junior at Arizona State, two Bernese Mountain Dogs, a rescued Olde English Sheepdog and a rescued cat in charge of us all.

I also have a son, Peter, who earned a doctorate at St. John's University in New York and lives in Bethlehem, PA with his wife, Leslie and young children William and Lillian and have twins scheduled to be born in August. He is an associate professor at CUNY and a deputy sheriff. My daughter, Maureen, a real estate agent and Auburn graduate, is married to Joe Santoli. They live in Atlanta with daughters Annabel and Charlotte. Annabel has been accepted at Georgia, Joe's alma mater. Charlotte will be a junior in high school.

Plans for the Future: We travel occasionally to Italy, Anna's birthplace, and have an annual golf trip to Annapolis and Pennsylvania. Otherwise I ride the John Deere on our three acres, read a lot and golf about once a week. Duncan and I take an annual trip to Annapolis to play the course there and then trundle up to PA to play with my homeboys in the Pocono Mountains.

My Home Address: 4815 W. Main St., League City, TX 77573

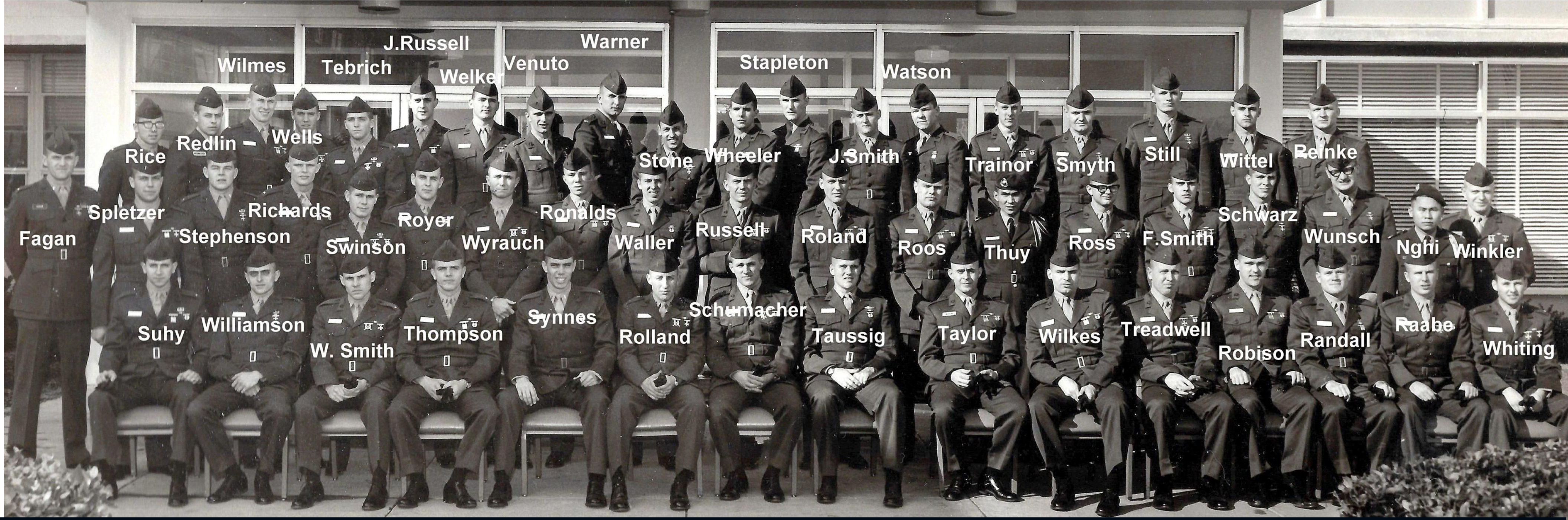


Dong Ha Combat Base

THIRD BATTALION 5TH MARINES
CONSUMMATE PROFESSIONALS
3
BELLEAU WOOD
VIETNAM
5
GET SOME

Above: Hugh Ronalds and Fred Smith

Left: Chris Jameson, Unk, Alex Roland, John Suhy, Jack Richards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Williamson
W. Smith
Thompson
Synnes
Rolland
Schumacher
Taussig
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Wilkes
Treadwell
Robison
Randall
Raabe
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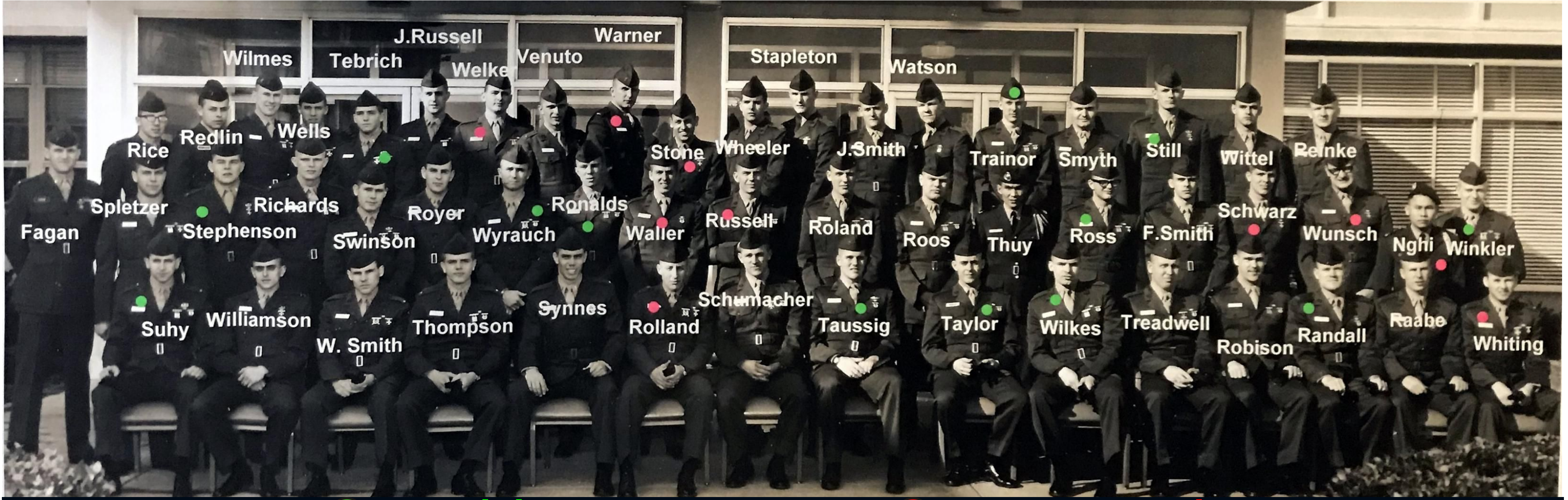
Upper: Fourth Platoon Photo with Names

Lower: Fourth Platoon Photo from Reunion with Annotation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Stephenson
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Nghi
Winkler
Suhy
Williamson
W. Smith
Thompson
Synnes
Rolland
Schumacher
Taussig
Taylor
Wilkes
Treadwell
Robison
Randall
Raabe
Whiting

🟢= Attended Reunion *🔴=KIA or Deceased*

Charles A. Ross

Nickname: Chuck

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born in New Orleans but moved around a lot. I went to 10 schools through K-12. I was an Air Force brat for 2 years when Dad was called back for Korea to fly B-26's. Except for a few months in Texas and Mississippi it was all in Louisiana. Finally in 8th grade we moved to what is now River Ridge, a New Orleans suburb. I graduated from East Jefferson High and went to LSU New Orleans and majored in general business. Besides my father all the "grown" men around had been in some sort of military or National Guard service. I was too nearsighted to fly so I was leaning towards USMC. My boss at A&P was on Guadalcanal and I decided USMC was my choice. The PLC program was the perfect option. I was in the first PLC "10 weekers." Needless to say I was glad to be back for my senior year.

My Memories of TBS: I was single my whole 3 years in the Marines. Dave Randall was my roommate. We shared a head with Bill Schwarz and a Vietnamese officer named Tien. Besides Dave, friends with Fred Smith, Claude Reinke, Bob Waller, John Russell and Paul Spletzer. Due to the similarity of names Bob ROOS and me ROSS shared a lot of each others mail! At Engineer School they put us in a room together. On Liberty we would go to the JOPA dances to meet girls. I managed to catch a Senators game before the season ended. Best part of training was the Virginia countryside. First time for a real autumn and the first snowstorm. You get neither in New Orleans. Some of the early field problems in autumn were fun. The snow and cold beauty wore off quickly, but I remember some good snowball fights during lunch in the field. Worst part was that they always managed to schedule early morning activities after a late night. Definitely remember the Mad Moment - quite impressive.

Fred Fagan was of course a model Marine and good instructor, but I tried to avoid him. I learned a lot from the USNA guys Bill Schwarz and Bill Russell, and Art Millard (3rd platoon) gave me more than a few pointers on getting things done. John Russell was also helpful since he was already an attorney and older. I had my sword engraved and inspected by Lt. Fagan. I don't remember what my adhoc speech was about.

TBS Graduation: Artillery was my first choice. Engineers (1302) was second, and to which I was assigned. I asked for my first duty station to be in US and was assigned to 5th Mar Div at Camp Pendleton.

After Completing TBS: I took leave between TBS and the 6 weeks Engineer Officer school at Camp Lejeune. I had several 2-67 classmates most notably Bob ROOS. I think it adequately prepared me for my 1302 platoon commander duties. Nothing can prepare you for all the additional duties you get as a 2/LT.

Vietnam Era Service: On my drive from Camp Lejeune I stopped for about a week to visit family in New Orleans. When I started driving to Camp Pendleton I knew I had to start earning my pay. I got to see the Grand Canyon and Hoover Dam on my way out. I was assigned to B Company 2nd Platoon 5th Engineers. My platoon supported 2/27. This would play a big part of my Vietnam tour. I went to ADM school. Since we were located at the northern end of Pendleton I got to live off base in San Clemente in a nice apartment for

$100 a month. I later returned to Camp Lejeune for Utilities Officer School(1320). After returning to Pendleton I was assigned to more ADM duty. I was informally told I'd be assigned to the Force Troops Engineers and would be active in ADM. I believe that I was one of the few in 2-67 class who had anything like my RVN tour.

On Monday most of the battalion were told to pack their seabags and report to the 27th Marines.. tomorrow. I asked for 2/27 since I had worked with them. I was assigned to the 106 recoilless rifle platoon. That Tuesday night we were on USAF C-141 jets to the Nam. I had no leave, no staging, I didn't have time to tell my parents goodbye. They tried to see me before I left but just missed connections. They, and my Company Commander Rick Mueller (2-67) packed up my gear and drove my car home. We flew with our 782 Gear and weapons to Hawaii, Wake Island and the Philippines. After a few hours in the Philippines, we landed in Da Nang. We relieved 3/5. I ran across Fred Smith there. We had some odd match ups for quite a while. A 38 year old warrant officer was an infantry platoon leader. First time I handled an M-16 was when they took away our M-14's and issued us brand new M-16's with the chrome chambers which made them more reliable.

It seemed that every time you started to learn your job you got moved as they tried to fill the positions with 0302's as they became available. I was on Operation Allen Brook when I first ran across Agent Orange. Go Noi Island was one of the most heavily sprayed areas in RVN. I contracted a fever of unknown origin and ended up in the Da Nang hospital. I was told I would be sent to Japan...tomorrow. That night the fever broke and I went back to 27th Marines. In September I finally rejoined the 1302's in Chu Lai, and spent the rest of my tour down there. My longest and last job was as the S3A where I found out I was good with paperwork. The Major had 2 lieutenants, me and a college-degreed engineer. He got the projects and I got the paperwork. The USMC still had another trick up their sleeve. Despite sending over 1800 men out-of-rotation, no extra planes were ordered. I had to spend 3 more days in Da Nang. Not counting R&R in Australia, I spent 390 of my 395 days in-country. I wasn't alone...we had many more waiting at the terminal to get to Okinawa. I had no seabag to pick up.

After Vietnam: Returned to the U.S. on 3/15/69. After finally seeing my family, I still had about 4 months to go. I applied for a job with the Army and Air Force Exchange Service and after an interview was offered a job at the Fort Polk, LA Post Exchange, which I accepted before I got out. I ended up in 2nd Shore Party Battalion. We were so under-strength that I was always catching duty. Since I came in as a "shortimer" I really couldn't have too much real responsibility. I used the time there to get into great shape. I made a good defense counsel and agreed to take any cases that came along. That made the major happy and naturally, me too. I even was OD two nights before I was released from active duty. I returned to New Orleans on 7/29/69. Since I didn't have any leave before Nam I had a big final paycheck.

My Current Life: After USMC: After being home a little over a week, on 8/7/69 I met Annette. On our second date I knew she was the one. I only had 2 and 1/2 weeks before I had to report to Fort Polk...200 miles away. I was quite smitten by then (still am.) They had a big operation and several of us college trainees lived in the Army BOQ. It was almost like being in USMC but you could quit. I didn't have many responsibilities as a trainee so I could swoop on the weekends. Annette was surprised when I told her I was serious about her. We were engaged at the end of September and married August 8. 1970, a year and a day later. We honeymooned in Colorado.

The PX job required frequent moves. I worked at Barksdale AFB, (Shreveport, LA), Fort McPherson, GA (Atlanta), and Fort Hamilton, NY which is in Brooklyn, NY! Our son, Chip, was born in Atlanta. By then, moving was getting old, especially with a child.

After 5 years I resigned and went back for my MBA at my alma mater. With the GI Bill I was able to go to school full time and work part time. I stayed another semester to get the accounting requirements for the CPA exam, which I passed on my second attempt. Our daughter, Jill, was born while I was still a Grad student in New Orleans. I worked for 2 U.S. government agencies in New Orleans as an auditor and accountant. After a busy tax season, Annette and I celebrated our 10th anniversary in Colorado. We decided it was the place for us. We moved there 2 years later with another Federal Agency, Minerals Management Service (MMS). The kids both grew up in Colorado. Chip graduated from CU Boulder and Jill from Red Rocks Community College.

Aging parents brought us back to the New Orleans area in 2001. I worked 4 more years with MMS and retired in 2005 with 32 years of combined service. As luck would have it I retired right before Katrina. Annette retired also but it wasn't a planned one. Katrina caused her lab to move to Houston. In South Louisiana we mark dates by hurricanes. We had practically no damage from Katrina, light damage from Gustav (2008) and minor flooding from Isaac in 2012. My parents had to move to Baton Rouge after Gustav. Annette and I spent 7 1/2 years going to Baton Rouge to take care of them. My brother lives there so it was a family effort. We have traveled quite a bit in the U.S., Canada, and Europe since retiring. We have a trip planned for October to Belgium to see some Battle of the Bulge locations.

We haven't had the desire to go to Southeast Asia even though our daughter taught school in Thailand for 10 years. I have attended several 9th Engineer reunions from coast to coast. The New Orleans Marine Support Group has several events every year. In addition, the New Orleans area is home to several USMC/USN/USCG units. The Marine Corps Balls are amazing. The Commandant attends regularly. We attended 2 of them at the Superdome which was quite impressive. Sure beats Chu Lai 1968. My herbicide exposure has left me with Sjogren's Syndrome which unfortunately is not recognized by the VA. This condition usually affects women and while rarely fatal, causes dryness and tiredness. I still have most of my hair.

Plans for the Future: Retired.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: At TBS I stayed with the same group for the longest period. Between schools, the rapid deployment and frequent reassignments, I was always being moved around. Several other 27th Marines "draftees" reported the same thing. I enjoyed being the S3A because I found I was good with paperwork. My accounting and auditing career flowed naturally from this experience.

My Home Address: 106 Oak Shadow Ct, La Place, LA 70068

Annette and Chuck Ross

Marie and Dale Wyrauch

Frederick W. Smith

Nickname: Fred

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born in Marks, Mississippi, on August 11, 1944. The younger of two boys, I was named after my father, an entrepreneur and businessman who established the Dixie Greyhound Bus Lines, which later became a part of Greyhound Bus Lines. To further supplement the family income, dad and my older brother established the Toddle House Restaurant chain, which offered Southern-style cooking at locations throughout the United States. I attended high school at Memphis University Prep, where I participated in athletics and was an excellent student. I also developed a keen interest in the American Civil War (Ask Paul Spletzer about our TBS room "decorations"), however, my true passion was flying and by the age of 15 I was learning the ropes while operating a crop duster. In time, I became pretty well-known as a skilled amateur pilot.

My business interests started early, and while in high school, a group of friends and I founded the Ardent Record Company, a small recording studio that later went on to become a legitimate company. In 1962 I left Memphis to attend Yale University, where I joined the PLC program. While at Yale, I intended to study economics and political science; unfortunately, I found myself more drawn to campus social activities, which affected my scholastic performance. It was during my junior year in economics class that I had the germ of the idea that later became Federal Express. I wrote a term paper that outlined my idea for a company that would guarantee overnight delivery of small, time-sensitive goods, such as replacement parts and medical supplies, to major U.S. cities. The professor was not very impressed and gave me a grade of C for my work. The idea stayed with me, although it was a few more years before I had the opportunity to try it out. In 1966 I graduated with a degree in economics and shortly thereafter was commissioned as a 2nd Lt. the U.S. Marine Corps.

My Memories of TBS: I was not married at TBS. My TBS roommate was Paul Spletzer, and I developed friendships among classmates that have lasted to this day. The outstanding training and leadership examples from TBS stayed with me, both during my time as a junior officer in combat, in my as well as afterwards as I grew Federal Express (FedEx) into the preeminent international company it is today. Outside of the TBS training environment, I enjoyed making liberty runs both North and South of Quantico. On one of these, Paul Spletzer's girlfriend at the time fixed me up with "Miss Maryland"....which turned out to be a reasonable facsimile, thereof. If your memory still serves you well, you will recall that I was "Mr. Vice" for our TBS Mess Night; however I declined to "Run the O'Course" with certain unnamed classmates and staff afterwards.

After Completing TBS: Following TBS, I had orders to Vietnamese Language school in Monterey, CA, along with classmates Fulford, Cowan, Clark, McBride, Mangrum, Bonsper, and Taussig. It was a short, intense twelve-week course, and it gave me an appreciation for both language, and a glimpse into the culture of the country I was about to deploy to.

Vietnam Era Service: Language School behind me, I headed to Camp Pendleton, CA. While most Marines at that time boarded chartered commercial air and flew to Da Nang, Joe Taussig and I were selected to be "troop commanders", and ended up embarking with several hundred other Marines on Naval Shipping for the sea voyage to Vietnam. Upon arrival in Da Nang, I was assigned to the 1st Mar Div, and then to 3/5, where I joined India Company as a platoon commander in the field near Chu Lai.

During this first tour I had the privilege to lead both a Marine platoon and rifle company (K/3/5) that was engaged in intense combat operations, including Swift, Mameluke Thrust, and the battle for Hue City. TBS alumni from those days in 3/5 include Rich Muller, Carl Fulford, Chuck Ross, Hugh Ronalds, Kenny Moore, Stan Holmes, and Chuck Warner, among others. I served my second tour in Vietnam as a forward air controller (airborne) (FAC-A) with VMO-2, flying more than two hundred ground support missions.

1/Lt Fred Smith, C.O. Kilo 3/5 with his Marines, 1967

After Vietnam: In July 1969, following my second tour, I was honorably discharged at the rank of Captain. During my time in the Marines, I had many opportunities to observe and practice the leadership tenets that are embodied in our Corps, as well as observe first hand the nuts and bolts of our logistics system...specifically the procurement and delivery procedures. This "OJT" allowed me to fine tune my concepts/dream for an overnight delivery service that I had first envisioned in college.

After My Initial Obligation was up: In 1970, I purchased a controlling interest in an aircraft maintenance company, Ark Aviation Sales, and by 1971 turned its focus to trading used jets. In June of 1971, I founded Federal Express (later, the name was changed to FedEx). In 1973, the company began offering service to 25 cities, beginning with the rapid delivery of small packages and documents, and a fleet of 14 Falcon 20 (DA-20) jets.

The focus was on developing an integrated air-ground system, which had never been done before. FedEx was based on the business idea of a shipment version of a bank clearing house, where one bank clearing house was located in the middle of the representative banks and all their representatives would be sent to the central location to exchange materials. The early days and the challenges were significant and I have many stories about those challenges.

I consider one of my most resounding successes to be the creation of a corporate culture that inspired an intense loyalty to the company. FedEx operates on the basic premise called P-S-P: people, service, profit. The idea was that the three concepts work in a circle, each supported by the others. Much of this stems from my personal experience and observations of Marine Corps leadership fundamentals: that when an officer or NCO truly cares for and takes care of his troops, they will perform at a much higher level.

My Current Life: I've continued to lead the team at FedEx, as well as serve on the boards of several large public companies, and to maintain my involvement in many charitable endeavors and business and governmental undertakings, as well as several sports and entertainment interests. Fortunately, I've been able to "give back" to the Corps, Country, and the Vietnamese people. Along with others, FedEx has sponsored the building of over 50 schools throughout Vietnam. This project was a dream of our Marine Brother, Lewis B. Puller, and has been realized through TheVietnam Children's Fund.

VIETNAM
Children's Fund
FedEx

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: Everything that went into FedEx that made the business what it is today relates to what I learned in the Marine Corps, and I've always been grateful for that education and for those I've served with. I credit the Marine Corps with teaching me how to treat others and how to be a leader, the two crucial premises on which has made FedEx successful. When I started Federal Express in 1971, one of the first innovations I implemented was integrating the air-ground operations and ensuring everything was well coordinated, from the pickup and delivery folks to the pilots. Lessons learned during Vietnam played over and over in my mind as we developed the business plan. An early part of that plan development was getting a fitting motto and a mission statement, recalling the famous Marine motto, Semper Fidelis. Our version is known as the Purple Promise, and is *"I will make every FedEx experience outstanding."*

Griffiths, Herr, Smith, Wyrauch, Tebrich at The Wall, 2019

Paul A. Spletzer

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born and raised in the Sovereign State of Mind called Brooklyn, N Y. My neighborhood - where Park Slope met Red Hook - was poor but safe. The mafia controlled the turf and there was safety for civilians. (Before my time, Al Capone was born and raised there) My Mom could go to a late movie alone and walk home - about a mile - and have no thought of anything untoward happening to her. The churches were never locked. You may think that this is a literary license but it wasn't. Here's a recent article that centers on my neighborhood. If you'll read it you'll get a sense of a world you have only seen in films or books. I was there...it was real. https://www.nytimes.com/2019/03/08/obituaries/carmine-j-persico-colombo-crime-family-boss-is-dead-at-85.html . Those of you who are fans of the Godfather will recognize how and from where Puzo got his ideas. I lived across the street from the most beautiful cemetery in America - Greenwood - that is where Don Corleone, fictionally, and Crazy Joey, really, got buried. As a child, Greenwood was my park.

We didn't know we were poor. We all lived in a bubble. A mixed marriage in my neighborhood would have been the union of a Swede and a Norwegian. I never met a Jew or an Asian or an African- American until high school. I was invited to join the Gremlins and the Jokers - two training gangs for future felons. I declined the invitation - with trepidation - because:

1.) I wasn't of the correct ethnic group necessary to permit advancement; and

2.) I made Brooklyn Tech. NY City has special schools and as luck would have it, I took the competitive exam and passed the test. My life changed. I went from the protective cloistered world of a parochial school where the nuns taught us that Columbus came to America to bring Christ to the Indians. None of us knew of or ever heard of the Holocaust. In my high school, Brooklyn Tech, I found out that Columbus and his jolly crew brought syphilis back to Europe and that they missed India by many thousands of miles.

I was so unprepared. 1,500 boys of age 13 made up my entry class. Only 1060 graduated. About 80% were Jewish and 10% Asian - for the first time in my life, I was in a minority. And they were all so much smarter than me. We were expected - all of us - to receive scholarships to college; and we did.

I received a Congressional and an athletic appointment to the USNA. That where I wanted to go. I can still recite *'HOW IS THE COW.'* (Ask Bill). In high school, I fenced foil and USNA coach Andre del Ladriere wanted me. He had me stay at a guest house and I was escorted all around with special emphasis on fencing. It was everything and more. A dream! And then I took the physical at St Albans. The Navy foot MD expressed loudly and with great joy: "I got one." Severe flat feet. I was 4-F. But I 'side-stepped' that encumbrance. On an especially auspicious April Fool's Day in 1964, I raised my arches by standing on the outsides of my feet and became a Private in the USMC. I've always wondered what that honorable 4-F might be worth. At least I was free of bone spurs. I remember that 47 mile TBS hike we did in 24 hours? My severely flat feet didn't bother me at all. I have never forgiven that bastard foot doctor. Onto NYU and the change to saber. Whenever we fenced against Navy, I felt a little bit - just a slight little bit - sad about beating them. I was the captain of the team for two years and in the last meet involving the other competitive fencing school, Navy and Colombia, we - NYU - won first place team at the Easterns. And we came in first, second and third in the individuals. Our number one man went to the National Championship and won; our number three man went onto the US Olympic team; and I placed second.

I went through the PLC program in Quantico. Told you I was lucky! Smart? not so much.

Work: I unofficially began regular work at 9 years of age. Every summer from 13 on, I worked in construction. That was the year I filed my first tax return. I have every year since then. I still worry about the IRS and those four years between 9 and 13 when I didn't file. Building homes - creating something - is, for me, a joy. I am almost 77 and I am still designing and building. Building something is the merger of beauty and utility. I recently bought two acres in Marin County and I am designing a home for us. Although I love the law, I should never have been a lawyer. It never merged beauty and utility. It merges chaos and, sometimes, resolution. Just not the same thing. The practice of law did allow me to support my family, however...and that was a good thing.

Service: Many of my uncles served in WWII. They were all sent to the Pacific Theatre. Their uncles and first cousins (two died at Stalingrad) were in the Wehrmacht - ergo, why they were sent to the Pacific. When I was interviewed by Navy Intelligence, I was asked questions about my family's links to Germany and to the Nazi party. I didn't know what he was talking about don't know of anyone else was ever asked questions such as I was.

None of this came up when I interviewed by and was offered a job by The Company. In 1964, Jack Kennedy's words were still ringing in my head; it was either the USMC or the Peace Corps. I had to do somekind of service. My Dad was too young for WWI and on Dec 8th, 1941, he tried to join the Army. He was 36 with a wife and four kids. They sent him home. Had he gone, I would never had been born for I was born the next year. He regretted that he didn't serve his whole life. My two brothers served in the Army and my father was fiercely proud that I was a Marine.

Marriage: Jane and I got married immediately after TBS. I asked our TBS CO for permission, and permission to marry my beloved was granted. I had orders to go to supply school at LeJeune and then onto Nam. We went to Jane's parish priest and said that we wanted to be married in early February. This was in late January 1967. He opens this huge appointments book to Feb, 1968 and starts to enter our names. I say: " No Father...this Feb...1967...next Saturday." He laughs as he lights a Camel and I notice that the matchbook has the NYAC logo on it. I had been a member of the AC since I was 18 (worked as a part-time waiter so I could afford to take my dates there on Saturday nights) and I asked him if he was a member. He said yes and I said 'so am I'. He then asked what time we would like to be married on Saturday next. Jane got her wedding dress at Bonwits and I went outside - it was cold and raining - for a smoke. I was in winter service greens. A matronly lady asked me to get her a cab. I gently explained that I was a serving USMC officer and not the doorman - and then I got her a cab. She was so embarrassed. She thanked me but she didn't give me a tip! Later, when I made the mistake of telling Jane what happened, I discovered that the sound of hysterical laughter can be annoying.

Fred Smith was my room-mate and I called TBS about 20 times trying to find him and Skip so I could invite them to the wedding. Gone back to Tennessee I guess, and I didn't know where Skip went. Missed them. It was a good wedding with the reception at the Navy O-Club on Governor's Island. We got there and returned by ferry. It is at the tip of Manhattan Island. On the return sail, my Dad and brother tried to take over the ferry and steer us home. A good time was had by all.

We have three kids who are all close to us in the San Francisco Bay area. Christian graduated from Washington and Lee and then to law school. He's admitted in three states but doesn't practice. He has his own

Spletzer, Thuy, Stephenson, F. Smith 1967

firm...Clockwork Recruiting out of Oakland. Chris is married to Liz Glynn - a Princeton grad - and they have two beautiful daughters; Eric, at 16, got a letter from Dartmouth. It suggested that he quit high school and come to Hanover - so he did. He later did a double masters at Berkeley in architecture and structural engineering and was Class Valedictorian. He married his Dartmouth sweetheart, Kirstin Weeks, and they also have two beautiful daughters. He has his firm, Crafted Earth and Kir works at Arup Engineering where she is an authority on natural roofs (she designed the Newport Beach City Hall roof and assisted in the design of the San Francisco Museum of Science roof); the second love of my life is our daughter Anne. She only applied to one school - NYU. Anne and I attended an affair there for its Hall of Fame members. Our number three man was being inducted. Two former members of NYU and of the US Olympic team took Anne by the arm and escorted her over to President Jay Oliva and informed him that Anne had to be granted admission to NYU. Jay smiled and explained how difficult admission to NYU was and that she would have to have certain minimum SAT scores. They then told him her scores - she had just received her scores from her first and only SAT test - and Jay, smiling broadly, then said (I was there), *"well Miss Spletzer, welcome to NYU".*

I write these things not to brag about my kids but to exhibit how lucky I was in marrying a brilliant woman. These kids certainly didn't get my brains. Lucky them. Anne was a VP at Phillips Van Heusen (PVH) and moved to the Bay area to be with the family. She is an exec with Levi's. She is thriving there.

Training: The best part of our training was the hikes; the worst part were the runs - I hate to run. Liberty was going up the Shirley Highway to DC (Fred had membership at a club there) or NYC. I had membership at the NYAC and the Playboy Club. Fred, Skip and I were in uniform and the Playboy Club line was long. We were escorted to the front and no one objected. That is a rare thing in NYC. Cher tried that at Studio 54 and was ejected. New Yorkers usually don't tolerate line cutters. Believe me, absent the uniforms, it would never have happened.

Training at TBS: One morning I was running late and didn't have time to shave. Fred Fagan made me shave outdoors without the lubricating benefit of soap. Despite that assault upon my dignity, I would say that of the staff, I admired him the most. He was a warrior - quiet and serious. And, unto today, I often shave sans the lubricating benefit of soap - and when I do, I think of Fred Fagan and smile.

Guns: Sharpshooter with the M-14 and only marksman with the .45...but I have an excuse: Fred and I partied too hard the night before and I was still drunk! He did better than I did but I drank more. Fred got the Silver Star for taking out a NVA machine gunner with his .45. Remember the DAR gave him a .45? Wonder if that was the weapon he used in Nam.

Speech: The topic I spoke of for the ad hoc speaking gig was (drum roll, please): "Why are we in VN?" Even I didn't believe what I was saying...domino theory; who lost China?; saving the Vietnamese from Godless communism. At the end of my homily, one of our brothers came up to me and asked..."So Paul, tell me, why are we in VN?"

Vietnamese Marines: Tien and I were friends. I took him to my parents home and he was spoiled by my Mom. We went to see the sites of Gotham - even to Chinatown - in uniform. So sorry that he has passed.

Great Moments: We were getting ready to get into our sleeping bags the night of the 47 mile hike. Tien didn't smoke and yet here he was deeply inhaling a lighted noxious weed. I asked him what he was doing and he replied: 'getting warm inside...very cold.' Skip was there but he doesn't recall this. Maybe Fred will.

Assignment Post TBS: After Supply school and three months of marital bliss at LeJeune, I left for VN. Dong Ha was scraped clean of most vegetation with the added serious applications of Agent Orange. I was assigned to 3/9 and it was good, except for one Battalion XO. I ran the reaction team and that was often active. One memorable night, sappers crossed the line. Eleven NVA KIA's - made Stars and Stripes. Close to the time I was going home I was made 3/9's S-4. I came close to death on a few occasions. On a trip from Quang Tri to Dong Ha, near dusk, a sniper put a bullet between my legs; from the Rockpile to Dong Ha in a six by, a Marine 'accidentally' discharged his M-16 and the round was about an inch from my head. We didn't know one another but later, I got to meet him in Portsmouth. He got 20 years. He had murdered another 3/9 Marine. Another time I was in a hole waiting with the reaction team and a spent recoilless rifle shell just missed the top of my head. Sounded like an out of control fan blade. I was hit with shrapnel twice - Dong Ha was strategically placed just within artillery range of NVN. What were those base planners thinking?

Agent Orange: Nothing grew in Dong Ha. I had prostate cancer and it changed my life - not for the better. And arthritis everywhere. My elder son Christian - his arm comes out of its socket from time to time. Eric, my younger son, has bouts with spontaneous tumors - his last one - in his forearm - was the size of a medium corned beef. Fortunately Anne is free of effects. When I explained and apologized to my sons for the genetic transmission, they told me that my service was noble. I could not have been prouder of them. They have never complained.

When I got home, I was stationed as the Education and Training Officer for the Marine Detachment at the Portsmouth Naval Disciplinary Command. The highlight was being OIC for the receipt, at Pease AFB, of the dregs from the Da Nang brig riot. Draftees should not be in our MC. After VN, barracks duty was boring. It would be boring after a root canal. Lt. Col Glancy was the CO and he was great. I made Captain very soon after getting there.

I did not enjoy the Stateside Marine Corps - felt meaningless after NAM.

Doing Something For the Corps: Something I did in Nam I was proud of...we had to supply the Rock Pile, Con Thien and Khe Sanh with Jerry cans of water. The cans were often rusty; the caps often were broken. More importantly, choppers had to land and take the empties back for re-filling and a trip thru a fire zone. Could it be made unnecessary? Would that save lives? I had the power to write Orders for anyone within I Corps - and Da Nang had MACV and a Navy BOQ where I was welcomed. There was a bar there - on the fifth floor - level with the top of the flowering mimosa trees. Whenever I arrived, the bartender would smile and immediately made me two double gin and tonics on the rocks. Twenty-five cents each! It was my in-country R&R secret place. Please don't tell anyone but I did take a few of my troops with me as honorary second lieutenants ... and they appreciated that. I don't know but that might have been against the UCMJ or some other regulation. They needed - they deserved - some diversion. So sue me.

Next to the BOQ was a VN whorehouse which was the first stop for my men. I was freshly married and, I say with a certain degree of sadness, never enjoyed the wares of that particular house of the rising sun. So I would get shitfaced and tumble down the stairs to (drum roll please) a bed! The USN lacks our appreciation for misery, mud, and deprivation. I could get a SHOWER! I would drink the water from the shower and it had no adverse effect upon my internals. Perhaps the gin within me obliterated the nasty micro-organisms spilling forth from the shower. I could drink anything and be OK. Not true when I got back to the World. After Jane and I reunited at the Plaza Hotel for three nights, I returned to Brooklyn - the land of one (when it is absent of floating bodies) of the cleanest public water systems in the U. S. I fell ill with uncontrollable shaking, a 104 degree temperature and a belief that, after surviving VN, I was going to die in the place of my birth - Brooklyn. I'm writing this bio so that is proof that I didn't die.

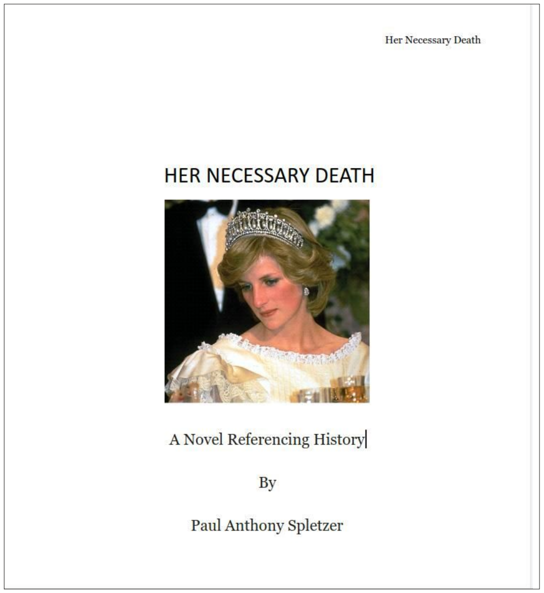
Two TBS 2-67 Classmates here among other USMC: Bill McBride and Paul Spletzer. San Rafael, CA. 2018

Anyway - back to Nam. So I am at MACV at the officer's mess. And there is the liquid I cherish right after alcohol: milk! Milk was coming from a refrigerated stainless cow whose white, pure liquid was dispensed by the mere lift of a lever. Viola! So I asked myself, *"self, What if we filled these 5 gallon containers with water and choppered them to Khe Sanh or where-ever?"* The milk was made in a dairy just outside of Da Nang - powdered milk plus purified water. I wasn't interested in the milk but I was seriously interested in the container. For 42 cents one could buy a Sholey Triple A fluted container. I motored back (yes, I had friends that would let me borrow a driver and a jeep) to MACV and found two light colonels in R & D. I had a container with me and I showed them/ told them the container that personified my idea. And I was so excited... I hadn't even paid the 42 cents. It was yesterday: one of the colonels said: " lieutenant, we have spent $88,000 in research on this problem and you come in here with a solution. Amazing! " They backed me all the way. I got the resources to set up a filling station and the chopper pilots loved it - one less trip to Con Thien. So I set everything up and all was running smoothly. A company commander at camp J. J. Carroll told me: *'you'll get the Navy Commendation Medal for this'* - I didn't.

And then two things happened: Maj. Metas. XO of 3/9, read my essay on LESSONS LEARNED IN VN and directed me to remove my name and replace it with his name. I very reluctantly did. And the gods of containers and endangered choppers heard this and, while filling the containers, we had incoming. Into our often visited holes. The filling station then took a direct hit and blew it to smithereens. The gods spoke - I left that business but the containers got adopted and of that I am proud. I believe that I saved at least one chopper pilot and crew from being killed because he used Spletzer's One -Ways. So there! Funny thing - the colonels then gave me a night-time vision device and asked me to become a FO and determine if the device could pick up the flash of incoming at night. I thought that such would cut into my drinking time and I said: wouldn't it be possible to drop a lot of seismic detection devices in the suspected area which would be able to pick up the sound of a rocket or mortar leaving a tube and then, with triangulation, we would have the location of the shooter and be able to kill him? They were stuck on my becoming an FO. I wasn't, however.

What I Am Doing Now: In July 2001, we retired to a country club in SC where the golf god ruled. We played bridge, took trips and I took up writing. Not golf. I got elected to the board of managers and discovered some misdoings by the club upon the HOA...to the tune of $10,000/mo. While my findings were correct and the con-game stopped, the golfers had me impeached. I embarrassed them. One of my prouder moments. I wrote a book about Diana's death and, after three years of research, concluded that the Lady was murdered. I didn't want that conclusion. I got Bill to read it and I'm badgering Skip to do the same. Finding a publisher - or even an agent - is impossible. I've started two other books...and I am being careful not to create any controversy...an analysis of examples of the misogynistic laws of the Old Testament. Everyone will like that. My favorite is in Liviticus: if a man is in a fight with another and his wife comes to his aid and accidentally touches her husband's opponent's penis, her hand has to be cut off. The other is an analysis of Adam's marriage to Eve and of his first wife, Lilith. The Gilgamesh makes for unbelievable reading - one of the best kept secrets of our Judaic-Christian heritage. Kind of explains the origin of the battle of the sexes - of us.

Too much time on my hands. Be well all.
Semper Fi, Paul

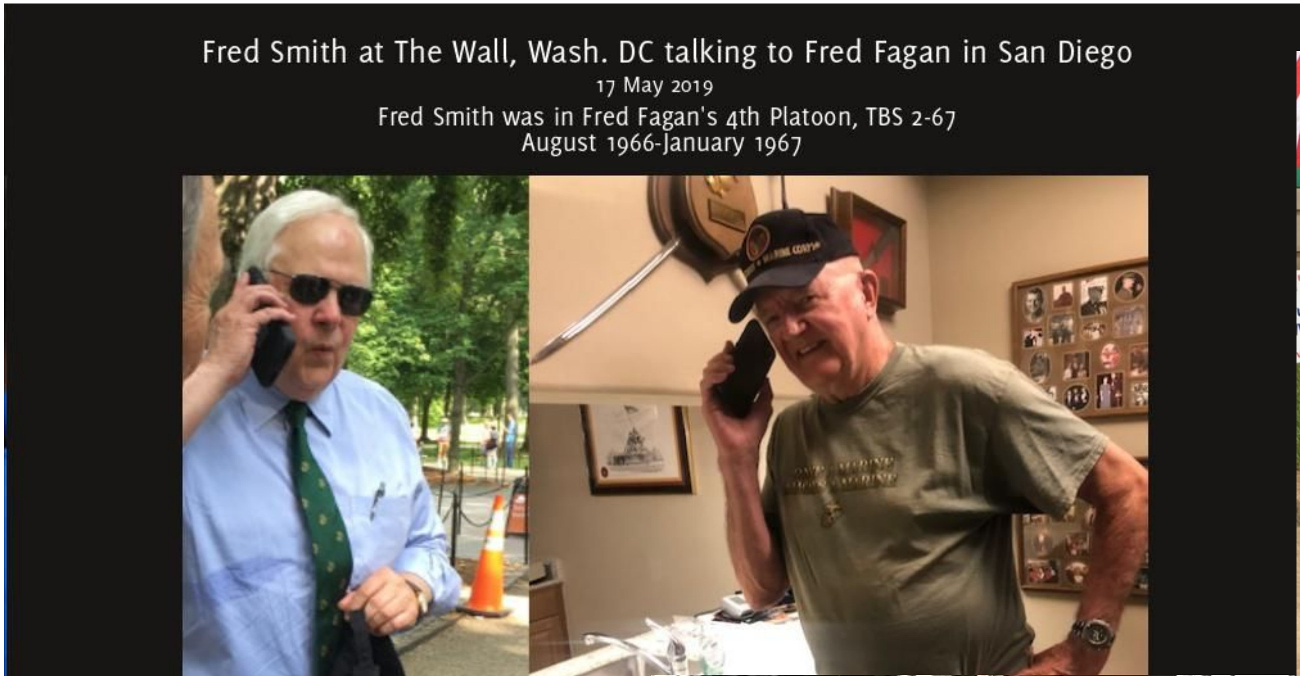

Her Necessary Death

HER NECESSARY DEATH

A Novel Referencing History

By

Paul Anthony Spletzer



Fred Smith at The Wall, Wash. DC talking to Fred Fagan in San Diego

17 May 2019

Fred Smith was in Fred Fagan's 4th Platoon, TBS 2-67
August 1966-January 1967

Post 224
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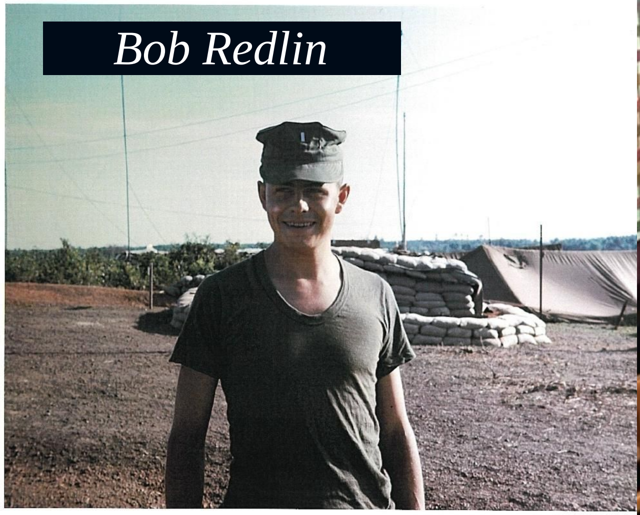
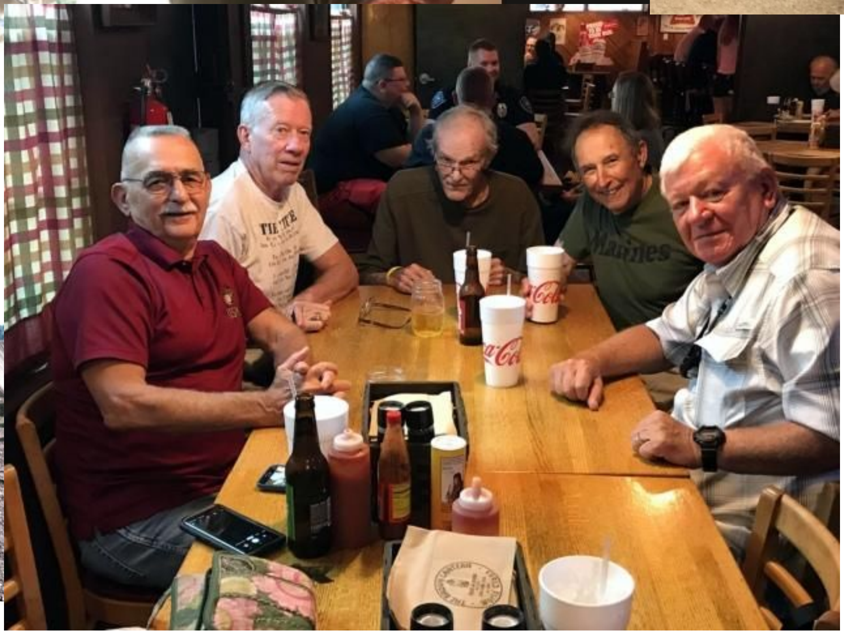
WII
Veterans
American Legion Post 224
Salutes:
Robert Corey
US Army
American Legion Post 224
Salutes:
Lt. Col.
Clarence E.
"Jack" Richards
USMC
Salutes ALL Veterans



Bob Redlin



Above: Madison, FL Tribute to Jack Richards

Left: L-R, Guy Pete, Ed Walsh, Jack Richards, Bill McBride, John Winkler

Skip Stephenson

Nickname: Skip

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was raised in a Detroit suburb, and went directly from the local public high school to USNA on a football "arrangement" (not called a "scholarship", although similar). I had no prior interest in a military academy, but became interested after a football scout's contact, primarily for my punting and placekicking. I tried to make the Plebe team without success, and thereafter really focused on academics. For the first time in my life, I was truly motivated, and felt like a "real student". USNA had an enormous impact on me, in every respect, and I am forever grateful for the experience. Initially, I was interested in Naval Aviation, but my eyes were not quite good enough for the front seat, and the USMC beckoned. I had always admired the spirit of the Corps, and have enjoyed going through life as a "jarhead", and all that entails...My dad served in the Navy during WWII in the South Pacific, held USNA in high regard, and was very proud of his Midshipman son.

My Memories of TBS: Was not married at TBS. I had gone to Jump School just prior to TBS, and became interested in sport parachuting. Bill McBride was my first jumpmaster upon arriving at Quantico, and I hung out at local drop zones during TBS free time. Joe Taussig arranged for me to make a military jump near Da Nang during my tour. Later, I earned the gold Navy jump wings. My TBS roommate was Tran Dinh Thuy. See my remembrances and comments in the "Bio" on Thuy that follows mine.

I loved the TBS O-Course, land navigation, and some classes. Greatly respected Fred Fagan, my platoon officer, a model Marine to me. I'm looking forward to seeing him again. Was average in shooting scores, did not engrave my sword, don't recall my speech, but I do remember the impression from the Mad Moment. For some reason, I distinctly recall the almost daily bus rides to the various training sites at TBS, where I would stand up near the driver, for some reason. Odd, that memory.

TBS Graduation: My recollection is that I requested 0302, but was assigned 0801, which was probably the best choice for me, all things considered.

After Completing TBS: From TBS, I went to Artillery School at Fort Sill, OK. As with Jump School, I was impressed with the specialized Army training. I felt well-prepared for Vietnam.

Vietnam Era Service: Went directly to Vietnam from Ft. Sill, after a short leave. Assigned to B/1/11, and then immediately sent to H/2/1 as the FO in the SW Da Nang area. I also led one of the infantry platoons after a casualty left the company one LT short, and did double-duty. Spent the last five months of my tour as the platoon commander of a 155 Gun Battery at the fire base at An Hoa, at the southwest edge of the Da Nang TAOR. I gradually became discouraged with the war while there, seeing the little progress made at the local hamlet level, let alone the entire country. I went to Hong Kong on R&R.

After Vietnam: After my tour, I was delighted to be assigned to my first choice of MCRD San Diego, supervising the boot camp Drill Instructors for one year, then bing the CG's aide for the last nine months of my service. I resigned in June, 1970. Loved the bachelor life on the beach in San Diego, and roomed for a time with USNA classmate Chuck Tebrich and TBS buddy, Dave Randall.

After My Initial Obligation was up: I'm not proud to say that it was an easy decision to leave the service in 1970, at that very difficult time. It is why I admire those who stayed in to build the military back to the strength it showed so well in the Gulf War of 1992. I graduated from the Stanford Business School in 1972 with an MBA. During the three summers of 1970-71-72, I was an exhibition skydiver at a watershow in Wisconsin. Four of us jumped into the show 3 times daily, 6 days each week. That helped me compile about half of my total of 1,400 jumps, until I quit the sport in 1972. I'd be scared to death to jump today!

My wife Jan was a local girl in that Wisconsin area with whom I was gradually smitten, happily marrying her in 1973, when I was 29. I went to night law school, passing the bar in 1980, but never practiced law. As a retrospective observation, I think the Stanford-student lifestyle then helped ease me back into civilian life after the intense 8 years of USNA/USMC. Also, Jan helped me understand and focus on the "husband/family" things in life which had theretofore (and may have forever) eluded me. As you may have noted, I've needed lots of personal help along the way!

My Current Life: I'm still working, and have no plans to retire. There is just enough daily pressure in my company to feel active and needed by the "young kids" with whom I have daily contact. I've been in the major shopping mall business my entire career, living mostly in SoCal, but with 10 years each in Dallas and Park City, Utah. We have a daughter (law professor, and administrator at the University of Washington Law School). She and her tech-industry husband have our two grandsons, a great joy of my life (ages 9 and 11). Our unmarried son lives near us. I still have all my hair, take no medications, and am in good health. Have had no veteran's health issues. I gave up skiing, and a lifetime of hockey, even as a super-senior player in local "beer leagues".

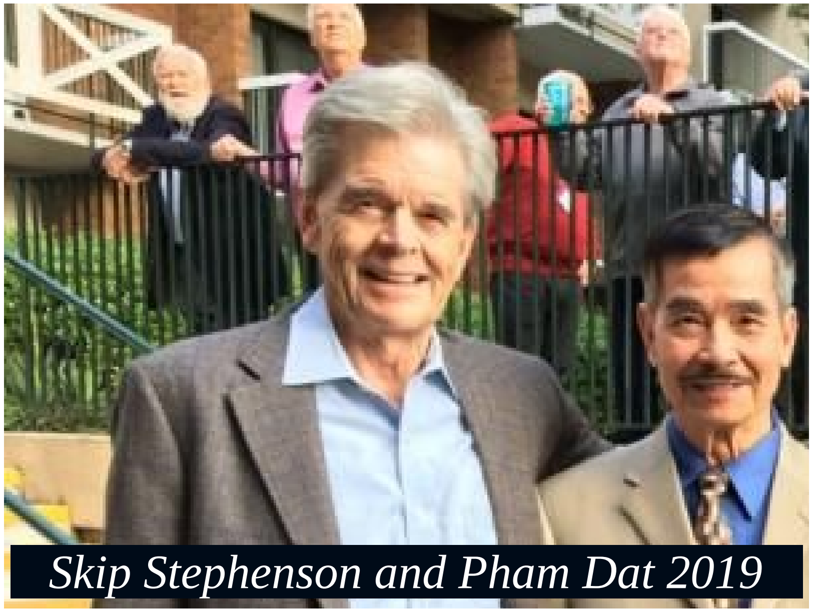
Jan and I are golf nuts, and our life mostly revolves around our local golf club, and golf travel with friends. Jan and I do Pilates 3 times each week, to "keep moving". I give a 45-minute talk to our golf club each year on Veteran's Day, complete with about 100 slides with pix and maps. This year will be the fifth presentation, on the Battle of the Bulge. The first four presentations were the Doolittle Raid, Iwo Jima and the flag raising, The Arlington/Unknowns story, and the Battle of Midway last year. The last two were recorded, if anyone is interested. The preparation requires lots of work, but I enjoy diving deeply into these great stories of heroes - and telling mostly civilian audiences about them.

Plans for the Future: I went back to Vietnam in 2007 with the USNA/USMC group organized by Carl Fulford. It was a fantastic experience for me, as well as for Jan and our daughter, who came along. I experienced that then-agonized country now at quiet peace. But, one visit back was sufficient.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: Band of Brothers, and all that means. Being part of a great team, such as USMC, is a great privilege.

My Home Address: 15 Via Di Nola, Laguna Niguel, CA 92677

Above: Hugh Ronalds and Skip Stephenson, 2019



Skip Stephenson and Pham Dat 2019

Below: Pham Duong Dat, Skip Stephenson, Le Van Cuu

Tran Dinh Thuy
Vietnamese Marine Corps

Skip Stephenson was Tran Dinh Thuy's TBS Roommate. Here he relates his remembrances as well as recent communications:

My TBS roommate was Tran Dinh Thuy. I reported on him in an earlier email to several members of our TBS Class, and repeat it here: "Thuy and I had little communication in our room at the BOQ. He spoke almost no English, and seemed remote and uninterested in any personal relationship. In retrospect, I wish I had been more patient and accommodating with him, given that it was him in the unfamiliar environment.

So, it was with some apprehension that I made the call to him (1/1/19). To my relief and delight, he immediately shouted my name, drawing a laugh from both of us. His English is passable now, and his granddaughter listened in, to clarify as needed.

After returning home to Vietnam in 1967, Thuy was seriously wounded for a second time as a rifle company commander in the Saigon area, and medically-retired in 1970. He operated a small retail shop until the fall of the RVN in 1975. Even though not on active duty, he was sent to a “re-education camp” north of Saigon for an undetermined term, and was released in 1983. It was a difficult time for him, with hard work, poor food and no contact outside the camp. He managed to emigrate to the U.S. in 1991, settling in Manassas, VA, where he lives today. Prior to his retirement four years ago, he was an assembly line worker at a company which built home cable boxes. His health is “not good” at age 78, but he is happy with his four kids and six grandkids, all nearby.

He got a kick out of the fact that I live relatively close to “Little Saigon” in SoCal, and that I took my wife and daughter to Vietnam in 2007 with a group of fellow USNA Marines, where we visited various sites from 40 years before. Of the ten RVN Marines from 2-67, 4 survive, all living in the U.S. I intend to stay in touch with Thuy, and offered any assistance to him that could be helpful. He was aware of the upcoming TBS reunion, but will have to be in Paris at that time for personal reasons, he said.

One final comment. See if this recollection of mine is yours, as well: When the RVN Marines arrived at 2-67, I distinctly recall being shocked at their relatively weak physical condition. For example, Thuy was thin as a rail, chain-smoked, and couldn't complete the O Course in a timely manner. It caused me then to underestimate the fighting capacity of the Vietnamese. I later realized that I had confused the ability to do many pushups/pullups/situps with the ability to march all day on a ball of rice, and fight all night, as we were soon to experience with "Mr. Charles."

2010

ĐANH-DỰ TỔ-QUỐC
THỦY-QUÂN LỤC-CHIẾN
60th Anniversary Vietnamese Marine Corps
2015
Houston Texas

2002

2002
MIL
DIL
S

WIFE
MOTHER IN LAW
DAUGHTER IN LAW
SON
THUY

Myles Still

Nickname: Cheyenne (call sign while flying F-4's)

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born and raised in Cheyenne, Wyoming. After graduating from high school in 1962, Tom Kildebeck and I rode the train to Annapolis. I made a good decision when I decided to join the Marine Corps rather than getting seasick on a destroyer based out of Norfolk, Virginia.

My Memories of TBS: I was single at TBS and I roomed with Larry Stone. He and I had a great time driving my '66 Mustang to Washington, DC, when we should have stayed back in our rooms at Camp Barrett spit shining our combat boots. Our Platoon Commanders Fred Fagan, Buzz Buse, and Larry Byers were very professional and prepared us well for our combat tours.

After Completing TBS: My roommate at Airborne Training in Fort Benning, Georgia, was Don Jackson. My five jumps out of C-130's at jump school went fine. I am glad that I didn't have to jump out of any other aircraft while flying F-4 Phantoms. After Airborne Training at Fort Benning, I went to Pensacola for BNAO training to become an NFO and RIO training at Glynco, Georgia.

Vietnam Era Service: In Vietnam, I joined VMFA 314 at Chu Lai and flew 437 combat missions. 112 were flown with Major Fred Schober and 46 with Manuel Estela. In August of 1969 I flew to Hong Kong for R&R with Georgi. I sat next to Mike Wunsch on the flight from Da Nang to Hong Kong. He and I talked about how glad we were that our tours were winding down and we were going home soon. It was a great pleasure to know Mike Wunsch. During my second tour in WESTPAC, I was temporarily assigned to Nam Phong, Thailand. While there I was able to join VMFA 232, thanks to 232's XO, Major Fred Schober. While with the Red Devils, I flew 13 flights with Hugh Ronalds.

After Vietnam: Returning to the states, I spent three years at El Toro with VMFA 323, including Top Gun Training at Miramar. My next assignment was Annapolis where I was 17th Company Officer at the Naval Academy. The next 8 years found us in Hawaii where I was XO of VMFA 212, CO of MABS 24, and XO of MCAS Kaneohe Bay. My last tour overseas was as CO of MABS 15 at Iwakuni, Japan, and Yechon, Korea, during Team Spirit.

12
DANGER
INTAKE
JET

My Current Life: Since retiring in 1991 from MCAS El Toro, California, I have lived mostly in Jackson, Wyoming, with a short stint in Frisco, Texas, near the grandkids. I have not returned to Vietnam since my previous tours there. I do remember the country was very beautiful, especially while we flew by at 500 knots. I do like working on old cars, especially my 1940 Ford Coupe that I've had since 1971. It's easier to work on during the three months of the year when it's not under a pile of snow. My son, Nate, lives over Teton Pass in Victor, Idaho. He builds custom homes in Idaho and in Jackson, Wyoming. Danny lives in Frisco, Texas, with his wife Mary and our four grandkids. I am looking forward to seeing all of you guys at Fredericksburg at the Reunion this May.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: My family and I especially enjoyed our three years at the Naval Academy while I served as Intramural Officer then 17th Company Officer for the '79 and '80 graduating classes.

My Home Address: 3765 Wilderness Drive, Wilson,
WY 83014

Claire Moosbrugger and Myles Still at Joe's Crab Shak

Joseph K. Taussig

Nickname: Joe

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in Chelsea, Ma. into a legendary Navy family (ships named after my great-grandfather, each of my grandfathers, an uncle, and possibly my father, who was awarded a Navy Cross at Pearl Harbor and who served for 12 years as an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, if they keep building ships).

I grew up in Annapolis. Graduated from Severn prior to 16th birthday. Not old enough for USNA and unable to pass the physical due to bad eyesight, anyway. I did a PG year at Suffield Academy with the intent to ultimately go to college with no thought of Navy. Eyesight rules changed in 1961 and I could qualify for a waiver. I entered USNA 10 days after turning 17. AP courses at Suffield allowed me to validate 27 hours of courses and enter nearly as a 3rd classman academically. Having started with credit for roughly half of the required courses, I could take a lot of electives. As a townie, my reputation preceded me, and so most of the faculty knew me prior to matriculation. As such, I was able to deal with each of them on the basis that I would not ask their daughters out if they gave me good grades. This was a virtuous spiral. The better the grades, the more electives one could take, and few professors of electives gave bad grades (daughters or not) because no one would sign up otherwise. Thus, I had enough credits to graduate by second class year and applied and was accepted into the George Washington master's program that was offered to faculty at the Naval Academy.

Because they did not want a Mid to take courses with faculty, the powers that be kiboshed that. In addition to a B.S. in engineering, I completed majors in History, English Literature, and Management, setting a record for credits at graduation and graduated just prior to my 21st birthday as the youngest in my class. At USNA, I was a marginal member of both the varsity wrestling and lacrosse teams. I was also two set company commander (winning most improved company, going from 34th to 4th), President of the Foreign Affairs Club (which hosted a conference drawing more than 1,000 students), winner of the Naval Order of the World Wars History Prize, and one of 20 graduates who received a Superintendent's Letter of Commendation for overall achievement. During summers at Navy, I went to Escape and Evasion School in Brunswick, Maine, Jump School in Ft. Benning, Georgia, and SCUBA School in Key West, Florida, so I was both jump and SCUBA qualified when I arrived at TBS. Heavily influenced by my company officer, Major Riley Love, and two uncles in the Marine Corps (what they did appealed to me far more than a prospective career on ships), I decided to join the Marines to stake out my own future rather than ride the coattails of my family. Unfortunately, I was not going to be 21 by graduation and there was talk of delaying my commissioning until I turned 21 a week later.

Because I would be senior to many of my USNA classmates, all NROTC Marine Options, all PLCs, and all Enlisted Commissioning Program officers if commissioned at graduation, but junior to all of them if delayed a week, I had to wage war to take the place I felt I had earned. Fortunately, I prevailed. Had I lost, I would have been promoted to Captain a year later than I was and would have been XO instead of CO of a company in 1/5 later on.

My Memories of TBS: I was married four days after graduation to Dorothy Caruso Porter (Dolly), the step granddaughter of Enrico Caruso, great granddaughter of Park Benjamin, who designed the USNA Seal, and daughter to Bill Porter USNA '47. At TBS I carpooled with Don Bonsper, Larry Barton, and Jack Consolvo, who was later KIA. Expert Rifle and Pistol. Loved being in the field, hated the classroom. Closest friends were Bonsper (company mate at USNA), Ty Trainor, Jack Consolvo, Chuck Warner (KIA), Jack Richards, and Skip Stevenson.

TBS Graduation: 03 first choice, 08 second. Was designated 0301/9953 (jump and SCUBA qualified) at graduation.

After Completing TBS: Was assigned to Defense Language Institute in Monterey to learn Vietnamese with a number of others (McBride, Cowan, Bonsper, Fred Smith, et al). The others then flew from Travis directly to Vietnam, but Fred and I were alphabetically at the tail end, and went to Pendleton to a staging battalion to retrain cooks, admin types etc. on how to be riflemen again. We then took the staging battalion on a ship to Da Nang arriving in Vietnam in July of 1967 as senior 2nd Lts.

Vietnam Era Service: Assigned to First Force Recon as a platoon commander/patrol leader. Took my first patrol with Andy Finlayson. Ran 21 other patrols. My platoon Sergeant was Larry Livingston, who was later commissioned and retired as a Major General. Livingston's replacement was Jack Mathis, who was also commissioned later on and served with Andy when he returned to Vietnam for a second tour, so I was fortunate enough to have two of the best Staff NCOs in Vietnam. Major Riley Love pinned on my silver bars a month or two after I arrived in-country.

After six months, I was supposed to rotate into a staff job. At the time I was planning to make it a career and since I was allergic to staff work and 1st Lts. were getting rifle companies, I submitted an AA form to transfer to the infantry in hopes of becoming a company commander. Be careful what you wish for. Tet broke out and the AA form was approved. I literally came off patrol and was immediately sent to the Fifth Marines, cammy on my face and all (my personal goods never caught up with me, so I never saw my class ring again). I was then sent to 1/5 and dispatched to Bravo company.

When I reported in to Bravo company, I asked to see the skipper and a staff sergeant walked up. It took me about 30 seconds to realize that I was the only officer in the company and the CO by default at the age of 22. Fortunately, for my men and me, it was the tail end of the battle, so I missed most of the house to house fighting. I remained a company commander in 1/5 until I rotated back in August.

After Vietnam: Returned to TBS, where I taught patrolling with Pat Collins and Tony Zinni. Then I took on two platoons and was assigned a third to fix a near mutiny when they relieved another officer mid-program. I never saw my seabag again. Daughter Vail was born in Quantico. She earned her BA in film and television production at Loyola Marymount in Los Angeles and her masters at Northwestern. She is married and has a daughter, Remi. Ironically, her successful career as a film and TV producer led her to be a producer of the ABC hit show "Quantico".

After My Initial Obligation was up: Difficult decision to get out. Loved being a company grade officer. What Majors, Colonels, and Generals did did not interest me. Having been a force recon patrol leader and rifle company commander in combat and a staff platoon commander at TBS, I felt that I had already had the best jobs a Captain could ever have and it was time to try something new.

My Current Life: Graduated from Harvard Business School in 1972. Became an investment banker and later Financial Officer of Wedbush Securities, which is still in business. Went to work for myself as a turnaround artist in 1974. First three attempts did not succeed. Later turnaround successes included CEO of

NASDAQ traded Jet Air Freight (out of chapter XI in 10 months and stock from 25 cents per share to $5.00), Instinet (from verge of bankruptcy, it later achieved $6 billion market cap), CEO of Interactive Data (later sold for $5.2 billion), CEO of Cabletek (sold to American Express), and CEO of United Press International, the news service.

Appointed by Jerry Brown to inaugural 11 person bipartisan California Economic Development Commission in 1976 along with George Dukmejian (future two term governor), Willie Brown (future mayor of San Francisco), and the most dangerous unarmed person I have ever encountered, Maxine Waters (still a Congresswoman). One afternoon a month for $1 a month plus expenses. Real eye opener on how dysfunctional politics can be.

Dolly and I divorced. I remarried and had two sons. Lost faith in urban America's ability to fix its problems (was wrong about that) and retired to Bermuda in 1990 to raise the boys in a better environment. Bored to tears with retirement, I jumped at the opportunity to start the first investment banking firm there a year later. Dumb lucky as Bermuda's insurance industry and hedge funds in general (most offshore funds were there) were in their infancy. I helped to finance most of its insurance industry (now the second largest in the world) and rode the hedge fund boom hard. Transitioned into founding and co-founding more than 50 specialty insurers, reinsurers, banks, brokerage firms, and companies that support those financial institutions in Bermuda and more than a dozen other countries. Seven have achieved net worths or market caps exceeding $1 billion. Most of the capital comes from the hedge fund industry, which likes to keep a low profile, so few are publicly traded. That said, two have listed on the NYSE and two trade on NASDAQ. In Bermuda, I served on the Telecommunications Commission, spawning Iridium, PanAm Sat, Global Crossing, and FLAG.

McBride and Taussig

I also served on the Competitiveness Commission (similar to the California one). Every two years, 120 bridge players survive a brutal elimination process to qualify for the world championships. I have qualified twice. In 2003, Françoise was General Counsel for Bank Julius Baer for everything outside of Switzerland (Hong Kong, Singapore, San Paolo, Montreal, New York, Miami, London, Bermuda, Bahamas, Cayman etc.), and had an opportunity to return to Europe and move to the business side of banking (which she thought would be more fun than legal) as the Head of Risk and later COO of Asia Pacific for Credit Suisse's Private Bank. Since I can do my business from anywhere, I tagged along as arm candy.

Robert, our older son, was in boarding School at St. Pauls when we moved to Switzerland and he stayed in the U.S. He later graduated from Hamilton College and followed Françoise into law, graduating from Boston College Law School. After passing the New York Bar, and practicing there for four years, he decided to go back to school to learn how to code and is now a software engineer at Merrill Lynch, where he writes code on the equities trading desk. He just got engaged at Christmas. Joey, the younger son followed us to Switzerland and went to high school there. He made the national under 19 rugby team and was named best all round student in high school. He worked for hedge funds every summer from the time he was 14 and had his series 7 while still in college. After graduating from Union College, he moved to New York to work in Wall St. Four years ago, he moved to Las Vegas to be a professional poker player and has succeeded at making a very good living at it.

Five years ago, Credit Suisse retired Françoise because of her age. Not ready to quit, she joined HSBC as the Global Head of Legal Special Projects (any serious unusual legal matter anywhere in the world was hers). She later picked up additional responsibilities as Head of Legal for Continental Europe for HSBC (she speaks six languages and is both a U.S. and Swiss lawyer). January 31st, HSBC forced her to retire again at age 69. Credit Suisse would not allow her to serve on outside boards, but she made it a condition of employment at HSBC. Still not ready to quit, she is currently transitioning into being a professional board member and an academic. She is an active angel investor and sat on the board of an angel platform that operates in 8 countries, has made 60 investments, was Europe's Angel of the Year in 2016, and the subject of a Harvard Business School case. She is also on the board of a food tech private equity firm with ties to the EU and 60 of the largest food companies (farming, machinery, processing, distribution) in the world. At the beginning of this year, she began teaching international financial law in the LLM program at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts. As such, we are in Boston until June, after which she will decide if teaching is for her and if so, where.

Plans for the Future: I am still working on 3 to 5 startups simultaneously, hoping to launch 1 to 2 a year. It is highly likely that Françoise will remain a professional director and teach law. For both of us, retirement plans are a gurney and a toe tag. After all, working is the most fun we can have with our clothes on.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: I was fortunate enough to have two great educations at Navy and Harvard. However, to the extent that I have been successful in business, nothing, and I mean nothing, prepared me better for business success than my four years in the Marines. It is not even close.

My Home Address: Im Gsteig 2, 8700 Küsnacht, Switzerland.

Thomas P. Taylor

Nickname: Tom

My Life Before Attending TBS: I lived in several small towns in South Texas before graduating from Cotulla HS. From there I went to Schreiner Junior college where I enrolled in the PLC program. After that I went to UT Austin where I got an MS in Civil Engineering. I studied soil-structure interaction of offshore oil platforms. I joined the Marine Corps because my father served in WWII and was wounded on Iwo Jima. After the Marine Corps I went to work for Exxon Production Research Company in Houston, Texas. Over the next 40 years I lived in six different countries. I retired the first time in 2000 but went back to work for ExxonMobil as a Contractor for another 15 years.

My Memories of TBS: I was married to the redhead who lived in the apartment above me on August 14 and our honeymoon was the drive from Corpus Christi, Tx to Quantico, Va where I reported to TBS on August 19. We were married for 49 years plus 49 weeks until she died of heart failure in 2016. With a brand new wife and the unbelievable training schedule, TBS was a blur to me. I mostly remember the respect that I felt for all of my classmates and the TBS staff. I also still appreciate Lts. Tebrich and Venuto who shared their BOQ with my MOLAR. My sword was stolen during one of my many civilian house moves.

TBS Graduation: I think the MOS was 6708. I was a radar officer in the Air Wing.

After Completing TBS: After graduation, I spent six months with the Air Wing in Cherry Point, NC

Vietnam Era Service: My first assignment after Cherry Point was to the First MAW in Da Nang. However, while standing in line at the San Francisco port of Embarkation, I saw a post card on the bulletin board that said, "Change of Orders for Capt. Thomas Taylor." When I reached the desk, they pulled out a new set of orders that assigned me to the 9TH MAB on Okinawa. So I spent several months on Okinawa then rotated to Chu Lai for a month then back to Okinawa, then rotated in for another month in Da Nang. My last year of service was back in Cherry Point, NC.

After Vietnam: Immediately after my release in 1969, I went to work for Exxon in Houston

After My Initial Obligation was up: My career interest was high tech Offshore Engineering. I was able to work in the Exxon Research facility for nine years where I worked on projects like the Alyeska pipeline, mechanical properties of ice and earthquake engineering. Then moved into design, construction and project management of a wide variety of offshore projects. I had the satisfaction of contributing to some of the largest and most innovative offshore projects ever built.

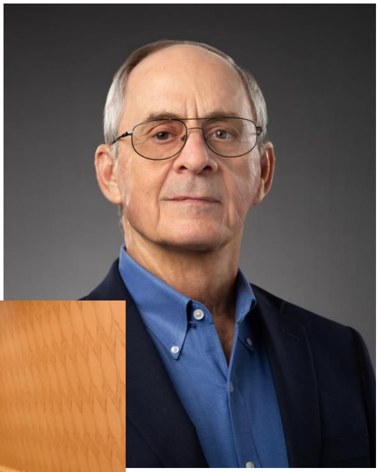
My Current Life: Engineering was my passion and I would have worked until I was pushed out the door, but I had to quit work and take care of my wife after she became ill. Still, to this day, every morning when I wake up my first thought is. "I wish I could go to work today."

Plans for the Future: I am retired and live in Austin, Tx a few blocks from my two daughters and three grandkids. So, I still have a rich family life. I play golf regularly with great enthusiasm and very little skill. On days that I do not play golf I go to the gym and workout. I also attend a "Men's Book Club", a movie review group and senior education courses at UT Austin. On the social side, I have taken up internet dating and dancing (for which I have even less talent than golf)

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: Service in the Marine Corps is one of my proudest achievements. I never miss a chance to tell new acquaintances that I was a Marine!

My Home Address: 9518 Bully Hill Cove, Austin, Tx 78759

Below: L-R Bob Kirkpatrick, Tom Taylor, Scott Gray



Charles Tebrich

Nickname: Chuck

My Life Before Attending TBS: My dad retired as a Navy CWO 4, so I lived all over the country, graduated from high school in Ann Arbor, MI and directly entered the Naval Academy. I played baseball and football in high school and played baseball and 150 lb football (now called Sprint Football) at the academy. My older brother had enlisted in the Marine Corps and along with the Marines I encountered at the Naval Academy, was an influence on my decision to choose the Marine Corps. Prior to reporting to TBS, I went through jump school at Ft. Benning with several of my Naval Academy classmates.

My Memories of TBS: I was not married while at TBS and roomed with Dale Venuto. Most of my liberty was in DC. Overall, I enjoyed and appreciated the training. I don't have particularly fond memories of laying in the snow overnight, waiting to be "attacked". I played briefly with the Quantico football team, but as I was not going to be a starter, I was "encouraged" to leave the team and focus on preparing to be a Marine.

TBS Graduation: Upon graduation, I was assigned to artillery which was my 2nd choice behind infantry.

After Completing TBS: Following TBS, I took a short leave and reported to Ft. Sill for artillery school. Upon graduation, I was assigned to Air Observer School in New River, NC, where I received a secondary MOS as an Air Observer.

Vietnam Era Service: Upon graduation from Air Observer School, I went to Vietnam, arriving on 4 July 1967. I was assigned to Battery D, 2nd Battalion, 12th

Marines. Unfortunately, I replaced a Naval Academy, TBS and Artillery School classmate, John "Doc" Doherty who was KIA just prior to my arrival. Shortly after my arrival, we were relocated from our rear base at Dong Ha to Con Thien overlooking the DMZ. In November I was transferred to the First Field Artillery Group, 11th Marines at Phu Bai. My primary role and the reason for my transfer was to fly as an Air Observer, utilizing my secondary MOS. I flew 81 combat missions, the majority in 0-1 Bird Dogs, piloted by Army pilots.

At that time, there were no remaining operational Marine Bird Dogs. When I flew with Marine pilots, I flew in the co-pilot seat of Hueys. All my flights were out of Da Nang, so I spent a lot of time traveling highway 1 between Phu Bai and Da Nang. When not flying, I served as Communications Officer and Assistant S2 for the First Field Artillery Group. I also was temporarily assigned as a Forward Observer to a South Vietnamese Ranger Battalion in Hue City. I was lucky enough to do R&R in Sydney in April. I returned to CONUS in July, 1968. The most noteworthy thing about my time in Vietnam was that I actually had the opportunity to work with US Marine ground and air, Army air, Air Force air, Naval surface (Naval Gunfire missions at Hue City) and South Vietnamese Army forces.

After Vietnam: Upon return to CONUS, I was assigned to the Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego where I served as a Series Officer and as Asst. Battalion S3.

After My Initial Obligation was up: I received orders to Vietnamese Language School, but unfortunately I was in the hospital when I received them. My appendix had burst and during the operation they discovered a diseased colon. I had no plans to leave the Corps, and when I was offered a disability separation, I fought the decision. I was placed on temporary limited duty at MCRD, and eventually was offered a medical retirement or permanent limited duty status.

Having no interest in being a paper-pusher, I took retirement as a Captain. I went to work for Ross Perot's company, EDS, and eventually was assigned to the Insurance Software division. I ended up working for over 30 years in that industry, for a couple of different software vendors as well as insurance companies. I spent most of my career in project management and services management. I traveled extensively throughout the U.S. and Europe. I lived mostly in Austin, TX prior to moving to Columbia, SC in 1988, where I still reside. I retired from the software business in 2004 and became a business broker, assisting clients in the purchase and sale of small businesses prior to my complete retirement in 2016.

My Current Life: A couple of years ago, my wife Karen and I moved to a house on a golf course. I am not a good golfer, but I enjoy playing and the comradery. We have a son who works as a civilian engineer at Dahlgren Naval Weapons facility in Fredericksburg, VA. He has a 3 year old son and a daughter on the way. I have a son (by a prior marriage) in Clayton CA where he works in the IT field. He and his wife have 2 daughters aged 10 and 4. We enjoy visiting the grand kids and also get up to Annapolis quite often, especially during football season. Karen recently retired and we plan to do a bit more traveling.

My Home Address: 434 Club View Dr., Elgin, SC 29045

Chuck Tebrich after checking for holes in plane... post-mission

Above: Chuck, Karen, Barbara Oatis

Upper Rt: Mike Kelly and Chuck

Lower Rt: Chuck at Khe Sanh

Chuck Tebrich...Con Thien…'monkey business'

Edward L. Trainor

Nickname: Ty

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born and raised in Bennington, VT. Played baseball and track in HS then attended Iowa St. University on an NROTC scholarship.

My Memories of TBS: I was married to Marci and lived in an apartment in Woodbridge. Our daughter Kim was born at the Naval Hospital in Quantico. One of my platoon mates, Bill Treadwell and I carpooled w/ Marci doing much of the driving.

TBS Graduation: Shortly before graduation while on the three-day war, Marci moved us from Woodbridge to Thomason apartments on-base. Since we owned nothing but our clothes and an infant bed, she made it in a couple of trips. We lived there during the three months of rock kicking directly following graduation while I awaited tank school. On returning to our quarters from graduation, we found a handwritten note pinned to the door that read "Ty - Why don't you and Marci come to our quarters tonight for bridge?, Fred" .....Who the hell is Fred? But wait - I recognized the "F" I had seen so often on papers returned to me by our SPC Lt. Fagan!

After Completing TBS: Although we were told not to take our wives to MOS school, Marci, Kim, and I camped across the country in time for me to attend tank school in Delmar CA. We found a small rental that suited us well and lived there for the three months it took to complete tank school and Staging Bn. Marci and Kim departed to stay with her folks in Iowa while I headed for the big green training aide.

Vietnam Era Service: I served with C Company Third Tanks as plt cdr then Co XO. I lost four fine men from my platoon - all on 16 Aug 1967. I think of them every day.

THIRD TANK
BATTALION

After Vietnam: I left RVN in Aug '68 and was reassigned to PISC. Over subsequent years I was fortunate to have over ten years in command including two companies, a recruiting station, a battalion, and the Recruit Training Regiment at Parris Island.

After My Initial Obligation was up: Both Marci and I grew up in small towns through high school and appreciated the family stability of that shared experience. As we neared the end of my four-year obligated payback we were concerned that the frequent moves required by a Marine career might be unfair to the kids. We made the decision to continue to march. Ten years later, we were living in Dallas TX (recruiting) and our two daughters asked for a conference (if you're a dad with a high school and pre-teen daughter you'll know my initial reaction!). Unsolicited, they wanted to inform us that it would be unfair of me to retire at 20. In their minds, doing so would mean their three year old brother wouldn't enjoy the life they'd known! How ironic that seemed to us.....I retired after a three year tour teaching at the Army War College in Carlisle, PA. with a few months shy of 30.

My Current Life: Along the way, Marci and I decided to get our masters in business management with the intent of starting some sort of business after the Corps. We opened our financial advisory business the Monday following my Friday retirement. I must say that I learned a tremendous amount during our 20 years running a business in the private sector, and have enjoyed watching our son and godson (both prior Marines) join as partners to successfully continue to build the practice.

Plans for the Future: Marci and I just celebrated our 53d wedding anniversary. We've been fortunate to retain our health and enjoy traveling to see our daughters & families in TX and VA. Our son lives just one town away from us in Mechanicsburg. We have six grandkids, one grandson is a LCpl in Okinawa .... so the Green continues to the third generation. If I had it to do over again, I'd do it all over again! Semper Fi brothers.

My Home Address: 45 Roaring Creek Ct., Carlisle, PA 17013

William E. Treadwell

Nickname: Bill

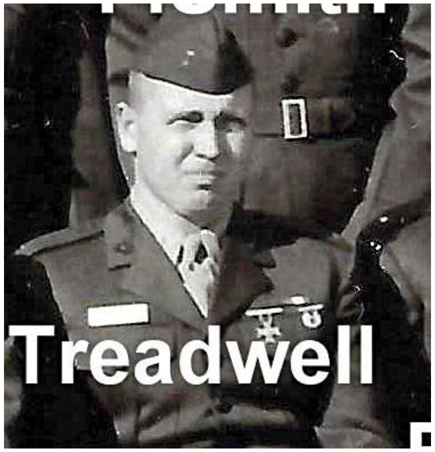
My Life Before Attending TBS: January 17, 1937 was a cold wintry day in northern Arkansas but it was the date, 82 years ago that marked my arrival into the world. It has been a wonderful ride. I was raised in Arkansas, California, Nevada, Nebraska, Oklahoma and Kansas. Mostly in Kansas. By my high school years I had a sweetheart, wanted to be a tool and die maker and travel. At 20 I married my high school sweetheart, Phyllis, and was working at Boeing in the tooling machine shop. At 21 Uncle Sam changed my life forever. He invited me to serve in his Armed Forces for (2) years. We, Phyllis and 1, discussed it and decided on the Marine Corps. My family had no military service history. My father had served with the Army Air Corps as an ordnance man and tail gunner in B-29s. If we liked the Corps we would stay 20 years otherwise it would be (3) and out. A waiver was necessary as I was married. Two years later I loved the Corps but wanted to become an officer. In 1961 I applied for the NESEP program and was accepted. Also in 1961 we had our first child "Sheryl".

My Memories of TBS: In 1962 I was assigned to the University of Louisville, Speed Scientific School for study. In 1963 we had our second child "William". Four years later, 1966, with a Mechanical Engineering degree and having completed PLC I was commissioned in the USMC. The Basic School was next. We, four of us, now, moved to Quantico rented a house in Woodbridge and prepared for TBS. Phyllis learned how to cut my hair. The first couple of times were pretty bad so we went for high, tight and short, which worked well since I didn't have much hair anyway.

Remembering TBS now is mostly a blur of classes and field exercises . Lieutenant Fagan stands out, especially the occasion when I was quite ill and the squad leader wanted to leave me behind. Lt Fagan informed me I could get my "terra sierra" chit signed in sick bay. It was a long (3) days in the snow covered hills of northern Virginia. However, it solidified the Corps never-quit attitude and served me well later. Another time he informed me I looked like a 2nd Lt. crouching behind a bush and to do it properly (he used different words). The ground was muddy and cold but cover and concealments were much better. Ty Trainor, Robison, Randall, Roland and Taussig, are the men I most remember.

TBS Graduation: Shooting was always enjoyable. I shot expert with the pistol and sharpshooter with the rifle. I was assigned a 6700 MOS, my first choice, upon graduation and headed to my next duty station.

After Completing TBS: After a leave I arrived for duty with 2nd LAAM BN, 29 Palms, CA. First as a support platoon commander, then to Hawk missile school, then back to duty with 2rd LAAM Bn. There was duty as Firing Platoon Commander and with Battalion S3.



Vietnam Era Service: In 1969 assignment to MACG-18 FPO, San Francisco, RVN was my first overseas tour. Assigned to S3, I was there for a short period then assigned to an advance party for the return of HAWK unit equipment to CONUS. First to Twentynine Palms then to Barstow CA. Upon task completion the advance party returned to MACG-18 where I was subsequently assigned to S4 as assistant to Major H.N. Johnson, who was later assigned as an instructor at the Naval Academy.

After Vietnam: I requested assignment to the Guided Missile System Design Course, was accepted and upon completion of the Vietnam tour was assigned to the Guided Missile System Design Course, Fort Bliss, Texas. It was an intensive nine (9) month course covering engineering college technical courses and guided missile design fundamentals.

After My Initial Obligation was up: Stayed in. Upon course completion I was assigned to the Long Range Branch MCB Quantico, VA. This was 1971 and we were missioned to design the Marine Corps for the 1990s. I had studied the air cushion concept while at Speed Scientific School and had presented a paper at the Illinois Institute of Technology. It was rewarding to learn the Corps was exploring the air cushion concept for it's future landing craft. While at the Long Range Branch I applied for the Advanced Degree Program and was accepted. In January 1973 I was assigned to the I&1 staff, Norman, OK as a student. My studies were at Oklahoma State University, Stillwater where I studied Industrial Engineering and Management. Graduating in May 1974, I was assigned to MCAS Beaufort, SC as Management Engineering Officer. The Commanding General at Cherry Point, who then had purview over East Coast facilities wanted to logistically combine MCRD Parris Island and MCAS Beaufort. My mission was to determine project feasibility. It was an extraordinarily interesting effort, not practical for the most part but interesting. Some components were combined.

In 1976 my turn came around for another overseas tour and I was assigned to MWHS-1, 1st MAW stationed on Okinawa. There I was assigned as Wing Personnel Officer. It was not my favorite tour. Halfway through the tour I wrote to Phyllis and asked her to come over and see some of the Orient. She obliged, bought a ticket and arrived at Kadena AFB. We toured the island, took in the sights and traveled on to Taiwan for a stay in the Grand Hotel. When we landed, Phyllis convinced someone that she had powers beyond the norm. It was raining and had been for some time, the taxi driver who wanted to shuttle us around the City apologized for the rain and explained it was expected to go on for some time. Phyllis said “oh no it will go away now” and with that she raised her arms, crossed them and recited one of the childhood verses. She raised her hand again and the rain stopped immediately. The taxi driver was awestruck. For that matter I was impressed too. After that wherever “Miss T” wanted to go we went. Anywhere to please her. It was an enjoyable few days and a great trip for her.

In 1977 with that overseas tour completed I was assigned to Schools Bn MCCES (Marine Corps Communication Electronics School) MCB 29 Palms Ca. The C.O., Col. DiPrima was a man of few words. When I reported he opened my OQR thumbed through it, looked up at me and said “Major Treadwell I am assigning you as CO, Alpha Co... You have a problem down there. Fix it". He was correct, we did have a problem. There were over 1,000 Marines in Co A, all students at Communication Electronics School, and we had a small staff to manage them. First Sergeant Milner, 03 MOS, was excellent. He guided me as only a top notch 1st Sgt. can guide a new CO. With his help, a good XO and time, the Company came around. It was a great end of career cruise.

My Current Life: November 30,1978 was my retirement date. I knew I would forever remember the Marines encountered in those 20 years. And so I have. The names and faces have faded but never my love for the Corps and it's Marines.

Post retirement we, myself and family, retired to Stillwater OK where I began a second career in engineering. First with Mercury Marine in Stillwater as a Manufacturing Engineer. There I was responsible for design and procurement of tooling and fixtures and modifying assembly lines to accommodate changes to Mercruiser Stern Drives and Mercury/ Mariner Trolling motors .

In 1980 I accepted a position with the Conoco Central Engineering Department in Ponca City, OK. They wanted an engineer to design, develop, and implement a Construction Material Control System (CMCS). My mission was to build the team then to develop and implement the CMCS. Five years later it was up and running. In 1985 I returned to Mercury Marine as a Manufacturing Engineer supervising the Design Group and the Tool and Fixture Machine shop.

Plans for the Future: In 1991 I retired from Mercury Marine. Phyllis' parents and mine required much closer attention than previously. We devoted our time to them and RV travel when it could be arranged. Our parents have now passed away, the last in 2012. We live quietly in Stillwater as we have since my military retirement.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: The Bonus Question; What sticks out in your mind about our shared experience at TBS was and is how well TBS prepared us as Marine Officers. We started as individuals and finished as a composite of each officer we met there. The melding of quantities, the instruction and the exercises prepared us to better serve the Corps.

Computer savvy-Possibly, I use one every day but not in a broad spectrum. Facebook: No, Twitter: No, Text: Yes. Smart Phone: We have them. I covet the new iPhone XS but am waiting for the 5G enabled version. Regrets: Not keeping a log/diary. Looking back and not being able to recall names, places and events is a definite bummer. Positives: Phyllis completed her accounting degree, set for the CPA and became a practicing CPA. Our daughter Sheryl followed her Mom, completed her accounting degree at OSU and is now a CPA living in Philadelphia PA. Our Son William obtained a business degree from Central State University in Edmond Oklahoma. He is a Security Supervisor here in Stillwater. We have (5) grandsons. Two have graduated, one has (1) course to complete, one is attending Northwestern University and one is still in high school.

My Home Address: 1719 N. Young St. Stillwater, OK 74075. In about three months it will be: 6 E. Janice, #202, Yukon, OK 73099

Richard Wheeler

Nickname: Wheels

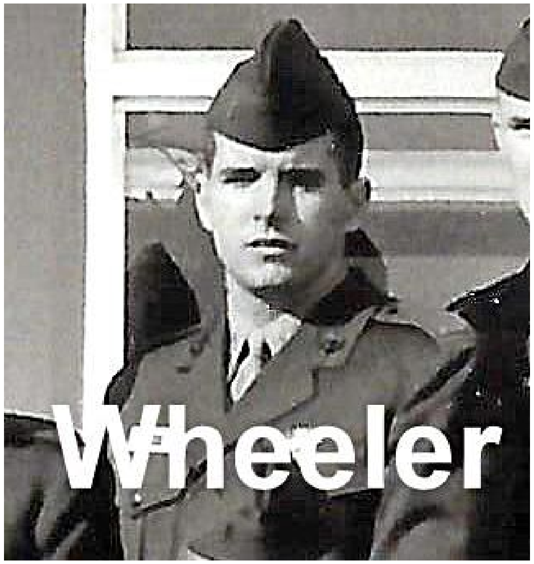
My Life Before Attending TBS: B-Orlando Fla Raised Port Washington N.Y. Colgate U-BA Poly Sci -PLC FR and JR summers. Played Varsity football, basketball and baseball in H.S. Dad was Navy JAG.

My Memories of TBS: John Weber roomie---highlight leading Company for one week---I think it changed LT Fagan's evaluation of me---had buddies in DC I'd visit OVERALL A GREAT EXPERIENCE WITH GREAT GUYS

TBS Graduation: 1300 1st choice.

After Completing TBS: LEAVE---then Pendleton to V.N Nov-67 Engineering school Lejeune.

Vietnam Era Service: To Be Updated.



John Burwell Wilkes

Nickname: John or "Burwell"

My Life Before Attending TBS: I was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan the son of an Army doctor who was raised in rural Mississippi where I spent a great deal of summer time. I was called "Johnny Reb" or the "Damn Yankee" depending on where I was. My high school was South High, which was earlier attended by Gerald Ford. I had an opportunity to join the Detroit Tigers organization but turned it down to go to college. I became a Marine officer candidate in 1966 after graduating from Vanderbilt University and found it was difficult to get a decent job because I no longer had a draft deferment.

After being commissioned a second lieutenant, I was sent to Pensacola for flight training. Despite high academic grades, and good flight grades, the Navy medical unit at Pensacola determined I had overly sensitive semicircular canals and would not be able to overcome my susceptibility to motion sickness. While waiting for the Marine Corps and the Navy to debate my fate, I had a short stint with the Pensacola football team. We were told that Roger Staubach was coming to Pensacola, and I had dreams of being his backup. But they sent me back to Quantico to enter The Officers' Basic School, and Roger went someplace else.

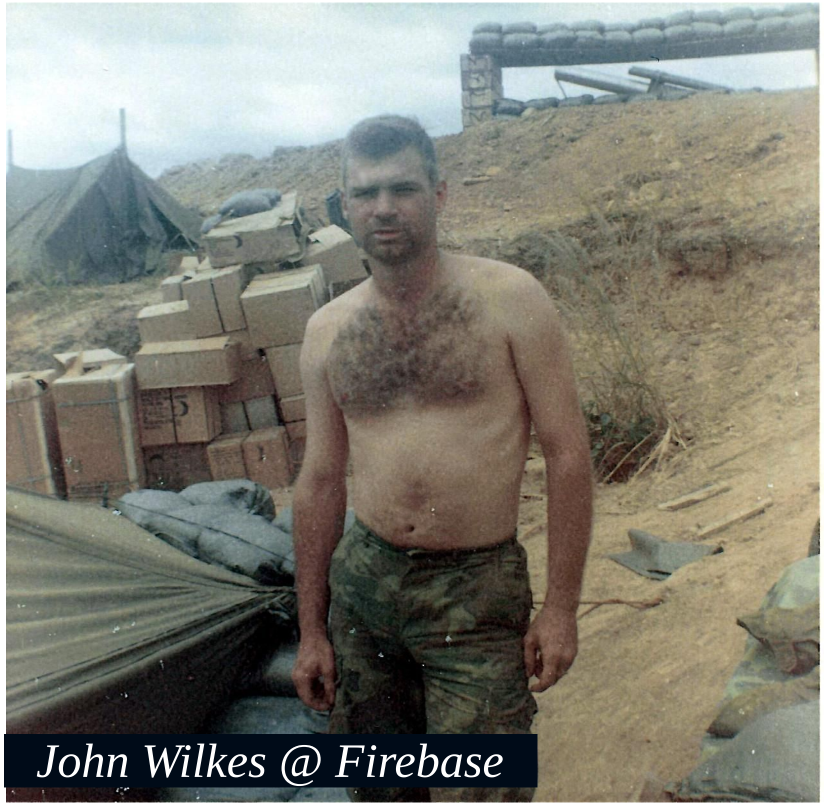
My Memories of TBS: I was married at TBS. In fact I got married five days before reporting to OCS. We were quite poor. My wife, Jo Ann, had to twiddle her thumbs in an unfurnished Melrose Garden apartment with only my dog to keep her company during the long training days.

TBS Graduation: I was ordered to Artillery School at Fort Sill. Don't remember what my preference was, but ultimately was quite pleased with it.

After Completing TBS: After completing TBS, I was ordered to the Artillery Officers Course at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Next, I was assigned to the State Department language school to study Vietnamese in preparation for my tour of duty in Vietnam. During this time, I supplemented my language training by playing semi-pro baseball and then football for a team sponsored by Headquarters, Marine Corps. During the latter, I sustained a torn cartilage in my knee, the diagnosis of which was missed at Bethesda Naval Hospital and ultimately required surgery at Camp Pendleton, California, after the torn cartilage was aggravated by the rigors of the hills of Las Pulgas while, as OIC, I commanded a company of Marines conditioning for the combat zone. During mandatory rehabilitation from the knee surgery and again delayed for Vietnam, I was assigned the duties of Staging Battalion Defense Council - my first experience as a lawyer.

Vietnam Era Service: Finally, after reaching the Republic of Vietnam in early 1968, I was assigned to 2nd Battalion, 13th Marines, as a forward observer for "M" Company 3/27 based in the "desert area" south of Da Nang. In August the 27th Marines' flag was returned to Camp Pendleton. I was promoted to Captain and, while awaiting transfer orders, was put in charge of an Observation Post atop the vertical rock mountain high above the city of Da Nang. Using my artillery skills I developed a system using the powerful xenon spotlight and a BC scope that saved a great deal of wasted ammunition and made H&I fires protecting the city much more effective.

I was then transferred to 3rd Battalion, 12th Marines in Northern I Corps where I served briefly as an assistant operations officer at the Battalion Fire Direction Center before being entrusted with the command of the First Provisional 155 Howitzer Battery. I took over the battery while it was heavily engaged in combat, with all other officer billets vacant or absent.


John Wilkes @ Firebase

My predecessor actually left the battery simultaneous with my arrival, on the same helicopter. Even though I had never served in a battery, I simultaneously functioned as the Commanding Officer, the Executive Officer, and Fire Direction Officer, in constant combat for a month before receiving lieutenants to fill the officer billets. “1st Prov.” was the only 155 battery capable of going into the interior of the country under operational control with the 9th Marines. Consequently, my entire tour as the battery Commander was in combat, and my battery was used in several operations culminating in Operation Dewey Canyon for which I received a Bronze Star with "V" and a Presidential Unit Citation.

After Vietnam: Soon after returning to the States my active duty obligation expired, and I was released from active duty. I immediately joined the Marine Reserve program and enrolled in law school at Vanderbilt University. My first reserve billet, the summer before law school, was as executive officer of a military police company transitioning to become a rifle company in Grand Rapids, MI. While attending law school I served as a platoon commander and executive officer of another reserve rifle company in Nashville, Tennessee. Promoted to the rank of Major, I then served as the intelligence officer of a Marine Air Wing Staff Group at Naval Air Station, Millington, Tennessee, until becoming a project officer studying manual war games for the Mobilization Training Unit in Nashville, Tennessee. The culmination of this project was my drafting of a recommendation for the commander to the Commandant of the Marine Corps that the Corps build its own battalion level manual war game, which eventually resulted in the production of Steelthrust, a manual war game that was used extensively for training battalion Combat Operations Centers for many years.

After My Initial Obligation was up: In 1979 I was selected to join HQ Detachment 5 in its mission to manage the Marine Corps Combat Readiness Evaluation System (MCCRES) for infantry units (commonly referred to as “Volume II”) of the 4th Marine Division, as well as the three active duty Marine divisions. I was specifically responsible for the Fire Support Coordination aspects of the evaluations and was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel while serving in this capacity. In 1985, I was selected to command the 4th Battalion, 14th Marines headquartered in Birmingham, Alabama. The battalion consisted of a headquarters battery and three firing batteries of 155 self-propelled howitzers with approximately 700 Marines and $25,000,000 of equipment. The battalion recorded an almost perfect score during its own MCCRES evaluation at Fort Carson, Colorado, during my tour as commander.

After completing my command tour in 1987, Iwas offered the position of operations officer for HQ Detachment 4 in Chicago and managed the unit’s artillery MCCRES mission. I was selected and served as the 4th Division’s representative on the committee to rewrite the Marine Corps' combat readiness standards for artillery (commonly referred to as “Volume V”) at Fort Sill. In 1989 I joined the IMA Detachment of FMF Europe after taking a civilian job in Ireland. In the same year, I was promoted to the rank of Colonel and assumed the billet of OIC of the Reserve Detachment of FMFEUR with the mobilization billet of Headquarters Commandant of FMFEUR’s suburban base in northwest London. My last billet before retirement was Chief of

Staff for the 4th Marine Corps District, and as such I was in charge of many reserve units on the Atlantic seaboard including the MTU at CIA headquarters.

My military education includes graduation from the Amphibious Warfare School, Command and Staff College (both Marine Corps and Air Force), Landing Force Planning School (all levels), Naval War College (National Security Decision Making), and National Defense University (RCNSC). During my last assignment, I also served as a controller for the National Defense University's Reserve Components National Security Course (career course for reserve colonels from all services). At my last presentation of the course at NAS Pensacola, I was selected to be the Exercise Director in the absence of the regular Army officer who had been recalled for the regular course in Washington. As a military author, I have been published in the Marine Corps Gazette, the most professional publication of the Corps, with a feature article for the particular edition on Fire Support Coordination - an extremely rare achievement for a reserve officer. I also was selected to serve on several promotion boards at HQ Marine Corps. I retired after thirty one years of service with full military honors and a parade at Marine Corps Reserve Support Center in Kansas City in October 1996 and was awarded the Meritorious Service medal.

Civilian History: In civilian life, I am a retired airline executive and aviation attorney. After law school I wanted to prove the Navy doctors wrong and obtained a pilot's license in 1973. I also became Nashville, Tennessee's first night judge and was in private practice with a Nashville firm until 1978 when I accepted the position of General Counsel for Capitol International Airways, which operated DC-8s and DC-10s in world wide passenger service. I then served as the Executive Vice President and Chief Operating Officer of an airplane leasing company in Ireland. I eventually returned to the States and served as President and Chief Executive Officer of Buffalo Airways, a 707 cargo carrier that hauled supplies to Desert Shield/Storm. I received the civilian medal for that campaign from the Air Force.

I joined the United States Air Force Auxiliary in August of 1993 and accepted the Civil Air Patrol grade of Lieutenant Colonel. I was immediately assigned the billet of Wing Legal Officer, which I held for ten years. Simultaneously, I accepted the command of the Singing River Composite Squadron, headquartered on the Mississippi Gulf Coast. I held this position until March of 1999, when I was promoted to the position of Vice Commander of the Mississippi Wing and in March 2003, was installed as the Wing Commander and again promoted to the rank of Colonel. I am a mission check pilot with a senior pilot rating.

I have attended the CAP's Legal Staff College three times, the Southeast Region Staff College, the Inspector General Staff College, the National Staff College, and the Wing Commanders' Course. I have completed all Levels of the CAP professional development program and was presented the Gill Robb Wilson Award. During my time with the CAP, I flew the Sundown Patrol for several years and hundreds of hours looking for boaters in trouble along Mississippi's Gulf Coast. I also served as the Judge Pro Tempore of the Pascagoula, Mississippi City Court. I have also been active in the United States Power Squadrons. I have been the commander of the Singing River Sail and Power Squadron twice and commander of the USPS District which includes the Florida Panhandle, southern Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. After becoming fully retired from all the above endeavors, I became a published author. Work on my first novel, Raventross, began in 1990 while living in Ireland. It was not completed and published until 2011. I have since written and published two sequels, Frigatefire, and Backgannet. Descriptions of the novels can be found on my website: www.johnburwellwilkes.com.

My Current Life: My hobbies include singing Irish and American folk songs with my guitar, flying my RV-8 airplane, which I built with much help from others and painted in Marine Corps Training Command livery (a picture can be seen on the web site), and bonding with my 80 pound American Dingo buddy, my constant companion. I married my wife, Jo Ann Westover of Grand Rapids, Michigan, on January 1, 1966, five days before reporting to Marine OCS at Quantico, Virginia, and we are still married (53+years). I enjoy speculating that I might be related to Chesty Puller, but I have nothing to base that speculation on except the fact that I share a middle name with the General, and the Wilkes, Puller, and Burwell families originated in Colonial Virginia where they often intermarried and used maiden names as middle names.

Plans for the Future: My plan is to do whatever strikes my fancy in the time I have left.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: The satisfaction and pride of being a Marine and never regretting a moment of it.

My Home Addresses: 14605 Creek Edge Drive, Holland, MI 49424 (primary): 4516 Willow St., Pascagoula, MS 39567 (winter cottage)

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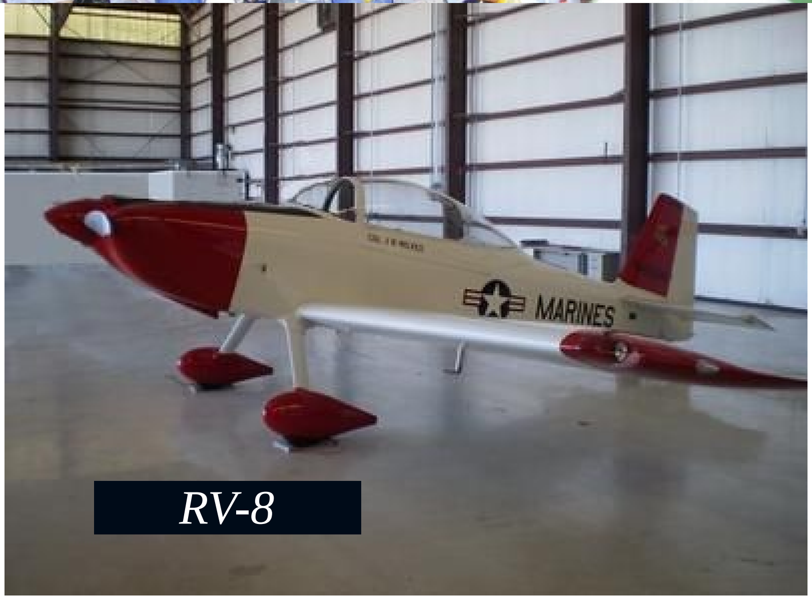


RV-8

Tom Williamson

My Life Before Attending TBS: NROTC via Georgia Tech. Loved cars, drag racing

My Memories of TBS: Married and raised two decent, hard-working children, thanks to a good wife. Never could shoot worth a damn...still can't !!

TBS Graduation: 0302

After Completing TBS: 30 day leave, Pendleton and Da Nang

Vietnam Era Service: Directly to 1st Force Recon in Da Nang and Phu Bai the whole 13 months. Served with Andrew Findlayson as a patrol leader then returned to Quantico as OCS platoon instructor and SDT (those Basic School "enemy" grunts) Company XO.

After My Initial Obligation was up: Discharged after 4 years, farmed and still live on a small piece of land I loved and cared for. Blessed to work at something I loved.

My Current Life: Divorced mid-80's and now have a much younger companion who keeps me active. We enjoy all sorts of water activities, fishing, sailing, scuba, kayak, windboarding. Lost our little retreat in Mexico Beach last October but have yet to rebuild. Haven't seen a doctor since MC days but surely falling apart !!! Still fool with rebuilding old cars, engines and transmissions. Do some computer stuff, mostly buying/selling on eBay.

Plans for the Future: Been blessed with my time on this earth, hope I've used it wisely. Love the slow and quiet of rural Alabama, don't look back much at all.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: Please remember my friend and our classmate, Larry Stone, who was killed May 22nd, 19 and 67. Memorial Day has that meaning to all who gave their lives. I hope God has blessed him in some fashion.

My Home Address: 6605 South County Road 75,
Pansey, Alabama 36370

Tom at 1st Force Recon

John T. Winkler

My Life Before Attending TBS: John Winkler was born in St. Louis, Missouri and attended Lutheran High School. Track was my sport. I particularly liked the mile, half mile and two mile cross country. The University of Missouri at Columbia came after high school where everyone attended two years of ROTC. I applied for and received a Navy scholarship and elected the Marine option after two years. My major ended up being English Education. My plan was to attend law school after graduation. That did not happen because the needs of the service at that time did not include lawyers. Upon graduation I was far enough into graduate work that I was allowed part of a year to complete a masters degree before TBS. My hobbies were hunting, fishing, and all sports. Early college jobs were camp counselor, construction worker, and farm worker. One of the University of Missouri NROTC instructors was a picture perfect Marine Gunnery Sergeant who could sell igloos to Eskimos and was very successful recruiting what he considered to be "his people" to the Marine Corps.

My Memories of TBS: Before leaving University for TBS I married Judy Cannady from Kansas City. We are currently working on fifty-four years of marriage. My roommate my last year of college was Richard Mueller, our classmate at TBS and a Marine named Richard Blanchfield, not a TBS classmate but a retired 30 year aviator some of you may know. At TBS my roommates were bachelors who were delighted to accommodate a few married guys, their wall lockers, 782 gear, and our mess in their rooms. Richard Mueller, who roomed with me in college, and Chuck Royer were two married officers I remember from the locker room days and car pooling to Woodbridge every day. Other officers I remember were Chuck Warner, who sat next to me in class. Joe Tausig, Dale Wyrauch, and Larry Stone all sat close by. Training could not be characterized as best or worst. The focus was on learning as much as possible to be the best officer you could be and lead your Marines as skillfully as possible.

Some training, however, was memorable. During the night compass march I remember the officer in front of me stepped off the bank of Beaver Dam Run in the pitch black darkness and into it a wet muddy heap. No one hurt so on we went. The rifle range was an interesting week where the importance of breath control came into my lexicon. For some reason the 500 yard line was comfortable and I qualified expert. Pistol qualification was also expert. I remember being uncomfortable at times, but then we always said we practiced and became experts at being miserable. One attack problem was cold, raining hard with lightning flashing. The three day war was cold. Snow was on the ground and water froze hard at night. One boot fell out of my sleeping bag at night and into a hole with water in it that froze. It was a challenge to get it on in the morning and get going. Tactics and patrolling instruction was particularly interesting and I wanted to absorb as much as possible.

Fred Fagan was an outstanding platoon commander and I tried to stay out of his crosshairs. My wife did not attend a wives' gathering because she was teaching and I learned that maybe I should have waited for her to be issued by the Marine Corps. My Mameluke Sword hangs in my home office. It has become my weapon of choice for cutting Marine Corps Birthday cake.

TBS Graduation: Upon graduation my preferred assignment was artillery and I was fortunate enough to get it. I think I would have requested infantry first except for the fact that many of my classmates were requesting infantry and as Naval Academy graduates were more likely to get their preference. Either was fine with me.

After Completing TBS: After TBS Fort Sill was the next stop where again it was a steep learning curve. Fortunately, my instructor there was a Marine who was not only very knowledgeable, but enjoyed having a number of Marines in his class. He was not only a great teacher but I believe pushed the Marines to learn and take a number of the top academic spots in class. I was not a top academic student at Fort Sill but was well qualified as an artilleryman when I left. A couple of things were memorable from Ft. Sill including the cold wind out of the north with nothing to stop it on the Oklahoma plains except the OP we were on. One bunker shoot was quite special. We were allowed to call a fire mission of 105 mm howitzers in on our bunker to see how it felt to be up close and personal to a fire for effect. Spectacular.

Vietnam Era Service: After Fort Sill graduation and a short 20 day leave I met other recent classmates in San Francisco for the trip to Vietnam. We stopped in Hawaii for fuel and landed in Okinawa early in the morning local time. After storing uniforms and getting shots, including the dreaded gamma globulin shot we headed for Da Nang. Once in Da Nang I was assigned to the First Division and the 11th Artillery Regiment. The next day was a short flight to Chu Lai. There, we were to wait for transportation to Regiment at a bunker. The bunker had a sign on the blank side of a c-ration box with simple instructions to wait for transportation. We made the collective decision not to wait. That story is for another day.

Guy Pete, Ed Walsh, Bill McBride, Jack Richards, John Winkler. Madison Fl, 2019

We did arrive at Regiment late that afternoon where I was assigned to the Provisional 155mm General Support Battery. The Battery had 155mm towed howitzers and 107mm mortars of both the base plate and Howtar variety. Before heading for my Battery we were assigned a tent and spent the night. During the night we were welcomed by a rocket attack which shredded my seabag and left me with only the utilities I was wearing. The next day I begged, borrowed, but did not steal, new jungle utilities. I completed my new wardrobe by going out on a patrol for an officer in the infantry with priority for jungle utilities.

My initial assignment was Fire Direction Officer at the Battery. The rest of the 5th Marines were finishing Operation Union I and then into Operation Union II. After officially becoming an 0802 my next assignment was an independent command as the OIC of the 107mm mortar platoon on a hill named Nui Loc Son at the far eastern end of the Que Son Valley. Companies of 1st Bn. 5th Marines rotated through Nui Loc Son. Hugh Ronalds was in one of the companies there for a time and I remember supporting my classmate Chuck Warner his last night. Also in the area through Union II, Swift, and Cochise were classmates Rich Mueller, Ken Moore, and others. It was generally a time of tough fights in the area. After returning to the Battery after 45 to 60 days at Nui Loc Son I became Battery XO. Shortly thereafter 5th Marines began moving North and we moved out of the Que Son area. At the new location the 5th Marines, after a very short period, moved further North and the First Air Cavalry replaced 5th Marines. I remained with the Battery to support the Air Cavalry while the CO and Battery rear went to Da Nang. My short life with the Air Cavalry was quite an eye opener. They had more gear than I thought existed in the world, used a lot of artillery, and did not walk anywhere. They flew everywhere.

I learned a different way to conduct operations but preferred the Marine way. The best part was if I needed to go someplace, like Battalion, I just checked out a pilot and chopper and went. It was almost like using Uber. At about the time the Army started setting up a field hospital behind the Battery with a real mess hall I received a call to Battalion Headquarters. I was to become the Battery Commanding Officer with the assignment to become part of Battalion Landing Team 3/1. As part of BLT 3/1 the Battery was designated Whiskey Battery with 6 Howtars and remained with BLT 3/1 with me as Commanding Officer until after Tet 1968 and 3/1 was ready to come off Amphibious Ready Group status. BLT 3/1 mostly operated during Tet 1968 along the Cua Viet river and then along Route 9 east and west of Camp Carroll. I was fortunate to have a command heavy tour of Vietnam.

After Vietnam: After Vietnam I requested to go and did return to TBS as an instructor. The package I taught was general military subjects in combat intelligence and NBC warfare with additional assignments assisting in tactics and patrolling. While instructing at TBS and being OIC and Commanding Officer of Marines in Vietnam was as fulfilling as it gets, I decided to get out at the end of my commitment and stay in the reserve program.

After My Initial Obligation was up: When my initial tour ended as an instructor at TBS, I took a management position with Volkswagen of America learning the automobile business. After two years an opportunity came up to become a partner in a Porsche+Audi retail dealership in College Park, Maryland. I remained in the car business for approximately ten years until Audi was the subject of a 60 Minutes piece on TV talking about alleged accelerator stick overpowering brakes and injuring people. The problem was never proven but the franchise went through decline until it was reborn about a decade later and became what it is today.

At the time I possessed the right to a commercial sewer permit in Prince Georges County. At that time a commercial permit was an eight to ten year wait. Being lucky is sometimes more important than being smart so I sold it to a mega dealer who wanted the sewer permit for his new Honda franchise. I turned to buying historic buildings in Alexandria, Virginia, fixing them up and renting or selling them. Several years later I was offered a position managing the commercial division of a large real estate firm in Virginia.

During this period I had time to pursue the Marine Corps Reserves where I developed an interest in intelligence. A reserve billet opened at CINCLANT in intelligence which gave valuable experience in the Atlantic theater in intelligence. I served on the active staff during Grenada as a senior intelligence watch officer. Later I was assigned to Fleet Marine Forces Atlantic as part of G-2 acting as counterpart to G-2. I implemented a program where reservists who had actual skill sets in intelligence were brought in to do real world support to the G-2 staff. Later that program moved to Washington under Commandant Gray where Marines with civilian language, business relations, or other civilian skills in areas of interest were brought in to help the Corps. I later directed this same program in Plans, Policy, and Operations at HQMC. I retired from the Marine Corps as a Colonel in 1995 after being chief of staff for Second MEF(forward) and taking a MEB staff to Norway on the Wasp. Significant personal awards are the Bronze Medal with combat "V" and two Legion of Merit medals from Headquarters Marine Corps assignments.

My Current Life: Today, my wife and I are retired. We define retirement as staying active and working without a schedule. We live in Jacksonville, Florida with three labs and are busy with managing investment properties and traveling. Our son lives in Alexandria, Virginia with wife and our grandson. He is a partner in a law firm and Colonel in the Virginia National Guard. Our daughter is a Vice President of USAA in Texas. She lives in Austin with her husband and two of our grandsons.

In 2002 I returned to Vietnam with one of the company commanders from 3/1. We toured all of the old battle sites to deposit a challenge coin in the ground and say a prayer at the site of some of those who fell there. I took my wife there as part of our 50th anniversary year celebration in 2015. To say that Vietnam has changed a lot in 53 years would be to understate the change. Da Nang is covered with high rise condos and China Beach south to Hoi An is solid hotels, golf courses, timeshares, and condos. People from all over Asia are buying there as investments. Saigon is a modern city with high rises and bustling with commerce. It is still called Saigon everywhere except Hanoi. They are unabashed capitalists. We won.

My Home Address: 13028 Normeds Road, Jacksonville
Florida 32223

Marci, Ty, John at Joe's Crab Shak

John Winkler, Joe Taussig, Le Van Cuu

Dale Franklin Wyrauch Jr.

My Life Before Attending TBS: Born in Maywood, CA in April 1941 and grew up primarily in Lakewood, CA. Attended Lakewood High School and the University of California-Long Beach majoring in Elementary Education with a minor in Police Science. Graduated with a BA & a Teaching Credential in 1963. I taught school, full time, and attended classes, part time, until I obtained an Administrative Credential in 1964. I've always enjoyed sports but wasn't skillful enough to play competitively in high school or college. Bird hunting and fishing are a passion and I'm fortunate to live in Northern CA where they can be pursued. My first "real job" was as a Gas Station Attendant during high school through sophomore year of college. My father served 6 years in the Navy just prior to WW11 and my brother was in the Army during Korea. Even as a youngster I was interested in the armed forces. However, it was during college that my TKE Fraternity big brother "steered" me toward the Marine Corps. He was a PLC as I would later become. However, my route to commissioning was different than most and resulted in me being older at age 26 than most of my TBS contemporaries. By the time I graduated in 1963 my wonderful wife Marie, a school teacher, and I had been married a year.

After much soul searching I decided to not accept my commission and to pursue an Administrative Credential. I was subsequently transferred to a reserve rifle company in Seal Beach until completion of my military obligation. By May, 1966 I'd been teaching 3 years, Marie and I had 1 daughter and another on the way.

We were healthy and had a beautiful home not far from the beach in Orange County, CA; life was good, right? Unfortunately, Vietnam was by then a major national concern and I felt even more guilty that I hadn't accepted my commission in '63. Again, more soul searching and discussions with Marie. The final decision was to re-apply for the commission and, if accepted, go to Vietnam and following 3 years service return to teaching. Within a couple of years I realized that I was much better suited to be a Marine than a school teacher.

My Memories of TBS: Marie and I had been married 4 years when I reported to TBS. Our oldest daughter, Jennifer, was 16 months old and Julie was 2 days old. As Marie and the girls couldn't travel for another month, I roomed in the BOQ with Chuck Warner and Mike Wunsch for a little more than a month until "the girls" arrived. As most of you are aware, both Chuck and Mike were KIA in Vietnam. What a shame and waste to lose such good men. I was fortunate and privileged to have shared time with them. We were great friends and I miss them still. May God rest their souls and all of those lost. "Liberty"-----what was that? With 2 infants the Wyrauchs didn't get out much. However, I do recall Marie and I once sneaking away to NY city for a short week-end.

By and large I enjoyed most of the training at TBS, with the exception of the night Forced March during Jan. or Feb. that degenerated into a 20+ mile marathon when the instructor got lost. As I recall, we finally found our way back to TBS just in time to shower, change uniforms, and report to class. Looking back it was somewhat humorous, but definitely not at the time. I fired "Expert" with the rifle and pistol. I do remember the "Mad Moment"; doubt any Marine would forget it. I remember my Staff PLT CMDR, 1st LT Fred Fagan, as exceptionally competent/professional. He was a fine example for all of us as were the other staff. I did have my Mameluke sword engraved and it is displayed on the wall above my desk. Surprisingly, given my imposing stature and violent disposition, I was not a member of the Quantico Football Team. Possibly I missed the try-out notice on the bulletin board? My TMI subject was "Hand & Arm Signals". If you missed it consider yourself lucky.

TBS Graduation: I was assigned MOS 0800; my 1st choice. Second choice was Tanks. Considering my less than stellar performance leading the Night Raid Patrol, I decided I might be more productive as an artillery officer than an 0300.

After Completing TBS: Immediately after Basic School my family and I drove to Ft. Sill, OK for the 9 week Field Artillery Basic Course. Assigned MOS 0801 upon completion. Drove family home to CA where they remained while I went to Camp Lejeune for 7 week Tactical Naval Aerial Observer Course. Graduated and assigned additional MOS 0805. Returned home and took leave awaiting flight date to RVN.

Vietnam Era Service: I arrived in Da Nang via Okinawa on July 29, 1967. Assigned to Btry "E" 2/11. Duties: FO "F" 2/5 (3mo.), Asst XO (3mo.), FDO (1mo). Assigned to Hq Btry 2/11 Duties: S-3A. Assigned to Hq 11th Mar Duties: Aerial Observer (MOS 0805) (4mo.). WIA June 26, 1968 (gun shot wound-L leg while airborne). June 28 medevaced Yokohama, Japan. At the time I was 28 days short of my RTD. July 1 medevaced to CamPen. Met up with no college friends in Vietnam and, as I recall, only 1 TBS classmate: Tom Williamson very briefly as he was passing through "E" Btry position at An Hoa in route to a recon patrol. Met my Wife Marie in Hawaii for R&R Dec. '67. No issues with protesters upon return; but we lived in a community that was, for the most part, very supportive of the military. On a few occasions did note a little "coolness". Some of the operations I participated in made the newspaper but not me.

"Big" lessons learned:

1. Carefully & Intelligently choose your wars/battles.
2. Once you commit, Fight to Win.
3. Vietnam was a tragedy of monumental proportion for EVERYONE involved.

I returned to Vietnam in 1972 aboard USS Providence (CLG-6), the flag ship 1st Fleet as CO MARDET. Mission was naval gunfire support. Area of operations was generally from the mouth of the Qua Viet River north to the DMZ. Also several "Linebacker" raids on Haiphong. My XO and I adjusted considerable naval shore bombardment. The USS Providence expended in excess of 40,000 5 & 6 inch rounds in support of allied operations during this 7 month deployment. We returned to San Diego in late Dec. 1973.

After Vietnam: Here is a brief chronology of my USMC Service: Upon returning to CONUS in 1968, following my 1st Vietnam tour, I was assigned to MCB CamPen as follows: Hqs Co H&S Bn: Co XO (24 mo.) Aide-de-camp. (6mo.). A "difficult time" for both the Commanding General and me. Jan 1971: Transferred to USS Provnnidence (CLG6), San Diego. July 1973: Transferred to Artillery Officers Advanced Course, Ft. Sill, OK. July 1974: Transferred to 2nd MarDiv, Camp Lejeune, NC. Duties included: S-3 2/10 (5 mo.), Btry "E" CO (7mo.). July 1975: CO Svc Co, HqBn (12 mo.). June 1976: Bn S-3/Log O (12mo.) July 1977: Transferred to Marine Barracks, Hawaii as the S-3 (son, Michael born at Tripler Army Hosp.). Aug 1980: Transferred to 1stMarDiv CamPen, CA. Duties: XO 2/11 (15 mo.), S-3 11th Mar (2mo.), CO 3/11 (17mo.). Aug 1983: Transferred to 3rdMarDiv, Okinawa: Asst Div FSCC (5 mo.), S-3 12thMar (7mo.). Aug 1984: Transferred to MCB CamPen: Human Affairs Officer (21 mo.), XO Schools Bn (30 mo.), CO Schools Bn (2 mo.). Mar 1989: Retired a LTCOL

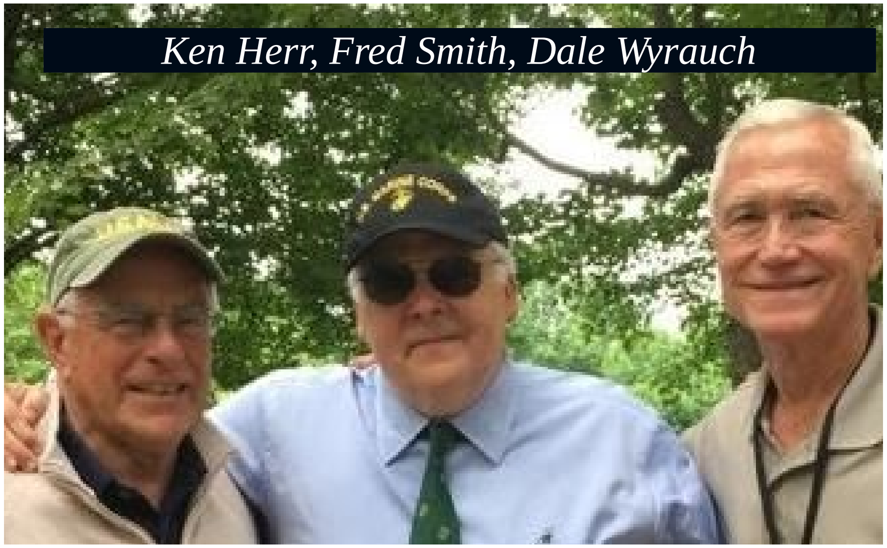
After My Initial Obligation was up: Prior to augmentation into the Regular Marine Corps I extended once. I really loved the Corps but felt my family deserved a more stable environment if possible; particularly since I'd said, prior to commissioning, that I would return to teaching school. As usual, Marie understood my dilemma and we stayed. She is truly a saint. Looking back over a 23 year career I have no regrets. The separations were always difficult as they are for all families but the places we experienced together and my assignments were always interesting and fulfilling. There were many high points along the way for me but commanding 3/11 for 17 months is at the top. What a great group of Marines! Following retirement at Camp Pendleton as a LTCOL in 1989 we moved north to Chico, CA where I was employed as a Deputy Sheriff/Detective for 15 years. The camaraderie and sense of purpose was similar to the Corps; I enjoyed it. Although I retired from there in 2004, I continued part-time as a Background Investigator for another 10 years.

My Current Life: Marie and I love to Travel; Western Europe 3 times over the years plus a Danube river cruise last summer. Wouldn't mind returning to Vietnam but only as a tourist. We have been blessed with 3 wonderful children; Jennifer age 52, Julie 51, and Michael 40 (our Hawaii baby), 4 grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren. Half live in Southern CA, the rest in or near Chico. They visit or we do often. I am registered with the VA (hearing/leg)but no contact in nearly 30 years. Fortunately, no PTSD or Agent Orange. Marie and I are still in good health and have retained most of our hair; although mine has gone from brown to "blond"". I am barely computer literate with the simple stuff but can write and read texts.

Plans for the Future: We hope to continue our travels, spend time with family and friends and fish. Marie is active in a reading program for local elementary students. Other than this our social profile remains fairly low.

What I Learned from My Time in the Corps: The selflessness, brotherhood, sense of duty.

My Home Address: 1036 Autumnwood Ct., Chico, CA 95926 PH: (HM) 530-342-8534 (CL) 530-521-0041

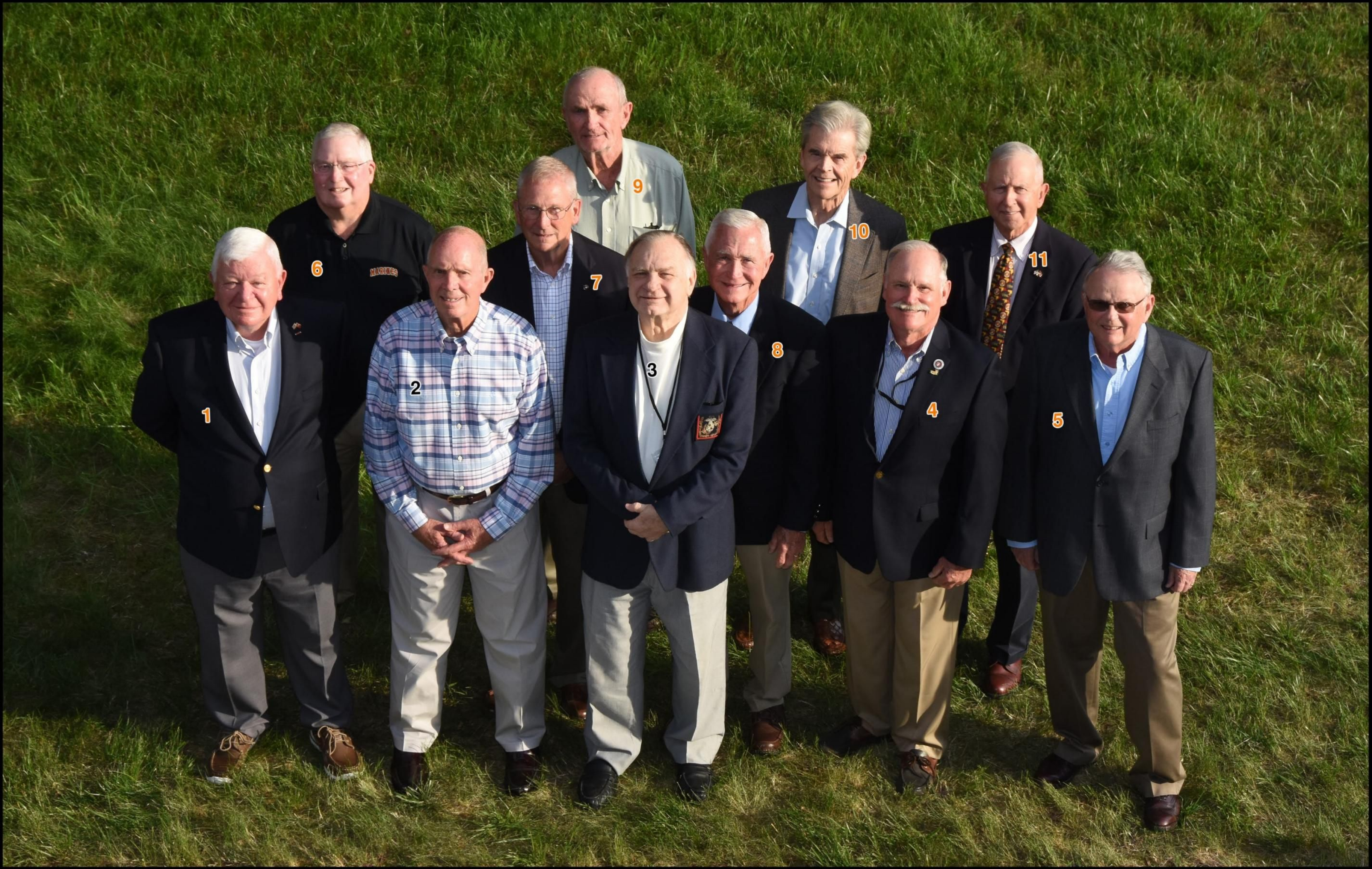


Ken Herr, Fred Smith, Dale Wyrauch

Wilkes, Marie, Dale 2019

Wilkes and Wyrauch 1968

4th Platoon TBS Class 2-67

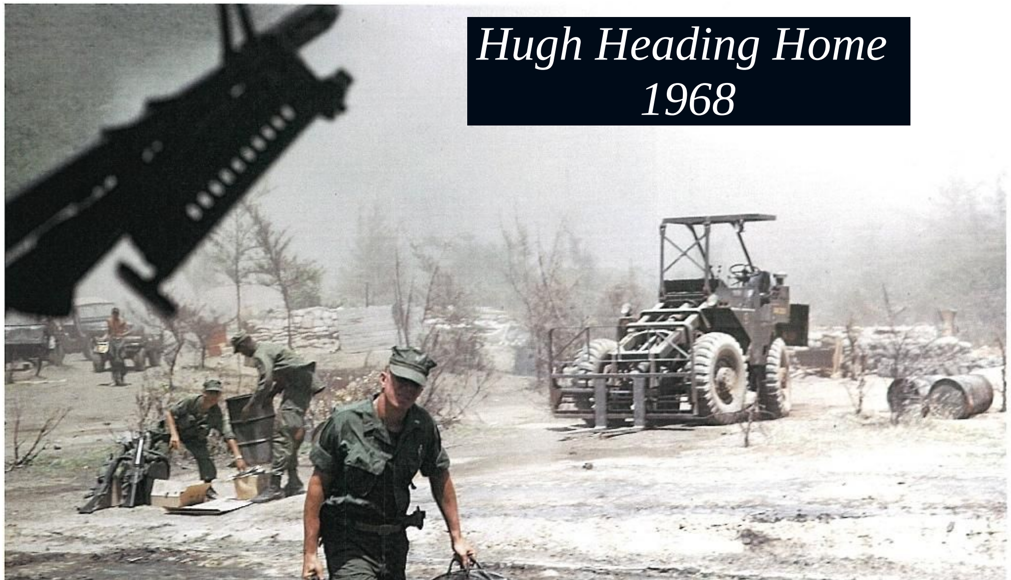


1: John Winkler
3: John Wilkes
5: Charles Ross
7: Ty Trainor
9: Myles Still
11: John Suey

2: Hugh Ronalds
4: Dave Randall
6: Chuck Tebrich
8: Dale Wyrauch
10: Skip Stephenson

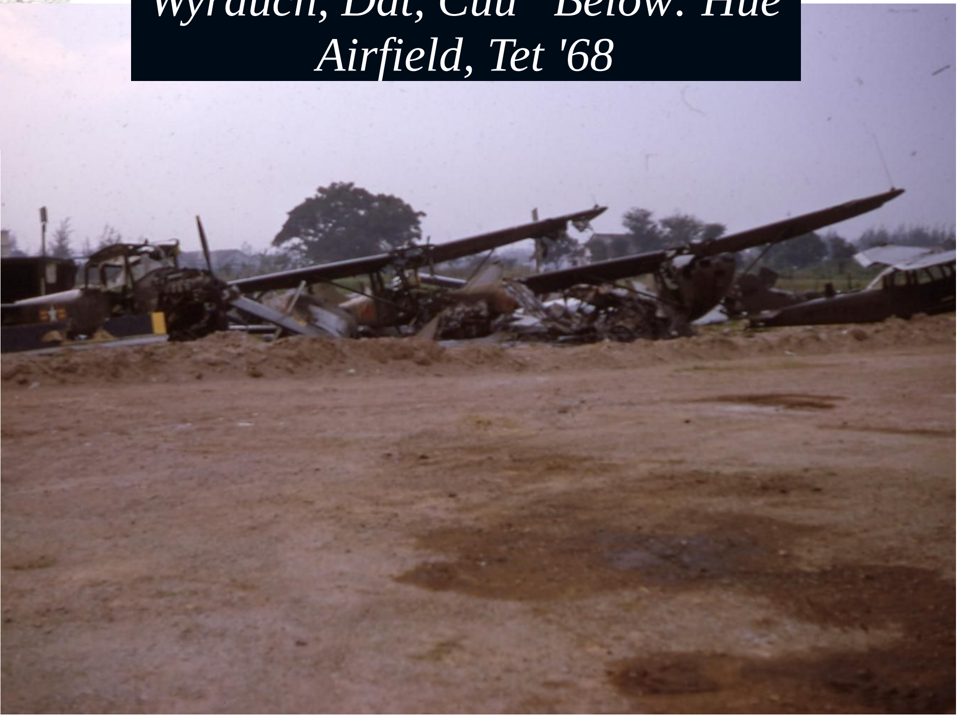
May 16, 2019

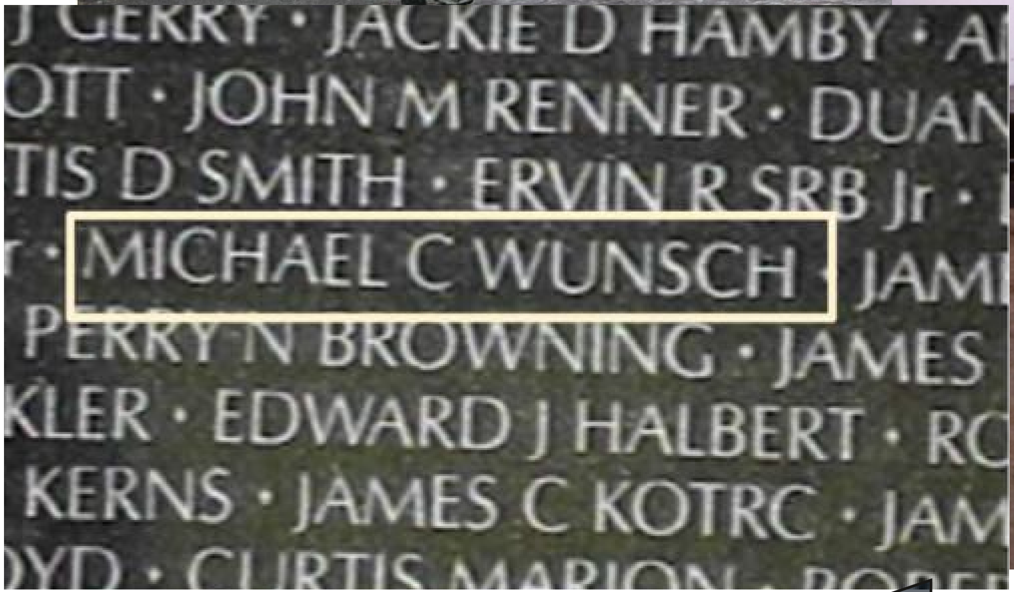
4-70



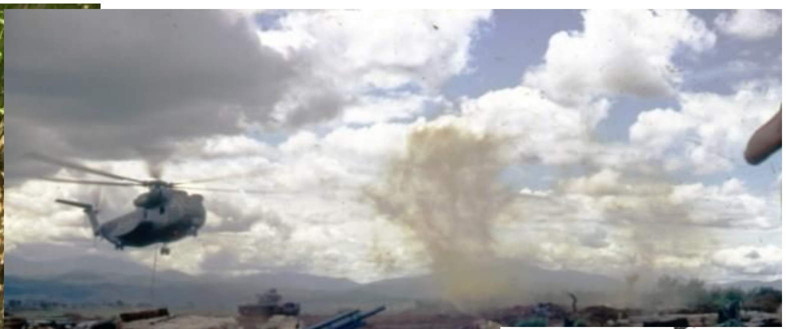
Hugh Heading Home 1968

Wyrauch, Dat, Cuu Below: Hue Airfield, Tet '68

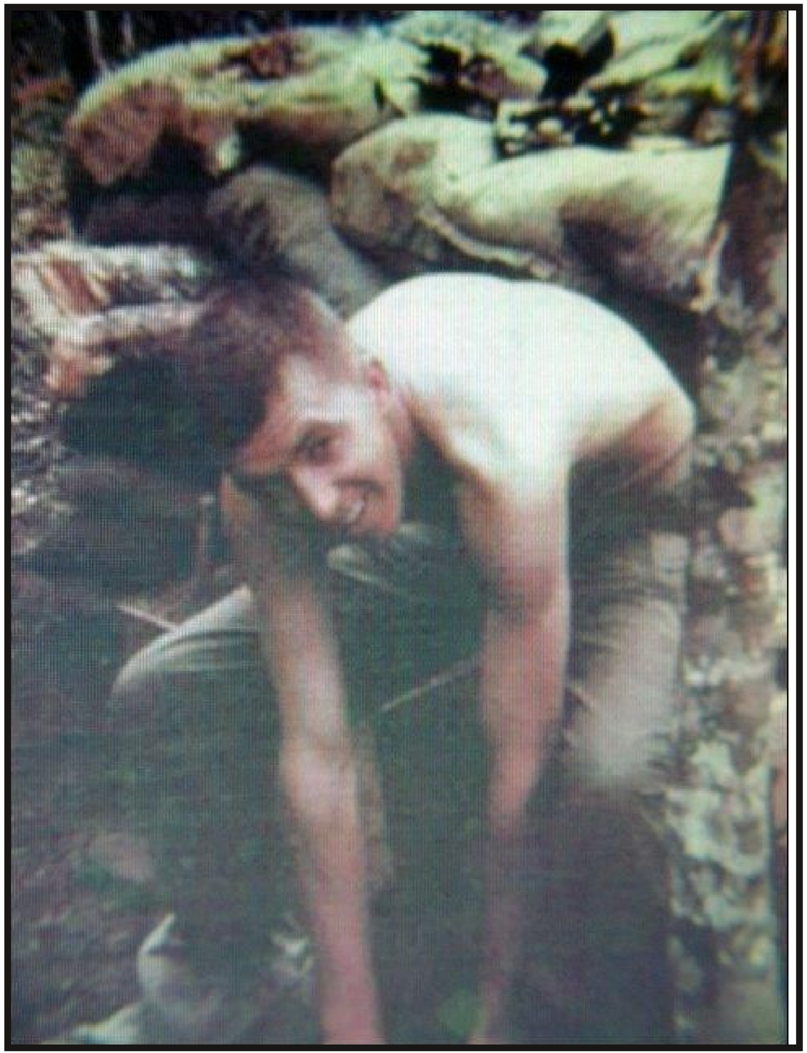



J GERRY • JACKIE D HAMBY • A
OTT • JOHN M RENNER • DUAN
TIS D SMITH • ERVIN R SRB Jr •
MICHAEL C WUNSCH • JAM
PERRY N BROWNING • JAMES
KLER • EDWARD J HALBERT • RO
KERNS • JAMES C KOTRC • JAM
OYD • CURTIS MARION • ROBER

Ronalds, F.Smith, Suhy, 2019



Left: Khe Sanh Incoming, Below: Tran Dinh Thuy, 2012



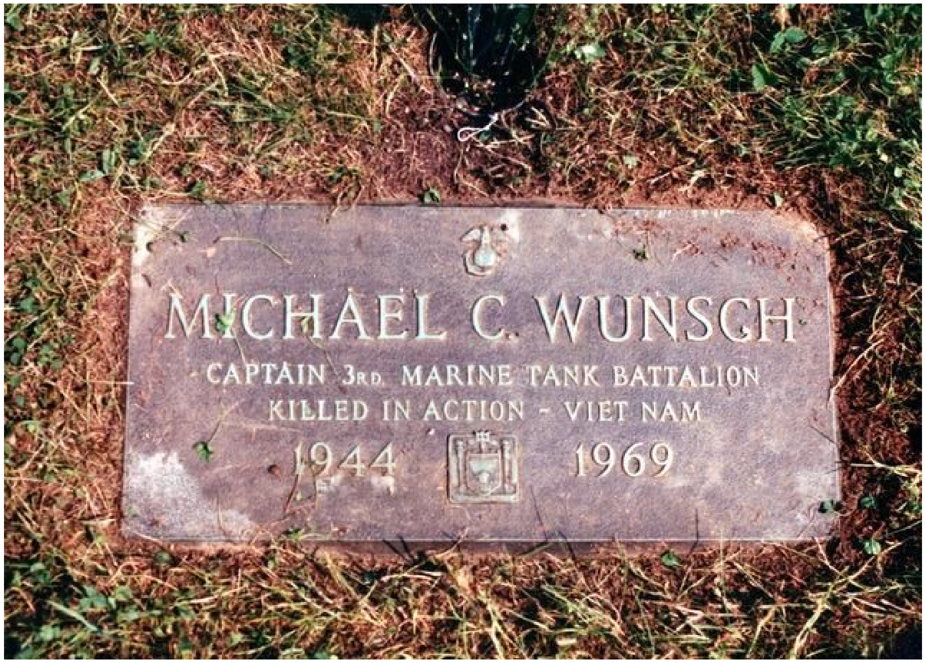
Robert "Bob" Waller

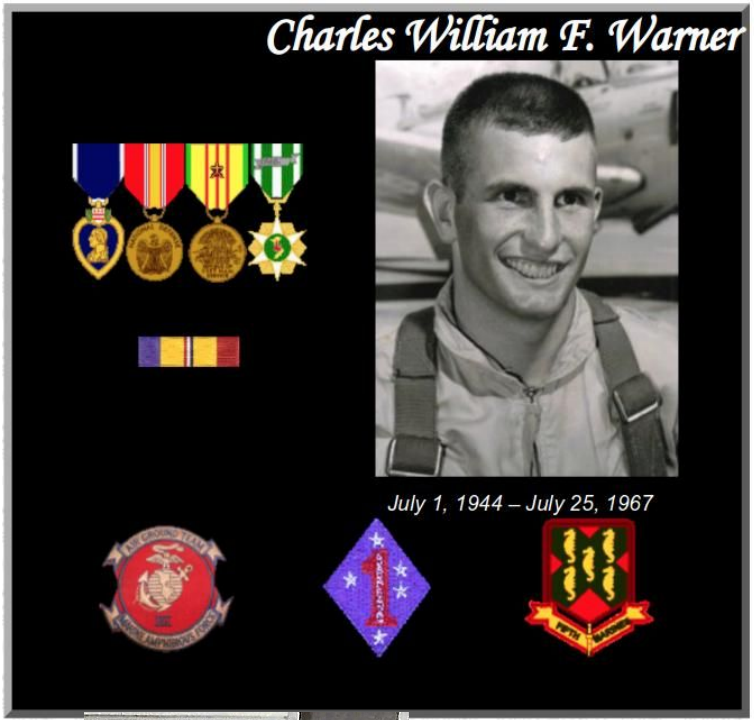
KIA 27 June 1967

HOME OF
HMM - 263
GOPHER BROKE
LTCOL R.E. HOFSTETTER
COMMANDING

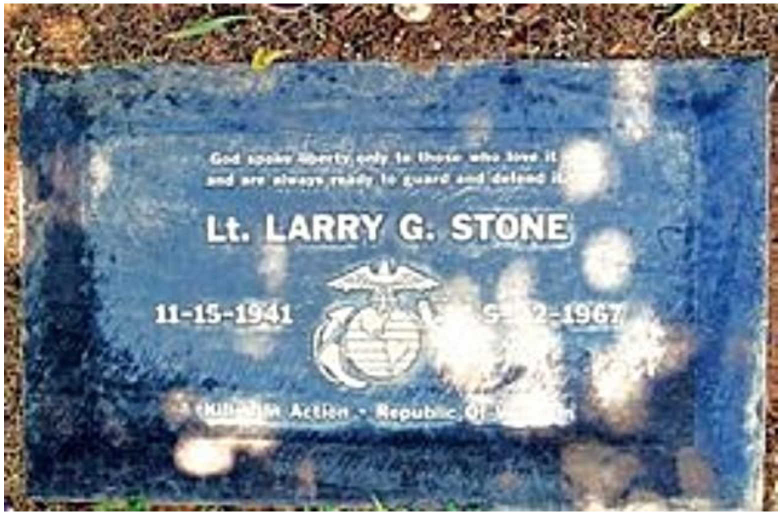
Ty and Marci, Fredericksburg Va. 2019

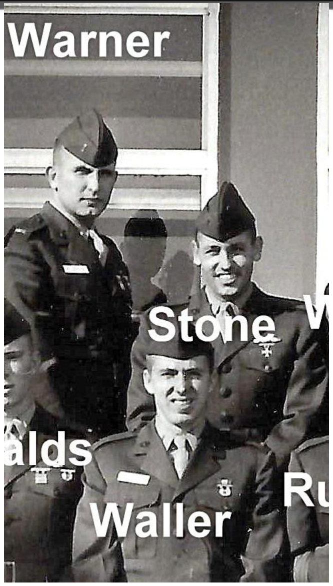
Fourth Platoon


MICHAEL C. WUNSCH
CAPTAIN 3RD. MARINE TANK BATTALION
KILLED IN ACTION - VIET NAM
1944
1969


Charles William F. Warner

July 1, 1944 – July 25, 1967


God spoke liberty only to those who love it
and are always ready to guard and defend it.
Lt. LARRY G. STONE
11-15-1941
[illegible]-1967
Killed In Action - Republic Of [illegible]


Warner
Stone
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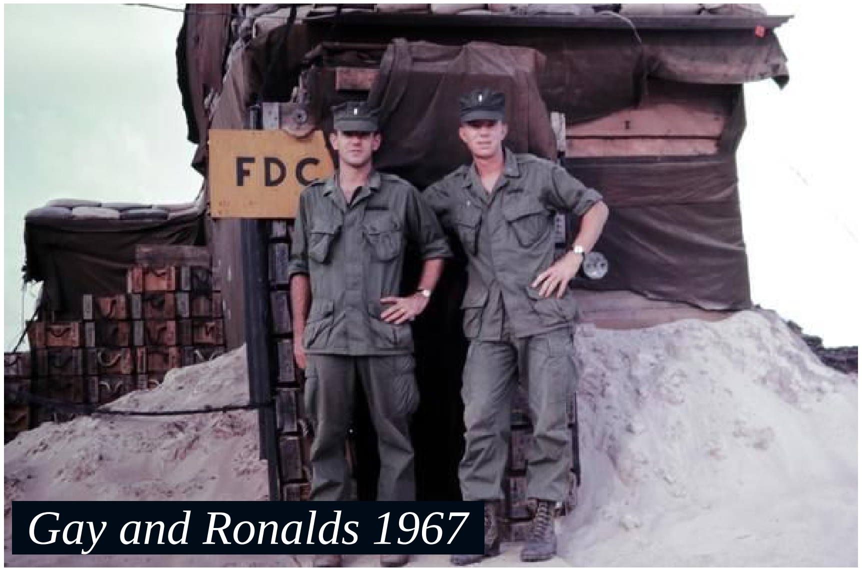
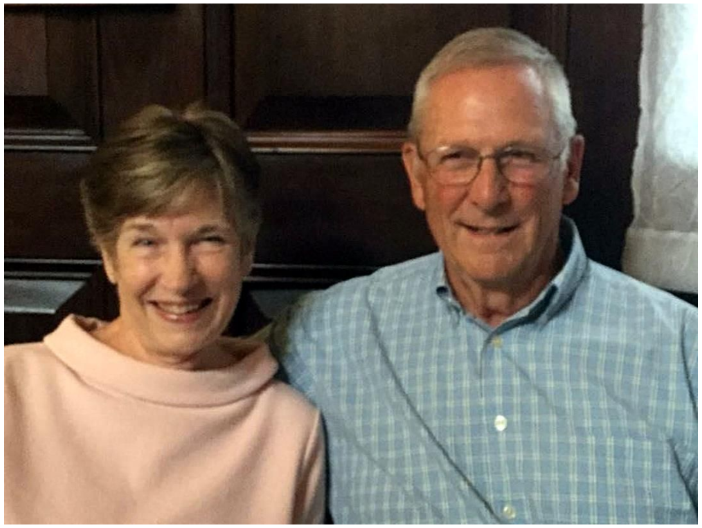
alds
Waller
Ru



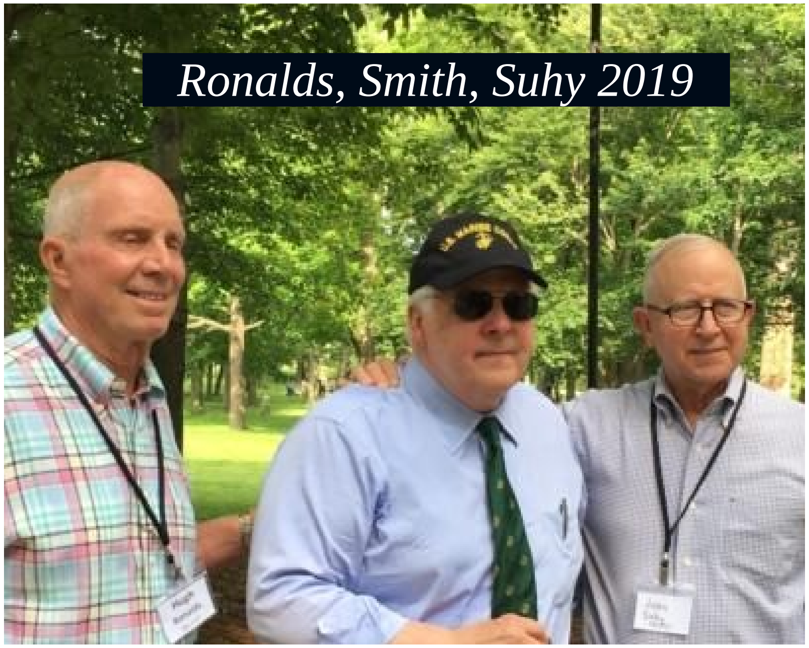
Gay and Ronalds 1967

Ronalds and Redlin



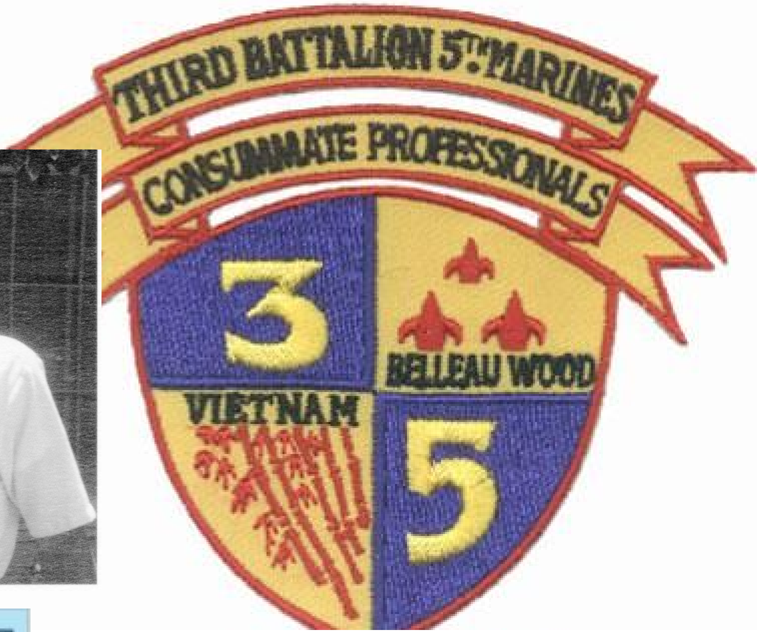
Marci and Ty Trainor

Jack Richards, McBride,
Winkler, 2019

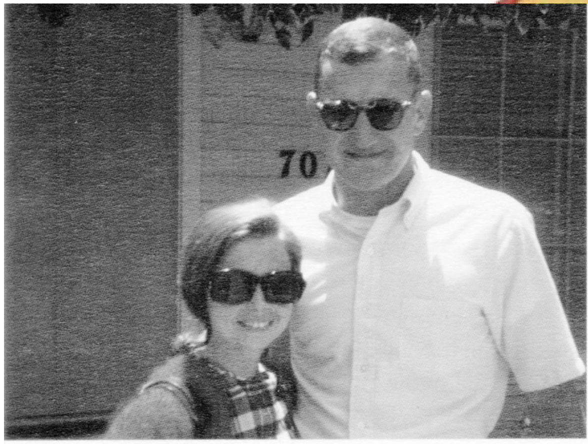


Ronalds, Smith, Suhy 2019

American Legion Post 224
Salutes:
Lt. Col.
Clarence E.
"Jack" Richards
USMC
Salutes ALL Veterans


THIRD BATTALION 5TH MARINES
CONSUMMATE PROFESSIONALS
3
BELLEAU WOOD
VIETNAM
5

L: Thuy, Below: Diane and Mike Wunsch, 1968



SMEAC

Place Holder Page

Admin Section

This Section Contains Stories, Memoirs, and Links to Books Written by TBS 2-67 Classmates.

← SMEAC

Stories and Memoirs:

A Year In The Provinces:	**Bob "Anonymous" Lewis**
Air America:	**Bill McBride**
The Clock:	**Bill McBride**
A Vietnam Memoir:	**John Burwell Wilkes**

Click on the Blue Title Link to go to the Story

Links may or may not work, depending on your viewer.
If not, just page ahead

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Don Bonsper

Vietnam Memoirs, Part I

Vietnam Memoirs, Part II

Hank Nothhaft

Great Again

John Burwell Wilkes

Raventross

Frigate Fire

Backgannet

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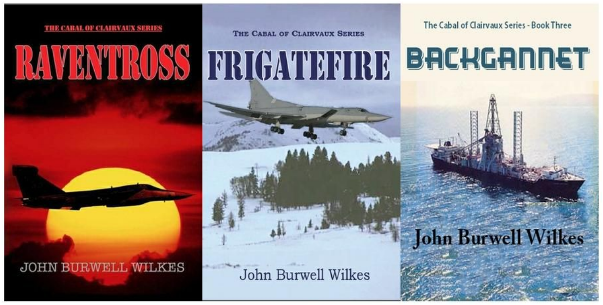
PART 1
My Experiences as a Marine Platoon Leader
Don Bonsper
VIETNAM MEMOIRS
PART 2
My Experiences as an Advisor with the Vietnamese Marine Corps
Don Bonsper

Henry R. Nothhaft
with David Kline
Great again
Revitalizing America's Entrepreneurial Leadership


THE CABAL OF CLAIRVAUX SERIES
RAVENTROSS
JOHN BURWELL WILKES
THE CABAL OF CLAIRVAUX SERIES
FRIGATEFIRE
John Burwell Wilkes
The Cabal of Clairvaux Series - Book Three
BACKGANNET
John Burwell Wilkes

A Year In The Provinces

CHARLIE COMPANY
SEMPER FIDELIS
MARINE OFFICER BASIC CLASS 2-67

Charlie Company Goes to War

CHARLIE COMPANY
MARINE OFFICER BASIC CLASS 2-67

Company C:	The year begins
Departure:	A long roll-out with a short stop.
Con Thien:	The Hill of Angels.
Leatherneck Square:	No Square Deal.
Que Son:	Road of 10,000 Pains.
Khe Sanh:	Valley of Decision.
Tet:	- Da Nang City - Hue City - Quang Tri City
Return:	Riding Back Higher in the Water.

COMPANY "C"

THE YEAR BEGINS:

The year 1967 began in Vietnam without the lieutenants of Company C, TBS. Those men remained for a few months more, lodged in their starting chocks, awaiting the starter's pistol. There may have been some men of their age who had not yet figured out that foreign travel to tropical jungles awaited, but they were not in Company C. Their future was far from guaranteed, but their destination was (even accounting for a layover at Cecil Field). Understandably, not one of them would need field jackets of the sort they did as they trained for their three day Winter War. (But then neither does one need malaria tablets for a winter war.)

Hanoi's war plans in South Vietnam's I-Corps unfolded steadily, albeit in different ways in different places. They'd arrive absent clarity, but were delivered with fury. Things got noisy quickly in '67 – and stayed that way. There are many good ways to frame the year, a traditional one is by recounting the battles. But as the men of Company C were to learn, in Vietnam the absence of big battles was not the absence of vicious fighting. Though ways and means differ, for big battles and small gunfights, the consequences were proportionally deadly and the funerals identical. Another way to view the year is by looking at order-of-battle over the months.

Year's Beginning	Year's End
– 1st **ARVN** Div. (+) prov/dist forces	(rein) Rangers +2 Abn bns – (total:56 separate battalions)
– **ROK** Marine Brigade	no change
– 1st **MarDiv**	(rein) 27th Marines
– 3rd **MarDiv**	(rein) 26th Marine
– 1st **MAW**	(rein)
– **USA** Americal Div	– USA Americal Div. ("Metrical") – Ist AirCav Div.
– 2nd Bde, 101st Abn Div.	

Into that cauldron poured Company C, with no more than a hand salute at Staging Bn or a longer roll-out starting in Pensacola. Introduction to grand, noisy events came quickly, as both Marine divisions were starved of lieutenants. Company C's got shoved hard into the gaps. Odd, isn't it, that distant headquarters always purports to "forecast" replacement requirements, when they could do no such thing absent Nguyen Van Gaip info'ing them as to his intentions. He didn't. There were, however, subtle suggestions of planning miscalculation early on. As Company C formed up, were there not five or six *Midshipmen* standing alongside the lieutenants? The Corps hadn't been mixing and matching them since 1812. If anyone missed the logical significance of that, don't you bet that Keven Phalen, a Law PLC, was surprised to find himself in Dong Ha standing in front of a rifle platoon rather than

and dining large on its left-over C-Rats, it was obvious to anyone who hadn't come from a farm in the middle of Kansas that Khe Sanh looked a whole lot like Dien Bien Phu. Nguyen Van Giap, who earlier humiliated France at Dien Bien Phu, saw the Marine enclave at Khe Sanh as opportunity's pretty sister.

Hindsight will always fill in the blanks if you give it time. The U.S. Army had its own recent past, one replete with big, sweeping arrows drawn on maps of French, Belgium, or German plains. Marines? – give us those old-time small wars, because as the year began that's what they had, all up and down the Street Without Joy. Was it to be large-scale search and destroy or pacification? There was no tactical agreement between U.S. commanders as the year began. Giap fixed that.

A big, looping punch, however, can leave leave your chin sticking out. What seems obvious should be made to look otherwise. Misdirection was a strength of our adversary, Giap, and it followed to his planning. Luckily, false assumptions and over-complications dogged him, too.

As Company C arrived in-country, Giap's opening gambit began up in the hills surrounding Khe Sanh. The chess match was on, Saigon supposed. It took some months to figure out the game was actually Chinese checkers. Lieutenants are a crafty lot, and absent any view of the grand sweep of things, even Joe Bagadonutz and Cowboy Bob of the Basic School supposed that if regiments were being exposed as pawns, it was probably going to get loud, so a good idea to sleep with your helmet and flack jacket on.

A listing of major battles fought across the provinces of I-Corps, beginning in early spring of '67, would be incomplete without these.

April '67	**The Hills** (or Khe Sanh I)
May	**Con Thien**
Spring-summer	**Leatherneck Square battles**
Spring -fall	**Que Son battles**
Spring-fall	**Quang Nam (**triangle**)**
summer - fall	**Khe Sanh**
Jan '68	**Tet NVA offensive (**and the battles for:**)**

These are but the major battles. They identify sustained regional campaigns, bitter fights. But they were often cast in a fuzzy light, puzzling even to those stuck in the middle of them. Further, imprecision of language doesn't help. Take this often expressed explanation for example: There was a "conventional" war and an "unconventional" one at play in Vietnam. No, there weren't two wars, there was one war fought by separate means, conventional and unconventional. Nor were there campaigns in the way that we know what the Islands Campaign in the Pacific was. Language of that day was clear and distinct; movement was ship to shore. Vietnam benefited from no such clarity: the fighting was inside out. It was difficult to see how all the pieces fit together. Vision, unsurprisingly, is never 20/20 in the jungle.

***

Bumping into reality in parts of I-Corps was as difficult as bumping into a beautiful woman in a bowling ally in Baltimore. The reasons for this weren't explained in The

Small Wars Manual, which was clear and direct. You were meant to understand it. In I-Corps, particularly, there was a secret layer. Of it you were intended to understand nothing. It was always opaque, always indirect.

The biggest secret was the Studies and Observations Group (SOG) (with aliases in abundance) which was the largest (19k) single combat unit in Vietnam. DaNang was thick with them. You may have seen their name on a TAOR map, stuck out toward West Vietnam, but if you saw them, you never knew. They'd lie. Did anyone think the army units outside the wire at Khe Sanh in Lang Vai were kindly fellows out helping the missionaries with downtrodden Nung and Bru tribesmen? If you didn't, you spotted the lie.

When Henry the K wanted to re-arrange the political landscape in Vietnam, he often had to do it with the lights out. An entirely secret war. That meant a lot of pushing and shoving got left to a variety of regular sounding units with irregular missions. Province Reconnaissance units come to mind, and at least we saw them. The big dog in the secret war, however, was SOG, and while we saw them, we didn't know it. SOG reached far into "West Vietnam" as well s north. Way north. Hanoi's reference to "pirates" wasn't their typical jargon, it was SOG's navy, nightly chewing up Hanoi's coastal supply-shipping.

The other half was left to Air. "Air war," meant more than yelling into the radio: *You're cleared hot.* What happened north of the DMZ was, understandably, a single, *rolling* campaign – going on, and on, and on. Missions over Hanoi, however, compared in few ways to Marine close-air support. To characterize it all as *the* Air War fails to convey the difficulty and dangers of real close air-support – the Marine fixed-wing variety or, say, CH-46's extracting a recon team off some remote mountaintop in the middle of the night, or hauling arty rounds into Khe Sanh, or pulling Pete out of the jungle, or – worst of all – sitting in a downed CH-46 in the A Shau Valley with Bill McBride, prayerfully asking for something more in defense than his six men.

Air war could mean a lot of different things, but thankfully for us it always meant Marines overhead. (And vice-versa.)

***

The one place confusion stood aside was the War at Sea. You can view all of it that actually mattered by looking at Yankee Station through a straw.

***

There were a lot of moving parts – lots of obscure layers – to the events of '67. Look back and it sure might seem that lieutenants of Company C saw a far different war than that which was reflected by battle streamers on unit colors. The accompanying words on unit citations were truthful, but dry, colorless. Reality had color: blood-red.

Even with a lieutenant's view – bottom up and fuzzy – what you could trust, then and now, was who you lined up alongside. You didn't always need to see past that. On that we were very lucky.

Blessed, even.

Back to Index

Goodbyes

Preface

Confederate General John B. Gordon had a knack for jumping in front of minie balls. At Antietam's Bloody Lane he got tagged five times, twice in the leg, then left arm and again in the shoulder, and finally right in the face.

His wife, Fanny, followed the army and was eager to see him. The surgeons worried "whether the colonel's lady is entirely prepared to withstand the possible shock under the circumstances," what with Gordon's face black, eyes nearly swollen shut, an arm and a leg propped up on pillows. Gordon scoffed, telling them to let her in. Seeing him, she screamed. He tells her: *Don't worry dear, I've only been to an Irish wedding…*

A year in Vietnam was a long time. In fact, their calendar appears to have had thirteen months. These days, time between birthdays of your grandchildren clocks over pretty fast. But when you were twenty-two and touring the provinces? – not so fast. Understandably so: whenever time is untethered, it begs for connections. Mostly to people – people we love. Absent that, time wanders. As the moment of embarkation approached, the wish for ties to *someone* become more manifest.

One lieutenant unsuspecting of that innocently made one last stop in route to TBS, out in the mountains of Virginia, where a coed – one whom he'd known well for years but for whom he had never harbored the slightest amorous notions – worked at a summer camp for children. He'd just say hello before getting on to Quantico. Sure. Thirty minutes of chit-chat about school, friends, and whatnot and he felt as if he'd been stabbed in the heart. When he lightly kissed her cheek goodbye to head on east it hurt that bad. In the final hundred miles to the back gate at TBS he realized he had just cut all his comfortable ties to school, friends, and pretty women. He was adrift in the world as he had always known it.

Everybody who mustered up out in front of O'Bannon Hall in 1967 would get sideswiped that way, sooner or later. Was it harder for married lieutenants? You'd think. There was, however, a second category of fellows who followed in trace, pretty close. That was the lieutenant who had decided exactly whom he should marry, leaving unresolved only the question of when. Reason suggested, to many, that waiting was the responsible thing. Nevertheless, in matters of the heart, reason and emotion are inversely effected by the length of time till departure. Reason shrinks with time. Inevitably some lieutenants kicked prudence overboard and started looking for a chaplain.

One of them was 1st Lt. Kevin Phalen, Esq.

Kevin's inamorata had tolerated his dithering as he progressed through law school, further curtailed the inevitable during Basic School, but buried all patience when Kevin hit Staging Battalion. "Kevin Darlin', you'll make a proper bride of me or die explaining," she says in a believable Irish way. Ever cautious of his health and well-being, Kevin sought out a chaplain, and the grand unveiling was scheduled, forthwith. Come the day, there may have been family present - memory fails - but there were no maids in attendance for the lieutenants to frighten. It was

the bride and groom, on whom our bewildered, sodden lieutenant found himself laying.

And wouldn't you know: the darlin' girl didn't even screech.

By the end of the coming week Kevin was leading a rifle platoon along the DMZ. His classmate, J.D. Carter was sent farther west, to Khe Sanh. One was just married and the other a father of four days. For them and so many others the fuse between leaving CONUS and staring at a platoon of strangers awaiting some signal that you hadn't slept through TBS was very, very short.

***

The liberation Front were in 1967 busy fellows. VC, or Charlie, was how all enemy were referred to. They existed everywhere but in varying densities. They hurt a lot of Marines, but they were in Giap's grand strategy, a diversion. Proof? By the end of Tet they were spent, yet the fighting wasn't.

For Hanoi it was always about the NVA. If you look past black pajamas to mustard colored uniforms, a pattern emerges reflective of a single intellect: Nguyen Van Giap.

Break-in artists check the locks at the front of a house before breaking windows. Giap did that on the DMZ at two spots, the Hills out around Khe Sanh and across the river at Con Tien. If anyone is home, you might want to slam the back door before pushing your way through the front one. If all that fails, then turn everything inside out. Tet. Giap was a pincher. North to south he pinched all year:DMZ down, Que Son, up.

He couldn't resist testing Marine resolve first up in the Hills.

***

The Hills.

(Khe Sanh I) These battles across adjacent hill-tops were significant because no matter where you were or what you were doing in I-Corps, you'd be effected by them, sooner or later.

The color-by-numbers painting of I Corps was entirely of Giap's creation. Audacious in its complications, yes; but he had never heard of Occam's Razor. Nevertheless, wherever a lieutenant of Company C might have been assigned, he was going to be confronted by some piece of that picture. It was complicated; thankfully though, it included flaws of inter-dependency and wishful assumptions. Still, there was nothing of happenstance in what unfolded in I-Corps in '67, beginning up in the Hills. Giap was shaping the battlefield.

Khe Sanh did physically resemble Dien Bien Phu. In losing there, the French got some things right, more of them wrong. What they got right was a replication of German army's use of *hedgehogs*, interlocking rings of mutual support. They worked so well that the French colonials troops there were still fighting long after they were obviously doomed. Why doomed? They'd given Giap's artillery the high ground. Results suggest shooting down works better than shooting up.

Colonel Charles Piroth, the French artillery commander, hadn't feared the mountain heights surrounding Dien Bien Phu. *No way to haul anything up them but light weapons*, he offered; and *the Viet Minh would never get more than three rounds off from lower elevations before his own artillery would have located, targeted, and destroyed them*. But the Viet Minh did. Their success was signaled by a barrage that went on for three days, shredding everything French poking above ground. When it stopped, Piroth walked to all his gun sites, shaking hands with his gunners before returning to his bunker, laying down on his cot and pulling the pin on a grenade that he then set on his chest.

Once quiet and isolated, Khe Sanh started to get noisy and crowded. Recon teams scouting north of the airstrip found bivouac sites for large units, not the usual NVA patrols. Nevertheless, with strategy differences continuing between Walt and Westmoreland, reports back from Khe Sanh were tailored to fit somebody's preconceived view rather than Gaip's. The only clear-sighted view of evolving events came from Capt Sayers (Bravo 1/9), who commanded the "standing" infantry company at the base. Mostly due to Sayers' persistence, Walt ordered Marines to reopen highway 9 from Camp Carroll to Khe Sanh and sent a Rough Rider convoy through. Marine engineers were added. (Giap's were there already, up on Hill 861.)

Bruno Hochmuth, commanding the 3rdMarDiv, spoke no French but he understood high ground. What he got right was the need to seize and hold the hilltops surrounding Khe Sanh. After the first sharp engagement on the hills he didn't wait for a second before taking the initiative. Now reinforced by Echo 2/9, up the Marines went, first to Hill 861. Their approach to the summit, now a formidable complex of interconnecting caves and bunkers defended by heavy automatic weapons, signaled that the NVA's benign neglect of Khe Sanh had ended. It was 23 April, and whatever was to happen had begun.

***

Bravo Co's point platoon up the hill was led by 2nd Lt. J.D. Carter. Spotting a squad of NVA soldiers wending their way in his direction, he made Paddy Collins proud by setting in a hasty ambush. (What else?) But as others were to learn, the NVA he spotted weren't a random patrol, they were screening a much larger force of NVA. Whoops! – back down the hill. Up again the next day went Carter, but not in enough strength to hold it. After a series of engagements Carter dug in on the slope; the last med-evac bird had taken 35 hits. Back and forth they pushed and shoved, but by then somebody had correctly identified J.D.'s opponents: the 18th Regiment of the 325-C NVA Division – Giap's paladins.

The CH-46s that hauled out casualties brought in 3/3. By the 27th LtCol. Gary Wilder had gotten his battalion CP to the top of 861, but not with enough strength to stay. With mounting casualties (43 dead and 109 wounded) Wilder pulled off the peak, but only so Marine Air could pound away. They unloaded over 50,000 lbs of bombs and

Battery B, 12th Marines added 1,800 rounds. Back up 3/3 went; 2/3 went up 881 South. It was an ugly affair and Lt. Carter's company had taken so many casualties it was deemed combat ineffective and withdrawn, 3/9 replacing. Marine Air repeated what it had done so well at 861, flying 166 sorties on 1May, and leaving 881 South in 3/9's hands. One hill left, 881 North. By 5 may 2/3 held it. The pattern was repetitive but effective.

NVA played one last card by surrounding a recon team sent to find out if the NVA had fully withdrawn. Not yet, they hadn't. Team *Breaker* lost all but two men; HMM 164 lost a pilot. That left 155 Marines dead and 455 wounded. About a thousand NVA perished, but with so many bunkers becoming graves, more would be a better guess.

On 10 may it was all over. Wounds had greatly thinned the 1st platoon of Bravo 1/9. J. D. Carter was on the *USS Sanctuary*. But he had survived the first big battle of 1967. He would not survive the second: Con Tien. Come June his body would be sent home to his widow in Houston.

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CON TIEN

Word around town, as Plato tells it, was that whenever someone would ask the Oracles of Delphi who the smartest man in town was, the Oracle would say it was Socrates. This came as a real surprise to him, since for years he'd been telling anyone who'd listen that he didn't know much at all. So he duly climbed up Mt. Parnassus to ask them what was going on.

"Ladies," he asks, "why me? I know for certain that there is much I don't know."

"Sure," says the high priestess, "but you are the only guy in town who knows it, so you win the prize."

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In the Asian regionals for Know-it-Alls Saigon placed first. It was presumed, apparently, that there was an intrinsic correlation between starch, jump-boot polish, and smarts. So having cornered the market on the first two, they were so assured of the third that they'd bet *your* life on it. Worse, they could take any set of facts or evidence and bend them to fit with their conclusions. Arguably, army general William DePuy put the cherry on Saigon's cupcake with a single sentence: *What we need is more bombs, more artillery rounds and more napalm*. That he couldn't point to where he wanted it all to go seemed escape his notice.

Early spring of ‘67 up along DMZ was a time of transition. A layer of conventional warfare was slowly lain over the unconventional one. One didn't replace another, instead, another was added. Nothing was abandoned. Marine commanders still had to contend with Viet Cong forces, only now NVA regiments had appeared. They claimed a spot on the dance card starting up on 861 and 881. Their appearance – open and obvious – nevertheless didn't alter the discordant notes played by the dance band: Walt and Westy argued on.

When the NVA regiments finally slipped off the backside of 881, the jungles were quiet except for the sounds of burial parties and Marine engineers, who figured to stay. Hanoi could, however, push forward as well as pull back. Two NVA divisions suddenly loomed up across the DMZ from the most northern position in I-Corps, Con Tien (Hill of Angels). Despite the fact that Hanoi had committed a few of its best regiments in an effort to wrest the high ground from Marines at Khe Sanh, Saigon was loath to think they'd do it twice. They managed to reconcile the reality of two NVA divisions appearing across the Ben Hai river by declaring them to be an empty diversion. Since hills aren't mountains, Con Tien wasn't Khe Sanh. Thus a conventional attack across the DMZ was, in their view, unthinkable.

Had anyone asked: *what exactly does Ho Chi Minh want?* A longer look at that question may have persuaded commanders to assume nothing and deal with capabilities. Even if General DePuy didn't know where to aim all the ordinance he called for, Giap did: the Hill of Angels.

That something can't come from nowhere is about as obvious as a thing gets. For Delta 2/4 it was real obvious where things were coming from: ten feet out from the wire and on back. Had DePuy bombed, napalmed, or shelled anywhere between Con Tien and the DMZ – in it, or north of it – odds of a secondary were good. The rest of the odds weren't so good. By May Delta Company was getting 300 or so rounds daily of 82 mm mortars, 122 mm rockets, and 152 arty, a lot of that coming from inside the DMZ. Every pfc in Delta Company knew it. Only Washington didn't – or was

suddenly arrived. It just couldn't wait. Fifty cal., recoilless rifles, and mortars spit every ounce of frustration they had across the clearing. A sort of spray and pray affair done large. Maybe the colonel was at the end of his tether. After all, his masters had compelled his long planned attack on Con Tien even after a company of Marines had slipped in, and they made a bloody mess of his once elite regiment. With 175 rounds smashing along his line, he freaked out, swinging back wildly, but not actually blindly. He had artillery too, and their shells began chewing through foliage, nearby. Explosions rolled the Marines backwards down a bomb crater that St. Paddy had put there. Stunned, the Marines peeked up over the lip of the bomb crater and figured out that if the NVA infantry didn't know *exactly* where the Marines were, their arty somehow had a better idea of it. Following their artillery, the regiment pinched in on its western flank, slowly curving inwards, and would in time envelop the recon team.

"***Time to go, boys***!"

The team was demonstrating to their new lieutenant how to cuss while running for your life through a patch of wait-a-minute vines, when the moment arrived that signaled a reversal in fortunes. The whackor becomes the whackee. In such moments it's easy to forget that you are not alone, that fellow Marines are scrambling around like blind cats on porch full of rocking chairs to find you help. And they had: *Turn on on your UHF survival radio.*

The call-sign *Chain* came up with oxygen-mask breathing: "I see rounds landing on two sides of a field below the Ben Hai. *I'm gonna swing down the north side, little buddy, to make sure you ain't in it.* A single Marine F-4 screamed low over the target then circled back, bringing friends. One after another, F-4s pickled napes & snakes down the treeline. What had been left of the wounded 812th Regiment bled out.

There are occasions, albeit not many, when 2nd lieutenants are as smart as generals. If NVA could could just about fix the team's position whenever they got on the radio, then they were getting DF'd, and their artillery FDC was clearly tied into that loop. Second lieutenant solution: stay off the radio net.

Soon there was a laconic, "Lieutenant, you better get this," whisper from the radioman. Pretty much everybody knew *Sudden Death 6* was the C.G., and he was up and calling the team. Then came his thump-thump of his slick; however, in the moment prudence didn't kneel to courtesy. "*Don't talk; don't circle*," was all the C.G. got back.

Bruno Hochmuth actually was real smart except for where he'd fly to. His Huey veered away and immediately began circling off away from the team, calling a bogus call sign. This was good for the team but bad for monkeys, who didn't like NVA howitzers either.

Back at Con Tien NVA artillery had cut a CH-46 in half at the LZ. No one was leaving and the reconnaissance Marines soon found themselves to be infantrymen.

"Captain, do you want to lay in our M-60?" the lieutenant asks.

"I don't have enough ammo to set you up."

"Oh, we do."

"No kidding?"

"No, sir; and if you need you can have our Claymores, too."

"We have a couple in place," the captain says, like it's a generous deal.

"I've got five..."

"**Gunny!**"

Seeing the tea leaves better, the lieutenant adds he could register in some arty if the CO would like. "Oh, we've got a GS battery of 105's back there," he says, hooking his thumb back toward Cam Lo.

The lieutenant nods, "OK, but if you change your mind I'll get with your FO." Then he adds, kind of mumbling," I have, well, two tubes of 175's...in direct support."

"**FO!**"

Two days later the team was in a trench at the LZ. Somebody is inbound to pull the wounded out, start the FO on his way home, and get the team back for debrief. A last minute reshuffling by LZ control suggests it's not 46's. Slicks? Nah, he sees, as the first of several real-tired CH- 34's pops up from from below the hill and slings itself sideways into the zone. The markings say King Bee Squadron, which the lieutenant doesn't recognize as being Marine, and a quick glance at the pilot says he ain't one.

It doesn't take long to load the wounded into the first 34, but the NVA spotters aren't snoozing. The second 34 rocks to a stop and off jumps a replacement FO for Bravo Company. He gets maybe ten feet before he's dropped by a mortar blast. The little Vietnamese 34 pilot has the old girl rev'ed up like a debutante on prom night, churning for all she's worth, so as the 34 gets sprayed with shrapnel he reflexively jerks his arm and the poor old thing bucks a bit. He forces himself to ignore the thump of mortars by intently watching two Marine lieutenants run toward him, scooping up the wounded one mid-stride and sticking him through the door. In seconds the rest of the team piles in.

Blades bite and the tail swings 180; the 34 slides down the hill, picking up speed but not altitude. It seems 30 ft is now max ceiling. In moments the Vietnamese crew chief is excitedly waiving a couple of red shop rags and jumping up toward hydraulic lines that he is far too short to reach. Neither lieutenant gets it but two lance corporals do, stand up and wrap the rags around spurts of hydraulic fluid.

The recon lieutenant stares at hydraulic fluid running down their arms for a moment, wondering how much more ludicrous things could get, before glancing aft to where his corpsman is gift wrapping the still-leaking FO for a trip home. He lays back, his head on some Marine's shinbone. There are things to be learned here, he reckons: First, *You've been hand -picked* is Marine jargon for, *Kid, you're all we've got*. Second, never pass up an opportunity to keep your mouth shut, especially on the radio. Third, bring lots of stuff to away gun-fights. Makes folks happier to see you. Last, when you know things that senior officers don't, they are *real* anxious to see you.

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With the obvious now explained to Washington, Lady Bird (we have always thought) relented to General Walt's request to give the DMZ a good sweep-down, fore and aft. By Nineteen May a combined force of Third Marines and ARVN 1st Division had launched the first of what was ultimately to be a long series of operations in the vicinity of Con Tien that came to known as Leatherneck Square. Anchoring the top was the Hill of Angels, and while it retained its geographical significance as a commanding elevation, in all respects but one it eased slightly into the background, like somebody's kid sister at a ball. One thing that never changed was the pounding that Marines there took. Regardless of who was sweeping where, whatever battalion of Marines that was rotated in and out of Con Tien every thirty days got hammered.

There probably never will be a gathering of Marines anywhere, from the birthday ball in Washington to a Marine Corps League Toys for Tots raffle in Dubuque where someone doesn't resuscitate debate as to who and where got poked the most with the brown end of the stick in Vietnam. It's too entertaining to curtail with facts. Many are offered even when someone should move the conversation on to bad calls at the Super Bowl. Here's one fact to pocket: On 25 September of 1967 one-thousand two-hundred NVA rounds hit Con Tien. It's a small hill.

Marines, God bless'em, aren't easily put off their feed – or for that matter, dissuaded from "showtime." Dong Ha had a direct line of sight to Con Tien and was rewarded for its proximity with the same course of shrapnel served up on the Hill, just in smaller portions. Trenches slithered around the base. They even extended to what was surely the only walk-in movie theater in the world with a sand-bagged projector and rows of trenches instead of pathways. Helmets were required of the Marines for peaking out over the lip of their trench. Choice of viewing direction was optional, however, because a double feature was simultaneously shown. Although it was announced every night that *Destry Rides Again* would be showing, it wasn't. Invariably on the "big sheet" Sergeant Chip (Vic Morrow) could be seen blasting away with his Thompson gun and its magical self-loading magazine. If all the Germans preemptively surrendered and there were a lull in the movie, a 180 degree twist of the head toward Con Tien would reward a Marine with a fine, unending display of fireworks. Whatever the Phantoms and Skyhawks were doing was good, but the heavy flash-thump-thump of B-52 arc-lights was the crowd favorite, at least until sergeant Chip got up off his tired behind and gave the Jerries another whacking.

For a month or so Marines at Con Tien could breathe without sucking in small bits of shrapnel. Bleeding, however, mostly got moved from behind the wire to in front of it. Out trying to clear away the NVA from the underbrush, Marines suffered 142 KIA and 896 wounded with US "*claims*" of 362 PAVN killed. *Claimed*, the histories say.

This is as good a time as any to address what might be characterized as nonsense on stilts: casualty reporting. "Body count" is now assumed to be inflated. Or was it? *Confirmed* casualties got counted:1,2,3,4. An unconfirmed count was either an estimate or one made at a distance (i.e. by recon or a FO spotter – O'Leary). Consequently, error could run in two directions – over and under – not one as the press implied and poor histories repeat, eyes held askance. Not withstanding the privileged insights of those far removed from a battlefield, it is possible for those actually present to decide on whether to believe their learned betters or trust their own lying eyes.

Consider our lieutenant's encounter with the NVA 812th regiment. He never reported a single confirmed NVA soldier killed. Consider the near simultaneous happenstance of an NVA regiment already being shelled by the biggest guns in the U.S. arsenal then revealing its position underneath the wings of flight of Marine F-4's. That sort of thing kills folks. Anyone who has ever watched that happen would know: the regiment perished. But the lieutenant couldn't cross the open field, whip out his platoon cmdr's note book and start counting bodies. Not and be marked present at the TBS reunion. So not a single NVA soldier was confirmed killed.

He was then very new to it. Six months later he would be cagier, as wise-ass in reporting as only a 2nd lieutenant can be having survived that long. One fine, quiet afternoon he looked down from a OP west of Camp Evans to see a FO's target-of-the-tour: a company of NVA crossing a big open tact of land with zero cover. Three hundred rounds of 155 later four Marine gunships arrived to say howdy, left, and the arty recommenced re-arranging the bodies. Finally the regimental COC at Camp Evans asks for a SITREP, with body-count. The lieutenant says, "I dunno, I counted a hundred and fifty or so NVA out in the open and you hit them hard; can't be many lived."

"*Well--* " he hears back, "you'll have to go down and count them or we can't report any *confirmed* kills."

"OK, you send some grunts from your pos out to pass the word with bayonets to any NVA who may have missed it, that they are dead. Then the six of us will start counting."

Crickets.

No one watching *Combat* from a trench would be disposed to disagree with Churchill that *there is nothing more exhilarating than to be shot at with no result.* A close second, however, surely was to be of an age and circumstance (not dead) so as to be unconcerned with telling senior officers how foolish they sounded. Sure, but the real point is that while over counting of enemy casualties was widely implied and is now simply assumed to be fact, our own lying eyes may suggest the opposite was true.

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Leatherneck Square

Argument as to Hanoi's strategy in picking when and where to stage major attacks south of the Ben Hai river shall be forever unending. Here's why: Hanoi never won one so they will forever obscure their intentions. Pondering obscurities such as Giap's intentions affords Marines, who were particularly effected by them, an excellent excuse to pass around cigars and slide a bottle of brandy around the table among old comrades. Who cares if whatever was in Giap's head is fuzzy? Pass the brandy.

As to our side, that's clear. Or more accurately, it's clear there was no common, cohesive response. Westy and Walt never saw eye-to-eye, either tactically or in how much to starch one's utilities. Westy looked for opportunities to find'em and pound'em. Walt took a longer view, building long-term security of villages and hamlets. The results differ in their essentials. One cripples your adversary while the other strengthens your ally.

Nevertheless, for both there was a single flaw: Hanoi dealt every hand. Giap dealt regiments around I-Corps like $20 chips sliding across the felt at a Vegas casino.
Two things followed the the regiment he flung Con Tien's way. Reinforcements quickly fought their way up to the beleaguered little fort, good news for anyone who liked a canteen of water occasionally. (Westy put in an appearance and was quickly dismayed with the dishevelment of its defenders. Finally he says to one sergeant, "Marine, it doesn't look like you've shaved today," to which the sergeant answers, "No sir, and I haven't had a drink of water, either." End of visit.)

Lady Bird gave the go-ahead to clear the NVA out. Con Tien was the exception to Hanoi's tactical initiative in I-Corps. The little Hill of Angels was a geographical exclamation point that the NVA couldn't circumvent. It wasn't big but it sure was there. It was the tactical equivalent of a South Alabama speed-trap. (You have to go over to the next *county* to get by.) Later, when it really mattered, that's what the NVA were forced to do, and that (plus fate) crippled them.

From late spring on the most obvious facet of anyone's war north along the eastern DMZ was movement. Only tiny Con Tien couldn't; everything else could and did. Chance encounters on either side were no longer between platoons and companies, but between battalions and regiments. Best watch who you ambushed.

Con Tien – Cam Lo – Dong Ha – Gio Linh. Reasonably a square, a term of convenience for a place of nasty fighting. Several factors contributed. First was the Ben Hai river, the only place in that war where opposing armies could form up and oppose each other across a line. All the easier, then for both sides to reinforce quickly at some particular point – which they did. Then there was the conundrum of Con Tien: it wasn't high enough to dominate the terrain but it was high enough to be a target. The real problem, though, was more subtle. The French had learned at Dien Ben Phu, at the cost of a number of white flags, that you couldn't win an artillery dual with the NVA from the center of a bulls-eye, looking out.

So the 12th Marines didn't try. Instead, they backed off to the south and defended in depth. A better idea, for sure, but it had drawbacks, particularly one of geometry, distance in particular. Air was expected to take up the slack at the thin end of the arty fan. While time-on-station is no issue at all for arty, it is for air. If this fundamental MET

Flying the lead chopper into LZ Goose, Kirby ran into a hail of automatic-weapons fire as he hovered to dislodge the infantrymen. The Communist gunfire disabled the helicopter's radio and wounded most of the crew, along with three riflemen. Another Marine was killed instantly and fell from the chopper. Kirby managed to maneuver out of the precarious situation, while the wounded door gunner kept up a steady stream of machine-gun fire.

At LZ Owl the NVA hit 2nd Lt. Dwight G. Faylor's 2nd Platoon, thinly spread over an 800-yard area and moved in so close that naval gunfire couldn't support them. By 1100 relief forces began to reach them, but the NVA chose to stay and fight. Company B, 1/3,supported by several M-48 tanks, attacked a trench line holding numerous enemy soldiers, and the Marines were quickly entangled in hand-to-hand combat. Marine jets screeched down.

(A. Hemingway)

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The combined Marine/ ARVN forces swept across the DMZ, and cleaned it out – for then. But in stepping back (fifty years), it's clear that there is no vaccine – then nor now – for an exposed flank. Push east to west over the top of Leatherneck Square again and the next time ambushes didn't start with trip-wire but with 152 mm artillery. This fate befell 1/9 the first few days of July. Worse, the the Walking Dead out-walked their arty. Marine Air shepherded them back to Con Tien. That hell-hole, however, wasn't outside anybody's arty fan. Getting to it wasn't like getting a free pass into Disneyland: that night the NVA hit the hill with over a thousand rounds of arty and mortars. It seemed, as well, that the NVA had un-packed a large stash of .50 cal. machine guns. The army paid dearly in helicopters and crews for using AK-47 tactics against .50 cals. Dick O'Leary, spotting from a army Bird Dog, was killed in action over the Square by a single .50 cal. round.

Nevertheless, old Colonel Bill Masterpool and General Truong had kicked things off in the DMZ. ARVN (Abn) troops held their line of attack throughout, killing 342 NVA and capturing another 30. The invasion of the southern half of the DMZ netted 789 enemy killed and another 37 captured. Marines, for their part, sustained 142 dead and 896 wounded.

Still there, though daily remodeled, Con Tien made Charlie walk around it. Though with it still being a big, fat free-fire zone for NVA gunners, Marines defenders there continued to suffer from acute shrapnel indigestion. Conversely, NVA gunners suffered no countervailing fire. Tactical half-measures develop limps.

Anyone supposing that distant Washington possessed the power of restraint sufficient to let Marine leaders treat whatever limps that beset them, afflictions that were at least partially under their control, and to restrict themselves to the political implications of the DMZ, which only they could effect, well, they'd probably believe a Montagnard girl would get chosen as Miss Saigon. No surprise, then, when Robert S. McNamara had Marines begin work on the second of his great creations, the McNamara wall. (The first being the Ford Falcon.) While McNamara had long prospered changing parts suppliers, managers, union contracts and the like to hide whatever was broken at Ford's, he failed to demonstrate to anyone along the DMZ how he could turn a bad idea into a good one. (Or did anyone ever spend flight/jump/demo pay on a new Falcon?)

Here, he had missed the salient problem: him. (Pogo put it this way in a cartoon: *We have met the enemy and it is us*.

***

There's a chain-linked fence outback. When kids next door get home from school, 3:30 or so, they head out to play, and their old yellow dog meanders along, sitting guard at the fence. A little female Manx cat will saunter over from this side, her stubby little black tale fluffing to and fro. When Ole Yellow is suitably excited at the sight of her, she'll up the ante by plopping down by the fence and start licking her naughty bits. The huffing and woofing ratchets up until a banty-rooster that lives further down in a thicket of bamboo joins in and adds his crowing to the racket. The little kids all dance and squeal in delight; the cat rolls around in the flowers, *grinning*.

Pulling a little strip out of the fence could stop all that nonsense, but I choose not to. The little cat, you see, is mine, and she dearly enjoys making sport of oldyellow dogs.

***

In Vietnam Robert S. McNamara had choices, too, but he also had yellow dog syndrome. He and his crack team of college-boys chose to add a second fence to the one Buddha had already put there, the Ben Hai river. There was a lot of crowing (per the rooster) about the McNamara Line. Building it had about the same effect that a large, ungainly couple has in dancing a tango on a small dance floor when everyone else is attempting to slow dance. With every twirling flourish somebody new gets elbowed. Northern Quang Tri Province got crowded and dangerous. Construction units wore bulls-eyes and infantry units sent to protect them couldn't maneuver. As good ideas went, it was every bit as efficacious as the Maginot Line. Come Tet it withered away, but until then it steadily killed Marines.

Operation *Buffalo*

Hanoi had no plans of easing up on Con Tien. Their long-range artillery dug in hidden, pounded the old fort. Seeing the NVA were not going to go away, a second operation, *Buffalo*, was re-aimed into the DMZ.

It kicked off July 2 with Companies A and B, 1st Battalion, 9th Marines sweeping north-northeast of Con Tien. Expecting it, the NVA had dug in and registered artillery ambushes. Things got ugly early at the Market Place. NVA used flamethrowers to set fires that forced Bravo Co out from cover and into a machine gun and artillery ambush. The entire command group for Company B was lost to shelling. Among the dead was FO, 2nd lieutenant John (Doc) Doherty (of Company C & USNA). Link-up only came with a hodge-podge rescue force of platoons thrown together, a couple of tanks, and a heavy dose of Marine Air. A & B companies lost 84 killed, 190 wounded, and 9 missing before helos could haul what was left back to Con Tien. Only 27 Marines from B 1/9 were fit for duty. It was the worst one-day loss for Marines in Vietnam.

By dawn on 3 July more troops arrived: ours and theirs. An air-force spotter saw a NVA company heading to reinforce, and Battery E, 3/12, made extras in a zombie movie out of them. Three days later a SAM-2 fired from the DMZ found Maj. Brubaker's A-4 and made a parachutist out of him. Parachuting into the DMZ at night presents immediate theological implications, not to mention a slow-moving watch.

Operation *Buffalo* ended on July 14. Nearly 1,300 NVA were reported killed; only two were captured. The Marines lost 159 killed and 345 wounded. "The most savage aspect was the heavy employment of supporting arms by both sides. Of the known enemy killed, more than 500 came from air, artillery, and naval gunfire." (USMC Hist.)

(*Where isn't an exposed flank is a loosing tactic? – Harvard? – Princeton?*)

Operation *Kingfisher*.

Giap kept up the pressure on Con Tien all summer, using his heavy artillery to keep things at the Hill of Angels as miserable as possible. In early September 1967, the Marines again launched into the DMZ, looking to drive out NVA. Didn't have to go far to find them. 3/4 ran into an NVA unit about 1,500 meters from Con Tien. 3/26 fought what seemed to be the entire 812th NVA Regiment – sundown to sunup. Marine Air provided industrial lighting by napalming the place all night.

By then it was clear to every l/cpl in the 3rd Division that even if you could push NVA regiments back over to their side of the Ben Hai, if you couldn't reach across it, then you could do little to stop their artillery from rearranging the sandbags at Con Tien every day. Between 19-27 September 3,077 shells fell on a real small hill.

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THE QUE SON BATTLES.

You may not be interested in war, but war is interested in you.

Leon Trotsky

War unexpectedly found Foxtrot Company of the 2nd Battalion, 1st Marines on 21 April 1967. Oh, the Marines were looking for a fight, though not the sort they got. The 2nd NVA Division did expect a fight. It was what they came for. What the Marines gave back, however, wasn't at all what the NVA expected, either. Sometimes you get the bear; sometimes the bear gets you.

Still, there was nothing about the Que Son Valley, stuck out west of Hoi An near the mountains, that suggested that Hanoi should think it to be an ideal spot to squirrel away one of their best divisions. There was nothing of its geography that suggested dominate terrain in the same way that Khe Sanh and Con Tien did. Yet quietly, carefully, the NVA had slipped in from the mountains and entrenched.

So why?

Because they could. While they could never walk down Highway 1, they could walk around Khe Sanh and then down the Ashau Valley. That easily? Well, several lieutenants from company C were sent out there to slow down the traffic, and the NVA blew past them like bridesmaids heading for a tossed bouquet, so yes. From the bottom of the valley NVA had only to hop-scotch over some openings in the Annamite range in order to get in toward the back door to DaNang and Hoi An. Handier yet, they could ease back into the mountains at will, distance themselves from the 1stMarDiv and refit, as needed.

Mission, enemy, and terrain are the usual suspects for dictating how battles unfold. Usually, but not always. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia needed shoes on his swing through Pennsylvania, so a fateful detour took him to Gettysburg. What sent the 2nd NVA Division to Que Son? Whatever purpose they may have once had came to be as opaque in the following years as why the Hatfields hated the McCoys. Anyone who returned to Quang Nam Province in 1970 after having been there in '67 would have found the only things to have changed were the commander's name on unit signs. And sometimes, not even that. (*e.g.*,P.X. Kelley: CO, 2/4 & 1st Marines)

When John Hobbes famously characterized life in his day as *nasty, brutish, and short* we'd be forgiven in thinking he'd gotten med-evac'ed out of the Que Sons. It was that sort of place. The question, in looking back, is what made that region of Quang Nam Province so different? It was, to borrow the term, a place of Ten-Thousand Pains. Death and misery pursued you relentlessly. Why there? The usual suspects are human design and natural geography. As to Giap's design, it would make sense if the major tactical initiatives were to have followed Vietnamese history, north to south. Would it not be wise, then, to deny your opponent a secure rear area and harbor from which to defend against Hanoi's push south? Obviously so. Giap need not actually attack the city, but he must constantly threaten it. To that end Giap committed the 2nd NVA division and assorted VC main-force units with a smattering of VC strap-hangers. There was a secondary advantage to his strategy: bleeding Marines. The propaganda value of steady U.S. casualties was always of value to Hanoi. The terrain in western Quang

alive.

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As Hank Stackpole was med-evaced, 2nd Lt Kenny Moore realized that in the Que Sons, you could go from TBS to company commander in about three months, given that the volume of lead in the air is directly proportional to the weight of responsibilities. Later, on the evening of 3 Sept, two platoons of Company D, 1/5 set in for the night never thinking that 100 meters away a battalion of the 1st VC Regiment was moving into attack positions. At 0430 they hit, waves of them. Capt Morgan plugged every breach, himself, and was killed doing it. Bill Vacca, the company exec took over for several hours but was too severely wounded, himself, to continue. About sunup command devolved to 2nd Lt Carl Fulford. As to the day he faced, Custer had better odds. They'd have been worse odds except for his TBS classmate, Bob Kirkpatrick, off in the bushes nearby with his platoon – or company, depending on the time of day. (*10,000 Pains*)

It was quite the day for moving up in the Blue-Book.

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[On hearing] that Delta Company, 1/5 needed an emergency resupply of ammo, Lt "Screw" Warner and Capt. Don Engle of HMM-363 loaded up at Hill 55 and headed toward Delta Company. In-bound they heard the CO was dead and the XO wounded, as were all M-60 gunners.

On approach the 34's control cables got shot away and she spun down, hard. Warner and Engle jumped out and dragged their crew to cover… Lt. Warner took one of his guns and some ammo and headed to the perimeter.

...Warner got a Maj. Ross in a VMO-6 Huey up on his emergency radio. Ross [put down fire] until A-4's and F-4's arrived on station with napalm, dropping great billows of orange fire and black smoke, Halloween colors at their scariest, vaporizing the enemy...'

Ross's bird got downed in the process, where his M-60's got carried off to the perimeter. He called in more VNO-6 Huey's. ...[That night C-130 gunships arrived on station, filling out aviation's day at the rodeo]
(10,000 Pains)

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Father Vincent Capodanno, a Maryknoll Priest from long Island, was 3/5's chaplain. The men all liked him because he'd show up in the middle of every fight. They would hide cigarettes from him (which he'd swap for a St. Christopher medal) because "he smoked like a chimney." That and, "if you had to provide bodyguard for him you were in deep shit, because he wouldn't listen to you to get down."

(Cpl Norm Bailey)

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In Praise of Former Marines

Early that September of '68, Alpha 1/5 departed our battalion combat base to guard the locals. Things went downhill for Alpha Company, not immediately-- but soon. Come dusk they got mauled.

The usual "someone far-above-my-level" determined that the mauling of Alpha company was surprising, but not likely an indicator of similar things to come. Of course it was necessary to get the personnel of Alpha company back to the battalion base, so a second company was cautiously ordered to find and link-up with Alpha company and bring them back. Chosen for this cushy stroll, (as I saw it then), was Bravo company of which I was the XO.

What with fine weather I predicted a pleasant walk in the park. Of course, hindsight would wonder how anyone can think the beauty of the weather, given many dead and wounded, might suggest the ease of the assignment. Nevertheless, such a state of mind became one's default view of cause and effect. What looks pleasant shall become so, right? Otherwise, just focus on staying alive and accomplishing the mission.

The morning was beautiful and since our mission seemed easy our spirits were high. After about an hour of steady and uneventful moving toward Alpha Company, we came to a stream running across our line of movement. I wasn't paying a great deal of attention to anything other than my footing on the rocks in the stream, when suddenly the right foot of the Marine directly in front of me jerked to the left and he plunged forward into the water. I helped him back to his feet, laughing, – but not for long. Quickly I felt the bone-vibrating cacophony of incoming. Maybe 200 meters away at the end of a flat and open area, was a berm of two or three feet bordering, as we later determined, a series of rice paddies backed by the usual rice-poor village and some banana palm groves. We were taking heavy fire from behind that berm. That was a surprise and a fine walk ruined.

Even deadly surprise in combat isn't one that stuns, paralyzes or incapacitates well-trained, veteran Marines. The vicious fire coming from the berm meant that we had to move up and attack their point of attack. Though counter-intuitive, hesitation simply lengthens the engagement and passing minutes multiply causalities. So we attacked. We had some Marines killed and others wounded, but we kept attacking until we reached the berm. We found the enemy had quite intelligently withdrawn to the village some 100 or so meters back. And then, for a reason which we could not know, the firing stopped. As we later guessed, the NVA severed contact only in order to re-group for a later and even more vicious attack on us and our sister company – Alpha. We evacuated the few killed or wounded, counted noses, formed our column and moved east to link up with Alpha Company.

We found Alpha Company defending a relatively large area with a dazed, defiant air, the result of 36 hours of constant fighting. Their dearly-bought success in beating off what should have annihilated them, or nearly so, bore a high cost. How many they had lost I can't remember exactly, but it included their company commander. Their dead were covered with ponchos and laid side by side awaiting evacuation by helicopter. But that wouldn't happen for another 12 hours: for the moment darkness was approaching. It's usually the case that the situation dictates air-evac priorities, but it's always the case that morale is never improved by the sight of fallen Marines and Alpha company had a lot.

Happily, among their survivors was friend and classmate Carlton Fulford, who had been suddenly thrust in command of what was left of Alpha Company. Carl was always a particularly serious Marine officer who was slow to relax on the best of day; however, when I found him after our two companies had linked up, I was taken aback by his ghost-like appearance. He was wounded in several spots, some seriously; had spent thirty-six sleepless hours of hard fighting; had seen a significant numbers of Marines killed including his company commander, and sometime in the middle of a night of hard fighting command fell to him. Leaking blood, he and the other wounded fought on.

It is a cliché of combat heroism that those who exhibit it are completely unaware of their heroism, but the cliché does not affect the fact of it.

The two company commanders (of which Lt. Fulford was one now) decided that given the difficulty of carrying the dead and the non-ambulatory wounded, that an attempt to return to the battalion area was impracticable, and that we should remain together in Alpha Company's position for the night. The addition of Bravo company added to the remnants of Alpha company yielded a complement of one and a half-companies to handle what we assumed would be a resumption of evening unpleasantries.

Common opinion assumes the chain of operational command in combat to be one of strict hierarchical order-issuing and order-obeying from the top (here, the two company commanders) and ending as a frag order stuck to the bayonet of Private Joe Banatz. Not really. The reality is that what precedes the final orders is most often lengthy and often heated debate by the staffs and other subordinates of the commanding officer(s). From the first day at Quantico, officers are taught to state and argue for their beliefs as strenuously as fairly as they can until the moment comes when a final decision is made. With that the decision becomes a directive. Law, tradition, and wisdom dictate that one then implements the directive to the best of one's ability. However difficult that may be, even regretful, duty is clear and unequivocal.

This, perhaps, distinguishes Marine Corps history and underscores the devotion of its Marines. Steadfast devotion to duty exemplifies the universal demand of Marines, present and former, and explains why those no longer on active duty are referred to as "former" and not "ex" Marines. There are a few pitiful "ex" but there are a great many "former" Marines. That night proved to be one for each Marine to decide exactly which sort he was to become.

The NVA forces arrayed against us, we later found out, were significant elements of a full division and they knew very well how to attack unrelentingly in several attempts to crack our lines in attempting to destroy us. By this time in Vietnam I had been involved in a lot of combat, large and small, but this night combined all I had previously experienced into the space of six, seven, or eight hours: actually, I thought then that that experience would continue forever and that forever would most likely become eternal.

In writing how does one describe the chaos and the cacophony of combat in this modern age – scientifically enhanced high explosives combined with the eardrum-splitting quality of ounce-weight pieces of metal breaking the sound barrier at the rate of 600 times per minute? What is the effect of an explosion of three pounds of modern high explosive encased in a friable steel case when those pounds are detonated on a granite boulder; when they are detonated on a hard packed clay surface; when they are detonated, perhaps, even on a steel helmet? How does one convey the sound or the disorientation that the sound effects on the much too slow mental-comprehension system of a human? That sound, as partially emblematic of the totality of the combat experience, is more easily remembered than described.

At least,if someone were jammed in the middle of a steel dumpster into which fourteen tons of mixed boulders, scrap metal and glass fragments suddenly was dumped and then was shaken around again and again for six straight hours, the din and bone-rattling, ear-numbing and brain-scrambling effect would have been a carbon copy that night. And that didn't even including the screams, moans and lamentations of the wounded.

Sometime during that terrible night I prayed more sincerely than ever I had in my previous 23 years of habitual churchgoing. I prayed to God to get me through that ordeal, and I even had the temerity to make a deal with Him: if God would get me through that ordeal I never again would use His name to curse. Mine was no slight offer because up to that moment I had put myself in the heavyweight arena of cursing, having been known to shock even the most hardened gunnery sergeants with the imaginative combinations of an unrivaled fund of coarse invective. (I never could brook being second in anything and cursing was no exception.)

I have both mostly kept and even expanded on my promise for the past 48 years. Perfect? Hardly, but in my regressions I never forget that I am breaking a promise and I suffer for it.

I notice that Carl Fulford isn't much given to swearing, either.

(Bob Kirkpatrick
Charlottesville, Va.)

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Serious digging didn't tail-off till November of '67. The nasty, brutish fighting that marked the Que-Son campaigns finally paused, the 2nd NVA Division was slow to answer the bell. Hanoi sent them to a corner for a standing ten-count, thinking they could regain their footing by Tet. They couldn't. They came out wobbling, tried to take a swing at the Marines at DaNang and got mauled. They lost another thousand men before staggering back to the mountains, spent.

Nevertheless, for the 1st MarDiv, it had been a long, long year. They'd won, but the problem was that the valley itself hadn't decided to give anything away. It would be the same damn thicket of bamboo and wait-a-minute vines in '68,'69, and '70 as it was in '67. It imposed its own imprint.

Probably more than any other piece of terrain in I-Corps the fighting south of DaNang left Marines looking for some better way to fight than rolling grenades downhill, so to speak. What they eventually got was "maneuver" warfare, which except for a few lousy German expressions and some cheesy lederhosen was not particularly off-putting. Its emphasis, however, resembled precisely the scheme of warfare that Westy extolled but that Walt suborned in favor of pacification.

So who won that argument? Neither man figured out that you don't always get to pick the fight, sometimes it picks you. What can be fairly argued, however, is that time didn't afford either man an answer on their watch. **R**elationships take time and good ideas.

The short uptake was that people in I-Corps, for whom Vietnam was not only a war but also their country, were particularly grateful that Marines had refused to turn their towns into the biggest whore-houses west of the Chicken Ranch. Non-fraternization, for instance, was a Marine idea uniformly derided by the Army. This, however, would never have been discernible to Marines who had never left I-Corps. There, that's just the way things were. However, any Marine transported by magic carpet to the army's Saigon of '67 could have headed downtown on liberty, strolled along the sidewalk to the Continental hotel, turned down Tu-Do street and stopped in at Mama Bich's. The back table was full of whatever Marine advisors were back, re-fitting. Like beer and know a lot of Irish drinking songs? Happy days!

North in Hue? Off-limits. Nevertheless, the Cherry Bar would sell a Marine beer and try to hide him in the rain barrels out back in the alley when the MP's showed up, but they'd know where you were anyway. Adios one stripe. All of them, if you'd stolen a jeep to get there.

DaNang? The Club Select, right on DaNang's riverbank, had a French trained chef who hadn't yet been drafted, and the house specialty was lobster thermador, priced at $3.50 (MPC accepted). Surely "off-limits" would exclude fine-dinning, one chubby major possessed of $3.50 finally decided. Ah, but the *full* price with MP escort home, after the Walt gratuity, was $803.50 – one month's pay. Walt was right, respect matters. Fighting can blindly find you, but respect needs eyes.

Sometimes, local folks made that case as best they could. Tom Gay has been carrying around a letter from Que-Son for a half century. It's from the district chief, a young ARVN captain who like anyone educated in French schools says too much. But he means it, which makes all the difference. Here is a part:

`Colonel, Commanding Officer of 1/5 Bn`

`...Only a few months have passed since the communists had sown death and suffering to the people of Que-Son, the battlefield`

was full of powder smoke, the villages were full of savage slaughters. The communists didn't refuse any inhumanities.
...But for your part, you wear war-clothes and leave your lovely country to sacrifice for freedom and peace. We are moved and grateful. Words [alone] are not enough to show your people, but what we can do is to engrave it onto our heart.

...[W]e bow our heads to your heroes who died for our country, and we wish we will be close to your side for all time.

God Bless you and your Family,
Capt. Nguyen Dinh-Suong
Que-Son District, 01/07/1967

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There must be bags of musty documents in the library at Quantico filled with Vietnam-era data to suggest an answer to the Walt-Westy debates. Or, maybe you had to be there. In this case the Vietnamese wrote the final stanza themselves, only there were no Marines left to hear it sung. DaNang had watched the Third Division leave; saw the Wing load everything but the O-club waitresses in departing C-130s and leave. Slowly, then, the 1st Division rolled down the Tien Sha Peninsula to the deep-water piers, battalion by battalion.

Not for the first time, not in the first place, people protested against Marines. This time it differed. They marched and protested against the Marines alright, but against the Marines leaving. Not Americans, *per se*, because the army's Metrical Division had come to town; no, the issue was Marines. They'd been more than protectors, they'd been good neighbors. Most noticeably, in all the capitol towns of I-Corps – DaNang, Hue, Quang Tri, etc. – the Vietnamese were left to themselves. Youthful bantering by passing young Marines was remarkably good-natured; daughters could walk to work and not be presumed prostitutes.

Along with the protests also came a blistering string of insulting news editorials in the DaNang and Hue newspapers that Americans never understood, but Saigon sure did.

English first person plural pronouns (we, us, ours) are inclusive. If the person to which you are speaking is not included in, "We are leaving," it is clear only in context. Not so in Vietnamese. *Chung-ta* means us all; *chung-toi* means we including me (*toi*) but not you. Ah, but the Vietnamese also constructed a lovely third alternative, inclusive, but one suggesting a special relationship. It includes the word for heart (*minh*). So you would say to your wife in leaving with her, *Chung-minh di*: Time to go, My Heart.

Lovely, yes? Saigon thought not. In all the blistering missives that DaNang and Hue papers sent their way, they referred to "our Marines" as *Chung-minh T.Q.L.C.* – literally, the Marines of our hearts, our body. Ah, but South Vietnam had a Marine Corps, a good one, but they weren't – Saigon was to expressly note – any part of *DaNang's* heart.

The 1st Marines weren't over the horizon sailing east before Saigon was stuffing their own Marines into C-130s heading to I-Corps.

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The Siege of Khe Sanh

Back they came, the small men in natty hats, mustard-colored shirts, and Michelin tires for shoes. Was anybody surprised? Nobody that had ever actually seen Khe Sanh. The French had baited the Viet Minh to go out and attack them out at the Seat Of the Border County Prefecture (Dien Bien Phu). The Viet Minh obliged and, famously, won. Even after the NVA were rebuffed in early spring, they hadn't tossed away their memory scrapbooks. The lure of glory *redux* was simply irresistible.

Everybody that *didn't* matter, knew. The Montangards, they knew. The missionaries, they knew. The Marine provisional rifle company left up there, they knew. SOG damn sure knew, since Lang Vai was one of their launch sites (into West Vietnam). And Marine Recon knew. Problem was, the generals didn't *want* to know. "Nothing in it for the NVA," one of them assured WestPac. Yeah, sure. Lew Walt didn't want to know, because it didn't fit his preferred strategy of pacification. His error was in thinking that every part of his military TAOR must necessarily resemble the whole. Pacification could be entirely correct in the main, just not in all its parts.

The NVA learned, at great cost, that they were never going to roll over Con Tien. They could make it bleed as long as it suited them, but the sort of crushing artillery blow they landed on the French at Dien Bien Phu fell just short of their grasp. The Commander of the 12th Marines had an aversion, it seems, for the sort of indigestion that poor Col. Piroth served to himself at Dien Bien Phu, when he placed his artillery down in the valley and left the high ground to his enemy. Conversely, Marines (and army) spread their batteries across a wide swath, from Cau Viet at the ocean to Camp Carroll half-way out to Khe Sanh. What they could effectively do that the French couldn't was to provide interlocking fire support across Leatherneck Square, particularly at the point of decision, Con Tien.

After a long summer of woefully pounding his head against the top of Leatherneck Square, Khe Sanh reemerged in General Giap's imagination as something more like Dien Bien Phu. He'd give it another go.

His return build-up didn't go unnoticed. Recon picked it out; the Montagnards sure knew, which means they told the army. That didn't mean the "army" told the Marines. That's because the army outside Khe Sanh at Lang Vai wasn't owned by MAC(V). It was a forward launch site of Special Operations Group (SOG), and while it was polite to Westy, it wasn't part of McNamara's band; rather, it worked for Walt Rostow in the basement of the White House. Second, when they "launched" from Lang Vai it wasn't into the hills surrounding Khe Sanh, it was into "West" Vietnam. Where they went and what they saw wasn't shared locally. How closed was that window of intelligence to Marines? Commonly, division commanders were SOG briefed, but it is certainly the case that when SOG intelligence was briefed at I-Corps, the assistant corps commander had to leave the room. That secret.

Even when it became clear that Giap was reinvesting Khe Sanh, slowly and methodically, our own generals resolutely disagreed as to his purpose. Walt thought it was a feint intended to distract from Leatherneck Square and pacification programs to the south. Westy thought Khe Sanh passed the "duck" test and was highly agitated that he not give Giap any sort of victory, real or self-proclaimed. Both, however, ceased giving a tinker's damn about McNamara's wall. Bruno Hockmuth flew in with the

of the wire. Nevertheless, it takes time to move a regiment (66th) from its staging area to its release positions. Too long, as it were. SOG had sown the area west of the base with noise sensors.   Once the NVA began to assemble their assault regiment, they were heard. Just like a base-stealer timing the pitcher, the NVA had calculated their time to get from their staging areas to their trenches. As to Khe Sanh's response time, they could only guess.   They guessed wrong; misjudged the flexibility of the air commander in diverting flights of B-52s and putting them on radar, over the 66th NVA regiment.

His second error was predictable: his hubris argued the little ARVN Rangers wouldn't fight, so he threw his assault regiment right at them. In moving up, the 66th had gotten pounded by two B-52s and Marine arty dumped a thousand rounds on their heads. Then right at the wire the little ARVN rangers stung them hard. Marines followed with bayonets.

One now hears of the main assault that never came. Nonsense. A regiment certainly was sent in headlong attack. That it got chewed up along the way and repulsed at the wire does not signify a failure to attack; it signifies a failure *of* the attack.

Within ten days the 325C NVA division folded tents.

There would be many to laud at Khe Sanh for bravery and perseverance. Omitted are the names of Col. Lounds and MajGen McTomkins – neither thanked (nor promoted). Oh, the 26th Marines were heralded – and rightfully so. (There hadn't been, as Johnson put it, no "dinbinfoo.")   As most battles carry with them their own set of scars and identifying marks, so too, did Khe Sanh.   For wives sporting a Marine-aviator husband, give the old boy a kiss. They were magnificent. So, too, the kids on the ground. It's fair to remember, though, that when hit, infantrymen could hit back. Likewise, artillerymen would give as good as they got. Ah, but the engineers... when NVA gunners caught them out gluing down the marston matting every morning or re-opening a supply lane, all they could do was thank the Lord for what they were about to receive and pick up the pace.

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Given that two near simultaneous battles exploded, Khe Sanh and Tet, it's irresistible for some people not to point to one or the other as the primary objective and the other as a head fake.   Khe Sanh gets further cast as a tactical ploy of Westmorland's, as if he, not Giap, unnecessarily forced a fight. Reason rebuts that with the singular image of a PT-76 tank sitting on top of SOG's command bunker at Lang Vai.   If Giap wasn't really there to fight, what was he doing there with multiple divisions, heavy artillery, siege mortars, and tanks?   Should we really suppose that Westmorland had crafted Giap's field of dreams?

The simple answer works best: Giap miscalculated. And in remaining handcuffed to his own narrow experience and wide biases, he repeated the same trick   – days later.

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Tet

If a C-130 trip to remote, fog-shrouded Khe Sanh was akin to some sort of eco-tour with your buddies: you know, the nature hikes and pick-your-own-coffee-beans variety, then Tet was of the room-service variety. It came to you. No waiting, either. It came one week after the NVA 66th regiment got lodged in Khe Sanh's wire. This time Hanoi sent all they had at *everyone's* barbed wire, all at once. They gambled everything, willing to fight to their last VC.

What a shock that was to the starchies in Saigon, and understandably so: MAC(V) had undersold Hanoi's capabilities at every turn. If, however, you made your living in jungle utilities, say out in Quang Nam, there was more pragmatism in considering how things might careen off in unexpected directions, particularly when you were approaching the forty-third cease fire that Lady Bird had negotiated, of which Hanoi had previously violated only forty-two. Lying was high on the list of Hanoi's proclivities that Saigon undersold.

And there's us: Marines are comfortable with amusing embellishments to an already good tale – or the prowess of their Corps. We learned, albeit slowly, that our own intel folks weren't any less susceptible to selling themselves a load of goods than were the geniuses in Saigon.

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There is a long ridge line separating jungle from paddy fields northwest of Hue City. It's referred to as Co Bi - Than Tan ridge after the pitiful little villages that sit abandoned beneath its shadow. From up on the ridge you could peer right into Hue one way or up past Camp Evans, the other way, to the hazy outline of Quang Tri city.

Sometime in the last few weeks before Tet somebody sent a recon team up the ridge. (Probably one from McBride's company.) Either way, the first night went fine, but then in the early darkness of the next comm went silent. Gone.

Daylight they found the bodies, all but one (presumed captured). Different, however, was that all their stuff was there: radios, M-16s – *everything*. (Maybe not watches). From their wounds it was clear that they had been overwhelmed with a volley of grenades. Their magazines were full.

But untouched *radios*?

"Happened too close to Camp Evan's 155s." G-2 suggested. Or: "the VC know how fast Marine air can descend on them and they were afraid to hang around." Every explanation had the NVA off-balance in some way, skittering off before retribution arrived.

Four days or so later, the lone missing Marine was spotted, waving out in front of an ARVN 105 battery. They pulled him in, fed him, and called for Recon to come get him.

Grenades blew him backwards, right off the ridge and down into the jungle, he explains. Lost, no map, he hid days and moved nights towards the sound of guns. Back at Phu Bai he asks S-2 Lt Lance Zellers: *Where do I turn in my dog-tags?*

Nobody snorted.

Leaving the radios? Ah, figured that out at Tet: *They didn't need them.*

***

burned up a division in trying, but couldn't. The cost of trying was pretty much his 2nd NVA division, bled dry by the 1st MarDiv. Battered, the NVA slid off the battlefield before Tet to refit at Go Noi island (aka Football Is.), down the river from Hoi Anh. They still had a ticket for DaNang; they waited for Tet.

DaNang

On January 29th recon teams screening DaNang spotted troop movement and started hacking at them with arty. On the 30th, NVA sappers went for their key objectives, the bridges from the city over to the Tien Sha peninsula (& MAF HQ). Their route resembled the path of a pinball falling through a gantlet of flippers and bumpers. Blocking any direct route to the center of DaNang was a hodge-podge of Marine units of every ilk: MPs, engineers, busted-track repairmen, communicators, lanyard-snatchers, box-kickers, and even smatterings of that most rare of all nineteen year old Marines, the ones imbued with the magical power to keep a Mighty Mite running. It was the MPs, however, who wrote the key paragraph to every frag order repeated throughout the night: location. Only they knew where everything in that sprawling city was. This stray-dog detachment or that one got formed up and sent here and there by God-knows-who to keep DaNang upright. MPs were the maps.

Top-down planning Giap understood; it was bottom-up initiative that he never grasped. But gunnery sergeants – which Giap lacked – do encourage that sort of thing. Following well-rehearsed plans, VC sappers made it all the way to the downtown bridges. But the spans didn't get dropped, the sappers did. This clump of Marines or that had chipped away at them every step of the way. A few even got whacked by a CAP unit leading around their village home-guards. When the sun rose on DaNang the 1st of February, Marines-with-no-name had saved DaNang.

At Vietnamese corps-headquarters, chubby, normally-smiling General Lam entered and pointed to a spot next to his wire on his maps and told his air force liaison, "Bomb here." *Whoa! far too close to us*, he was told. "Big bombs," he answered, knowing exactly where VC infantry would be hiding in wait. "Big bombs."

Coming to or going from DaNang proved to be an equal deadly journey for VC. There was no quick fading into nearby jungles. Getting out past the Que Sons wouldn't be the usual case of hiding from Marine Air, as it had been at Khe Sanh, but a long walk in which to skirt waiting Marine infantry – always a dodgy plan.

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South of DaNang on the 6th of Feb a battalion of the NVA's 2nd Division careened into a company of 2/3, where leaving DaNang proved to be as dangerous as getting there. The infantry company had two tanks, which got lined up in an Arizona minute with a rifle platoon, ready to assault. Air and arty prepped. Once underway, the rest of the company enveloped the NVA. Chewed up by the Marines, the NVA pulled back as darkness fell, but that helped little. Artillery doesn't need flashlights. (*And Pete Hesser can see better at night than you'd think.)* It was a much smaller NVA battalion that eventually slunk off.

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Hue

Hue City differed from DaNang in a significant way: It wasn't garrisoned by U.S. Forces. Unlike Saigon, it wasn't a major commercial center; no Mekong river. Hue had a river that went no where, and an airstrip with no flights out. What it did have was the old imperial court, and its modern appendages, a university, a law school, and a med school. With them, and with its history as Vietnam's imperial capital (home of the Nguyen Dynasty) came a courtly, formal notion of behavior and manners. Women would not speak to a man to whom they had not been formally introduced.

With thoughtful consistency, General Walt presumed there were few hearts and minds to be won in stuffy old Hue by packing it with nineteen year old Marines. Phu Bai, with Marines aplenty, was a comfortable thirteen miles away. What Hue did have was the headquarters of the 1st ARVN Division, commanded by Vietnam's most able general, MajGen Truong. At Tet every bit of the immediate-action drill that befell U.S. and VN forces everywhere else in Vietnam fell immediately to South Vietnamese units in Hue.

Hue posed inherent disadvantages. First is that when a NVA unit popped out of the jungle at the Song Bo river and headed east toward Hue, they had (by actual count) roughly forty-five minutes of heavy breathing in crossing one klick of abandoned paddies before they were safely into a no-fire zone of villages. From there it was a quick seven or eight klicks to town. The city was properly an old fortress of French (Vauban) design with six feet deep walls perched behind the Perfume riverbank. So from jungle to town it was a quick jaunt, and once there, hellishly difficult to pry anyone out.

As everywhere, Giap had promised a popular uprising in Hue, but he also hoped to profit from the lack of an American garrison in town. He supposed the ARVN would be quickly isolated and be unable to communicate. Giap's geographical advantages were real, and he was aided by the unfortunate circumstance that 3rd Recon, that had screened Hue for several years, had the week prior displaced to Quang Tri. The U.S. Army was still unpacking. True, they were arriving in ever greater numbers, but they were as yet, strangers. Nevertheless, Giap's assumptions, once again, proved false.

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NVA battalions poured into Hue. Tet was a battle aimed to bust loose the populace from Saigon and its allies. However, in Hue itself little to nothing was expended in the direction of Americans; every round got sent toward the 1st ARVN division headquarters. Sure, Americans would show up, but not before the NVA was dug in.

The Tet holidays was a time of stand down, there being a formal cease-fire. General Truong had checked into a hospital to see if anything new had fallen off since his last visit, and from a second floor window of the hospital he noticed men running toward it wearing uniforms not of his army. Oh, he'd heard noise of gunfire, but he presumed it was soldiers adding to the Tet fireworks. No duffer, out he jumped, showing up at his headquarters in hospital pajamas.

His units all over the town had been hit hard. The question was how to re-organize them; how to do that in plain-language on field radios in a town chock-full of NVA?

The 1st ARVN Division was a fine outfit. It did, however, lack odds & ends of units that Marines were accustomed to. One was a reconnaissance unit. (VN Marines had one, led by our Hien (d).) Consequently, on the occasion of some large-arrow operation, Gen.Truong would ask for a screen from 3rd Recon Bn. The battalion would send up to Hue their only lieutenant who *claimed* to speak French, which was one more than those who spoke Vietnamese. When shown the requested recon-zones, the lieutenant would grandly answer, "*Mais oui*" and depart. "Yes" was never a problem for him since it fell to Bill McBride to go. The scheme worked smoothly enough for everyone except Bill.

Finally Truong asked if 3rd Recon wouldn't train a platoon of his men as scouts. Never wishing to loose face, the 1st ARVN Div picked good men and a fine officer, a Lt Tan. Sergeants in Bill's company spun them up and it all went well except for exposing how little French the S-3 lieutenant spoke beyond *mais oui (of course), combien? (how much?),* and *zoot alors! (You're kidding!)*

The night of the Tet attack, Truong had few troops in Hue except for his division staff and support units. His elite Hoc Bao company (& Jim Coolican) was at the airstrip, but his heavy regiments were north of town. Struggling to re-form, Truong grabbed his new recon platoon to use as runners. It was a stroke of rare luck. Truong was able to fight on in the north-east part of the Citadel with the meager forces he had because he found a way to communicate – exactly what Giap wrongly thought impossible.

Giap had also supposed that U.S.– VN communications would be disrupted. At the top things slowed, sure, but at the battalion level they worked sideways, just fine. Quickly enough, two VN Marine battalions found themselves shoulder to shoulder with U.S. Marines, attacking the Citadel. What Hanoi miscalculated was that each VN Marine battalion had two U.S. Marines embedded, and many officers of both Corps of Marines had gone to school together in Quantico, shared the same field manuals, and occasionally knew each other well. (If you saw Pete Oatis, you looked for Hien.) At the Citadel, nobody's Marines missed a step going forward, supported from above and on their flank by other old classmates – like elder brothers Chu and Dat.

***

Histories of the Battle for Hue always focus on the big battalions. Of late, nit-wits like Boden, (*Hue '68)*, muddy what we actually can confirm with unconfirmable nonsense from the other side. The problem is, they lie. Discounting dishonest history, what honestly gets lost in the telling is everything that swirled around the battles. There was a color, a texture to Tet that somehow differed from other battles and other times. It reminded you, in a less peaceful way, of the fine quilts made by Amish women, where every women in the community sews in one piece, and the whole cloth reflects them all. Tet was like that.

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Tet caught Marines repositioning north. West of Phu Bai, on the other side of the Perfume river, the 11th Marines positioned themselves to defend that base as the Army unpacked at Camp Eagle. Resupplying them sent rough-riders north out of Phu Bai toward Hue, then west at the Graveyard, and finally back south until you crossed Lt. Erle Pluncket's pontoon bridge over the Perfume.

Tet turned that route into a shooting gallery, absent prizes. En route, artillery officers stood atop Ontos to spot their rifles. Lt. Bill Hayter managed to get himself dinged hauling rounds down that road to his own battery. Supply officers wrangled convoys. To ride shotgun, H&S 2/5 fielded a sixty man detachment of clerks, mechanics, communicators, supplymen, cooks, etc. Somebody even found bandsmen. Sure, Marine battalions (U.S.& VN) were grinding their way toward the Citadel, but for everyone else there was no watching in reserved seating.

This left various Marines with a lot of ideas on how to help. Some were better than others. At the bottom of the list? - had to be wanting somebody to check out the bridge stanchions on the far bank of the Perfume river. How to get there? Oh hell, swim! (To escape attention, only send two Marines.) Who might be persuaded to ignore the actuarial downside to such a trip? A sergeant and the ever incautious Lt. Fred Vogel.

Eight inch guns are the devil to push around, but they are hell for accurate. Once US and VN Marines had pushed their way into the city south of the Perfume, they were fighting in a built-up area, where civilians hid by the hundreds. Prying the NVA out from among them with arty took a nimble hand on the lanyard. Eight inch guns were soon in high demand.

"It took us a few days to bring the guns up," Tom Gay, a former midshipman under Bob Thompson explained to the old colonel who had commanded one of the Marine battalions, "But once in place we damn near melted their barrels."

"Oh hell," says the ever obstreperous Colonel Thompson, "We never got any of that!"

"Oh," says Tom with a poker player's face, "*Oh, then we must have sent them all to Ernie Cheatham…*"

***

Marines pushed up; ARVN pushed down. It took nearly a month to squeeze the NVA out of Hue. They left, finally, leaving behind dozens of hidden mass graves, some not found for years. South Vietnam named 4,062 men, women, and children shot in the head, executed. Maybe 8-10% if the city. To their great shame, news media looked away from the horror of it all.

Quang Tri

There is always a reversion to the mean where luck is concerned. Where every bit of luck and surprise fell Hanoi's way in Hue, it all tumbled the other way in Quang Tri city, another walled city, built in 1824, likewise in the style of Vauban. There was every reason for the NVA to suppose that once in, they'd be tough to get out. But they had to get

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there. What they got was a rude introduction to the Heisenberg Effect: One bump in the road, north, led to a crash, south.

The road from Hanoi to Quang Tri passes through Con Tien, or would have but for fact that it was full of Marines. Try though Giap had to reduce that bump in the road, Marines wouldn't budge off it. Not even when in September when he hurled a thousand rounds of arty at them – every day. They had to go around, and that meant east, out into low paddy-country, Heisenberg's butterfly fluttering ahead of them.

January is monsoon season in Quang Tri Province. Cold wind flows down from the Plain of Jars, in Laos, and dumps hard rain in the mountains. It all flows down to the sea. From Khe Sanh it spills down the Thanh Han river to Quang Tri; from the Rockpile it comes down the Cau Viet river, right under Ripley's bridge, and merges with the Thanh Han. On joining, it floods. Trails wash out. And so at that spot NVA units got lost, got slowed. Confusion pushed them down narrowing lanes toward a little district headquarters that sat on the only dry trail leading to Quang Tri.

***

District forces (Nghia Quan; aka ruff-puffs) were not legendary fighters, not even in their own minds. And the poor ARVN major sent out as district chief to Trieu Thanh district, above town, surely had spilled the *nuoc mam* on the wrong tablecloth. But the fellow seemed not to care. He was irrepressibly cheerful by nature and wildly optimistic about his fighting farmers. Brave to the point of foolishness, he'd convinced his small gaggle of irregulars and farmers that because they had a canal and a lake to their front, that they could hold off the NVA 812th Regiment. You know, whack'em. Actually, they couldn't; but damned if they couldn't slow them down. Not long, but long enough for them to miss their mark and for Heisenberg's butterfly to flutter off toward downtown Quang Tri.

It flew right over Bill Cowan, a Marine force of one in the city, and headed downtown to the movie theater, fluttering to rest on an old ARVN APC. The butterfly and a 50 cal. machine-gunner in the APC watched in amazement as a manhole cover opened and NVA sappers popped out. The corporal waited until one sapper replaced the cover and he flipped his gun to go. Standing next to a high brick wall holding bags of TNT is not where to be when that happens.

Late in attacking, the NVA lost surprise. Nor were they going to distract and confuse anyone with a dead sapper platoon. The late-attacking 812th NVA regiment got hung up in no-man's land, pushing against the 1st ARVN regiment, who pinned them where Spookey could work them over. Pushing up, to add to the squeeze, was Co C, 3rd Tanks, crunching up Highway 1, all but one of them. Very happily absent in a non-hostile engagement was Ty Trainor, in Hawaii on a R&R inspection trip.

Weirdness apparently follows amazement during the monsoons. Hue had another month of terrible fighting in its sights but at Quang Tri the 1st ARVN regiment and an airborne battalion had won in a single night. (plus the ruff-puffs, let's not forget.) At first they were all holding their breath too tightly to cheer, then they couldn't find their manual for victory parades. Still, some sort of show was needed so they piled hundreds of dead NVA into 6x6s and drove in circles around town...three days later.

***

At the one place Hanoi *had* to win – Quang Tri – it lost. They lost because Giap assumed too much. Predicating so much on assumptions so readily disprovable was worse than foolhardy. What he was willing to do, earlier at Dien Bien Phu and later in I-Corps, was to burn up his men, relentlessly. The man had the heart of a cat. The consequences were soon clear. (Manifestly clear overnight at Quang Tri – even before old Walter had declared the war lost.) The first one was that Giap had wrecked the National Liberation Front as a fighting force. In I-Corps he did use his own NVA, but everywhere south he used main-force VC and buried most of it.

It was a bad plan, clearly. Less clear, however, were his objectives. Historians, particularly American, will debate forever whether Khe Sanh or Tet was the principal military objective. Not so the South Vietnamese. They saw it not as a chess match, but rather as Chinese checkers – a different game altogether. Tet, they'd tell you, was political.

General Truong, himself, had a candid take on that. It was this: Hanoi was being battered from the air by one set of [our] classmates and bled dry on the ground by the remainder. Many in the North wanted a resolution, but it would have to be something they could sell at home. Calling it quits wouldn't do. Giap, of whom Hanoi demanded results (or a replacement), spotted a face-saving solution in Quang Tri. The province was halved artificially by the DMZ. If **he attacked everywhere but could seize and** hold Quang Tri city, regardless of what happened elsewhere, Hanoi could immediately sue for peace, demanding in return the southern half of the province. That town (+Cowan) became the victory-defining objective. Everything to the south was a diversion. If they got lucky anywhere, swell; if lucky at Khe Sanh, better yet. But Quang Tri was the lottery-winning ticket. There, they had to win and hold– and did neither.

So the war went on.

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Return

Trotsky must have had his calendar open to 1967 when he prophetically suggested that you might not be looking for war but it might be looking for you. This was true from Quang Tri to Quang Nam, where whether looking through the windshield or at the review mirror, what you saw was war. War is always the hardest of places to unpack truth. Confusion and bad luck trip over themselves getting in the way. What you get isn't what the generals expected. (Though the gunnys usually did.)

End of tour, everyone knew they weren't going home with a full complement of TBS classmates. No head-count needed. They'd expected that all along, but kept it mentally at arm's length. Enthusiasm can't trump reality forever, although the naivety of youth sure tries. Not even wearing green can wash away the sorrow of loss where it must certainly appear. Lieutenants all supposed that training would help and it did. (If Mike Kelly would nudge you back awake.) They supposed that serving alongside fine men would help and it did. But of all the many things that could go wrong in a year in the provinces, well, few would have imagined them all.

At least there was this in common: a clear distinction between the possible and the impossible. Sorting through the finer distinctions of possible and probable, likely and unlikely came with experience.

Experience alone, however, doesn't guarantee a plane seat home. Bad luck or a capable enemy intrude. Chance and fortune get reassessed, over and over, particularly as they relate to the Laws of Probability. Anyone who buckled himself into a plane seat home knew that the odds of picking a can of beans and weenies rather than the preferred ham and mothers from a case of C-rats turned upside down were precisely the same every time. *Your turn* meant nothing.

The euphemism that *one makes his own luck* is shown to be nonsense at some place like Con Tien, unless it's thought that wearing two flack-jackets constitutes luck. Battlefields are indiscriminately rude, dangerous places. (Plus, don't forget Heisenberg's butterfly (and where not to queue up at a movie theater).

The lessons of a year in the provinces weren't elusive. They were mostly of a kick-in-the pants variety. Life-saving or life-taking lessons were abundant. Everybody knows that the goofiest-looking lance corporal in your outfit could be the one to save your life. Going to war with Marines wasn't luck, it was a choice. A good one. But those are the obvious sort of things we let fade in thinking back to the sharper-edged ones.

Battlefields are full of people and things. Both break. While the bulk of Co C benefited greatly from serving under fine and brave officers, some classmates drew a mad-hatter. It happens. All this gets piled onto bad luck, somebody's fervent wish to kill you, and things breaking.

***

impossibility of seeing very far with a one-foxhole view (or alone in the jungle). Surviving events day-after-day left you with a sense of the complexity and a frustration at not being able to see it all, ever. What helps is time. Sadly what time adds to your thinking it robs from your eyesight.

***

Church ladies see by different lights than we do. You couldn't sneak a nun's fart past one in a windstorm. (You'd be equally ill-served trying to sneak an idea past Ormand Simpson or Robert Barrow that confused *could* with *should*.)

Out in Olathe, Kansas, church ladies put a group together called Heart-to-Heart and decided it would be a fine thing for them to take extra medicine of this sort or that to places in need. Not send, *take*. But to where? Wouldn't The *Seat of the County Prefecture* be spiffy? *Dien Bien Phu.*

Getting a plane full of ladies to Vietnam was several rungs up on a shaky ladder. There were problems of: (1) no plane and (2) no diplomatic recognition with Vietnam; so even if you should go, maybe you couldn't. Conversely, if you could, maybe you shouldn't.

Which was the real question? They differ.

Absent a civilian plane (no desire in Hanoi for the U.S. Air Force's return), their project seemed doomed anyway. So, who has spare cargo planes? Everybody they knew was slap out airliners except for one fellow. They sent a FedEx a letter to Memphis to say what they needed: anything with four engines. They waited.

About 8:00 pm one evening (2000 for you, Kenny) the phone rings and the household long-haired bunkie, puzzled, says: *Somebody saying he's Fred Smith…*

He had but one question: *"Is this the right thing to do?"*

Ah, we all hate the SOBs in Hanoi, but the question wasn't about TBS class 2-67. Nor did it get asked that way. Fred's was a different question. It was asking if it wasn't time to toss our old duce-gear out, and let the Church roll on.

No one in Hanoi failed seeing the old ladies on the tarmac unloading medicine from a big, American DC-9. Not a one. And it mattered. The next American plane to Hanoi brought our first ambassador.

Somebody had asked the right question.

***

We understand life backwards, it's said*; nevertheless, we have to live it forwards.* Time helps with the first part but the second is up to us. Our outlook shapes even our questions. For Company C, life was colored with a tint of Marine-green. Passed down from regiment to regiment, we're told. Sure, but past glories, though always admired, dim. Lasting, is the reflection of the men one followed or traipsed alongside in battle, shoulder to shoulder.

The landing craft that took Company C ashore in the Provinces rides back a year later higher in the surf. It’s less full; some are absent. Unchanged is their character – then and now. They are somehow the same young lieutenants who felt their way down the landing nets, got in, and went ashore.

All of one piece of the same green cloth.

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Air America...Another Short War Story by Bill McBride (Mostly True)

Late July, 1967, Phu Bai Combat Base, Vietnam

My admiration and respect for the Air America guys goes back to a single flight I made out of the little airstrip at Hue in late July, 1967. I was a platoon leader with A Company, 3rd Reconnaissance Battalion at the time, and had been assigned a (last minute) mission out in the A Shau Valley..very little notice, very little time to prepare.

Normally (what was normal?) we tried to get an overflight of our mission areas a few weeks prior to the actual patrol in order to see the "lay of the land" and spot possible insert/extract landing zones, alternates, etc. We usually did this well in advance of the actual mission, and tried to cover a lot of other areas so as not to tip off the NVA as to exact insertion location. The urgency of the A Shau mission didn't permit this.

The day before I had spent a couple of hours in the air in an Air Force 01 observation plane. We crisscrossed the southern part of the Valley for half an hour or so....at 5000 feet. This might have been great for the longevity of the plane and pilot, but I couldn't see anything on the ground that I needed to see from that altitude...I tried to convince the pilot to get down there in the trees and he wouldn't do it...Didn't want to draw fire....which is exactly what I wanted us to do...(no death wish here, but it sure would have saved a few lives in the coming days).

When I got back from that flight, I bitched to the C.O. and Operations Officer that the overflight had been a waste of valuable time and that I still didn't have an LZ or alternate that I could use..other than landing smack in the middle of the Valley floor. He said he'd see what he could do. That night the C.O. told me to head back up to Hue at first light (we were at Phu Bai) and check in at the Operations shack for another flight. I figured it was going to be more of the same but it was my only hope.

The next day (I think it might have been 30 or 31 July..not sure) while still dark, I drove up to Hue. We were on the road before the morning road sweeps by the engineers looking for mines, etc and I was a bit tense...soon calmed by the fact that there were lots of farmers and others on the road ahead of us.

When I got to the Ops building I noticed a weird (to me) looking plane on the tarmack out front, along with a couple of 01E and 02's. No markings that I remember. Inside the shack, bs'ing with the flight ops guy was a short dude (being a short dude myself these things count) wearing jeans and cowboy boots (actually, I didn't notice the cowboy boots until the flight was over)..and a CAR-16 slung over his shoulder. I checked in with the ops guy and the guy in jeans intro'd himself and said I'd be his "customer". We sat down and he pulled out his map and asked where I wanted to go....of course he had the exact map sheet right in front of me. I *KNEW* when I saw that he was using 1:50K maps that this was going to work. The Air Force pilot was using a 1:250K map which was probably great for flying but had no detail of any use to me. I matched my map with his, he scribbled a few marks on his and said we'd be taking off in a few minutes. A piss-call later we walked out to the weird plane and got in..no flight walk-around that I remember..he fired it up, gave me an headset to wear (it was noisier by far than the 01), checked in with the "tower" and launched the thing off the runway in what seemed like 20 feet. (years later I saw one of them at an airport in Norfolk, Va and was told it was a Helio Courier)

The guy didn't talk much..fine with me, nothing on the radio once we were in the air, he seemed to know where we were going without much reference to the map...I was absorbed with the upcoming mission..didn't need a lot of chatter.

To make this short....this guy flew me low and slow...like he almost stopped the plane in the air above some of the LZ areas that I wanted to see...it was actually too low...I couldn't see a big enough "picture" to orient the map a lot of the time. We flew up valleys, across the ridge lines at treetop level..across the border over into Laos...sometimes lower than the trees on either side. I was scared and thrilled at the same time.. this was real flying and I saw exactly what I needed to see...not that I liked it, but at least I saw it. We didn't receive any fire that I am aware of...we probably were in and out of there so quickly that NVA on the ground didn't have time to react or didn't choose to. He said to let him know when I had what I wanted...I did...and we flew back to Hue. I told him “thanks”..he said "good luck" or something like that (this may be my imagination...I’d like to think he said it)...and I got out..he taxied off..I watched him climb out for a minute and then returned to the jeep and Phu Bai.

That was some real flying!

At the time I had a hell of a lot on my mind. I was really scared about this patrol from the start and it lived up to my worst fears. I wish I had gotten his name. I didn't know anything about Air America at the time--I presumed he was Air America..but I'm not certain. Much later, I related this to Allan Cates (Air America Association) and he passed on the names of two guys he thought it probably was...one was killed a while back as I recall.

Postscript... A couple of weeks after the patrol I had a visitor. It was some Air Force guy wanting me to write up a statement for some award for the pilot who flew me on the useless stratospheric cruise the day prior to this flight, and had apparently done some heroic deeds from on high when our asses were in big trouble on the ground...I refused.

Partyline One, Out!

USAF U-10B Helio-Courier VN 1967

A Short War Story from Bill McBride

(Mostly True)

One of my few, and most treasured mementos from Vietnam is an 8-Day clock from a CH-46.

We had just been extracted after a bland 4-day recon patrol (don't recall exactly where), and we were looking forward to cold showers and warm beer at home base (Phu Bai). Crew chief ambles back and asks me to put on his helmet With headphones so the pilot can talk to me. Turns out that another CH-46 had just made an emergency landing in bad guy land, and they wanted us to babysit the bird until they could get a real reaction force (Sparrow Hawk) in to secure the zone.

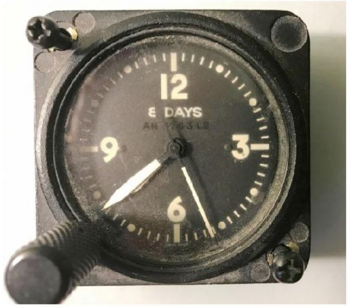
So we did. We spent a quiet four hours in a 360° around the bird, .50 cal in the middle, My six troops and the crew chief manning the line. We probably could have held out for a good two minutes if pressed.

The pilot was obviously not cut out to be a grunt, but the copilot was eating it up. We even gave him some camouflage paint and he did up his face real professional-like. His .38 or whatever it was constantly at the ready and he even had an extra box of ammo strategically distributed in the various pockets of his flight suit. We broke bread (Long range patrol rats) with him, and even showed him how to use an Itty-wa and C-4 to make coffee.

The Sparrow Hawk arrived and we went home. A couple of weeks later, the copilot shows up at my hootch with two airplane clocks (I took the new one, "Doc" got the used-looking one.), three survival knives (with sharpening stone). a strobe light, and a bunch of pen flares.

He says "thanks" for the help that day, drops the loot off to divvy up among the patrol, and volunteers to go out with us "anytime, anywhere".

It is now 1838 and 26-seconds on the clock I only wind on Monday morning.



Bonus War Story:

First time under fire, trying to break contact. I pull pin on CS grenade...good throw. Oh shit! forgot to remove the one wrap of electrical tape holding the spoon to the can.

Chuck not so dumb, however, his aim not that great but tape has been removed. Only the radioman has a gas mask. Good thing the wind was in our favor. Tried to invent a cover story but troops didn't buy it. End of tour going-away present was a dud CS grenade with ring on spoon and wrapped with e-tape.

(This gift didn't make it past the dogs and inspectors in Danang)

BACK

A Tour of Duty in Vietnam

CHARLIE COMPANY
MARINE OFFICER BASIC CLASS 2-67
SEMPER FIDELIS

John B. Wilkes

A-51

TOUR OF DUTY IN VIET NAM

After three months of Artillery School at Fort Sill, then six months of Vietnamese language school in Washington, a torn knee cartilage while playing on the Headquarters football team, and subsequent surgery with five months of rehabilitation at Camp Pendleton, I finally was ready to go to Viet Nam in the spring of 1968. At the old El Toro Marine Corps Air Station in Southern California, I boarded a Flying Tiger Boeing 707 for WESTPAC. The flight terminated in Okinawa, and I spent several days "processing" at Camp Butler on the Japanese island doing nothing of any importance that I can remember, except for making "liberty calls" every evening before I was able to secure a seat on another chartered commercial airliner bound for Da Nang..

The night landing at Da Nang was my first war zone melodramatic moment. We were ordered to don helmets and flack jackets while all lights on the aircraft, including the cabin lights, were extinguished due to the prevailing paranoia about potential rocket attacks against the city, particularly aimed against the Da Nang airport/US airbase.

The next day, as directed by my orders, I reported to the 1st Marine Division, or rather to a First Sergeant of that command. The orders said to report to the commanding general, but of course, I was no Ollie North. My paramount concern was to secure an assignment with an artillery unit. I was terrified that, because of my State Department Vietnamese language training, I might get assigned to an Interrogator/translator team. As it happened, I had nothing to fear. I was assigned as a forward observer to "F" Battery of 2nd Battalion 13th Marines. I thought I had successfully concealed my language training from the division "Top," but, as I later discovered, I was completely wrong about that. I also was told that my high class standing at the Fort Sill Artillery School had saved the day for me in this regard.

My battery was based in the huge triangular compound of the 27th Marine regiment about 10 or 12 miles south and a little east of Da Nang in a location near the ocean called "The Desert." I was immediately reassigned as the forward observer for "M" Company 3rd Battalion, 27th Marines. The Desert was a very hot place as early summer arrived. The compound had plenty of generators so electricity was easy to come by, but air conditioning was not an infantry thing. I maintained a cot in the officers' hooch of the battery, as it was less uncomfortable than the infantry digs although still not air conditioned.

My regiment had been deployed and involved with Operation Allenbrook in an area about 15 more miles south called Go Noi Island. The purpose of the operation was to stymie an NVA division that had filtered in from the western mountains preparing to attack Da Nang from the south. There had been fierce fighting with heavy casualties on both sides. As I arrived, my battalion was newly returned to its home base and licking its wounds. We were only doing patrolling around the immediate area of the compound for the first couple of weeks of my tour. I put a lot of sweaty miles under my belt but saw very little combat. I was beginning to think there wasn't much to this over hyped war.

I had been told many times not to wear rank insignia, because VC snipers always watched for the officers. I thought the warning

barefoot children returned, the mine field had functioned perfectly.

I was quite angry with the Marines and gave them a shaming tongue lashing. In retrospect, this minor incident was the worst, and the only, maltreatment of civilians by Marines that I ever witnessed, or even heard about, during my entire tour in Viet Nam.

As a side note, we were probably near a grave yard on another hot siesta afternoon in the same area. Little cemeteries were everywhere with eight-inch long centipedes living around them. The word was that they feasted on the dead bodies. For poetic justice, I believe it was the instigator of the cactus mine field that had fallen asleep and allowed one of the little beasties to attach its many feet to his belly. As I remember, the corpsman killed the centipede but was afraid of attempting its removal. The Marine was sent to the battalion surgeon with the disgusting centipede still attached to his belly.

The 27th Marines' compound had several sand bagged observation posts perched high atop steel observation towers. The junior officers were tasked with making nightly inspection rounds to make sure the Marines manning the posts stayed vigilant. One night on my watch, I climbed up into one of the OPs. I found some excitement brewing as the Marines had sighted a few ostensible Viet Cong skulking around about two hundred yards from the perimeter. The Marines had a Starlight Scope zeroed to an M-16 rifle with which they were getting glimpses of armed Viet Cong moving between bushes. These VC were in a no man's land where all the area civilians had been warned and certainly knew to stay far away at night. A Marine handed me the Starlight scoped rifle so I could see for myself. I saw a man carrying a rifle move quickly and then abruptly stop behind a bush on the edge of the cleared buffer. After a long moment of nothing, I was almost ready to hand the rifle back when a sharp point of light penetrated through the bush. One of the VC had lit a cigarette. I put the cross hairs on the beam of light and squeezed the trigger. The light immediately went out and no more movement was detected. The next day we went out to see what we might find at the location where I had fired the bullet, but it was obvious the area had been swept of any telltale footprints. If I had killed or wounded an enemy that night, it would be the one and only time I would take a life directly by using a weapon in my hands. However, before I was to return to the States, the numbers of enemy KIAs taken indirectly by my artillery would be a staggering number if known.

My first firefight came unexpectedly after a very long day of maneuvering in the heat. I had been tasked to go with a platoon-size patrol simply as the forward observer, since the platoon commander, a new infantry second lieutenant, would lead the patrol. The afternoon part of our mission was to function as a blocking force for a sweep by the Korean Marines across the adjacent sector. As we sat in defilade in a tree line along the edge of a sandy area that looked like the Sahara Desert, shimmering mirages wafted up off the sand. But instead of escaping Viet Cong being chased through the mirages, we suddenly were confronted by a hundred or so civilians from the next village running straight for us. I shouted at them in Vietnamese to stop, but they paid no attention, because they harbored no fear of us at all. But they were terrified of the Korean Marines who were notorious for executing heads of households in front of their families wherever and whenever they found cached weapons. The villagers ran right up to our M-16 muzzles while pointing back toward the pressing Koreans and gesturing that the Koreans were going to "cut off their heads."

Consequently we did our best to win the hearts and minds of the people. We gave them food from our C-rations. The corpsman played doctor for several with medical problems. There was an able bodied looking man about in his 30s with a tiny baby in his arms that looked near death. The baby had a terrible skin problem that was far above the corpsman's expertise. I told the man to take the baby to the compound and gave him instructions on how to request the regimental surgeon. The corpsman could only give him some soothing ointment, but the man seemed very grateful.

Finally, as the afternoon approached evening, the Korean sweep ended, and the civilians went back to their village. As per the patrol plan, we moved several clicks to a rendezvous point with three Marine tanks. We were late, and we had several more clicks to go to reach the farm planned for us to be our bivouac for the night; so the whole platoon jumped aboard the tanks for a quick ride to make our destination before dark. As we tracked onto the farm at high speed during nautical twilight, we encountered a Vietnamese family still tending their crops despite the late hour and waning sunlight. It looked as though they had a cooking fire in the field with them, but there were several other small fires smoking in the field with nobody tending them. This probably should have been a red flag had we not been so tired and naively sure there was nothing afoot that needed to be suspect.

We placed a triangular perimeter around the modest farm house with a tank pointing outbound at each corner. I didn't think that preplanned protective artillery fires from my battery would be necessary, but it was something I had learned to do as a professional Marine artillery officer, and I did it anyway. However, I did quite arrogantly fail to dig myself a fox hole in which to sleep. After dark I remember being upset with the tankers who were making a lot of horseplay type noise, and the lieutenant tank commander was not very cooperative in controlling them, so I just went to sleep on the ground near a side of the family's little farm hooch. I don't know what happened to the family who lived there. I never saw them again. I think they had left, which probably should have been another red flag. A shelter trench had been dug in front of their hooch about ten yards from where I chose to sleep.

Soon after total darkness set in, I was awakened by a loud explosion which later proved to be a rocket propelled grenade slamming into the turret of one of the tanks. It was immediately followed by a heavy mass crashing against my body, which was my radio operator bent on waking me. This was quickly followed by automatic weapons fire coming through a hedgerow and passing just inches above us. We stayed glued to the ground as we crawled toward the shelter trench with my operator dragging his radio. A Chi Com grenade came from over the hedge and bounced a few feet from me. It was too far away to pick up and throw back, so I pointed the bottom of my boots at it and covered my face. Amazingly enough, it never detonated. The Marines on the perimeter were firing back at muzzle flashes and the noise was deafening. We proceeded on to the trench.

I saw what appeared to be an armed Vietnamese soldier in the trench and immediately thought it must be one of the attackers. I pulled out my 1911 45-caliber pistol and snapped off the safety. Just as I was thinking about shooting the man, I remembered that we had a Chieu Hoi Scout with us (a turned and rehabilitated VC). Thank God I did not pull the trigger. Once we were in the trench I took the radio and called for the defensive fires that I had previously set up with the battery. During my call for fire, I reported among other things that we were taking incoming from "rockets." I should have used the full term for "rocket propelled grenades," because I had not yet grasped the paranoia generated by the simple word "rockets." An officer, probably the battery commander, interjected himself into the net, delaying my fire request, and asking for the "type of the rockets." With weapons firing and explosions all around me, I was irritated at the momentary delaying of my call for fire, and responded with "the kind that f#&king go off." Thank God, no offense was taken, and gratefully, no one ever chided me about it…, except for myself, of course.

I would like to think that our artillery foiled the enemy's attack, because the incoming stopped almost immediately after the 105mm artillery rounds started landing just outside our perimeter.

When the RPG had first hit the turret, there was a tanker sitting on top of it with his legs dangling inside. The penetrating shaped charge had ripped off one of his legs. The corpsman squeezed on a tourniquet, and we put the unconscious Marine aboard an old CH-34 med evac helicopter. As the CH-34 engine was winding up, a tanker ran up with the Marine's detached leg. I grabbed it and threw it up into the helicopter as it lifted off. It turned out, amazingly enough, that the tanker was one of only three Marine WIA casualties. I never did hear whether the tanker survived.

The aftermath of the battle had another rude awakening for me. The artillery rounds had accounted for several enemy casualties. The Marines had policed up one of the wounded VC who literally had one of his feet removed by a 105mm round. When a Marine shined a flashlight into the man's face, I was devastated. I realized it was the same man that held the sick baby that I had dealt with earlier in the afternoon. I do not think I have ever gotten over that realization to this very day.

Later I discovered that the hedgerow by my choice for a bed had a substantial amount of dirt piled and packed over a foot above its roots. This berm was substantial enough so that it had stopped all the bullets aimed lower than the bullets that passed right over me. Also, the grenade that someone had thrown at me from the other side of the hedgerow, still had tucked up into the handle, the ring and string that needed to be pulled to activate the fuse. The platoon sergeant soaked the grenade in a bucket of water, then disassembled it, then scraped out all the gun powder and shrapnel. After reassembling it, he gave it back to me to keep as a souvenir.

Now I was beginning to realize just what a lucky son of a bitch I really was. I promised myself that I would never be so inattentive and cavalier again. I also promised myself that I definitely would try to avoid tanks in the future. Tanks were just not suited for the type of warfare we were fighting, and they were simply big juicy targets that endangered everyone around them.

When I was able to return to the regimental compound and make my way back to Fox Battery, I was treated like a conquering hero. Fox Battery had fired my defensive fires and had received the kudos for the platoon coming through the attack almost unscathed. The battery staff made me feel that I had successfully completed my "baptism of fire" and set me up in a throne-like straw chair in an air conditioned hooch with a vat can full of iced down beer and a set of head phones through which I listened to the Doors' Light My Fire in stereo high fidelity – probably the most relaxing and comfortable moment I was to ever spend in Viet Nam.

I experienced another incident that reinforced my belief that I was operating under some lucky star during one of my patrols. Thankfully, the Corps had insisted that I be in top physical shape, and I was totally focused on detecting signs of possible danger as we moved along a sandy trail that was ripe for ambush or booby traps. Suddenly, as I put some weight on my left foot, I felt my foot start to sink into the ground. I immediately pulled back my foot and rolled on my shoulder. Where my foot had slightly sunk was a shallow depression with the corner of what turned out to be a C-ration case sleeve of heavy cardboard, sticking out of the sand. Under the sleeve was a booby-trapped 105mm artillery round that would have detonated had I not been so swift to bail out. It was surely one of our duds that the VC had policed up off the battlefield. After we slapped a chunk of C4 with a blasting cap in it, it made a nasty explosion.

At some point early in my tour I was called back to Division HQ for a reason I can no longer recall. Once there, I was mortified to bump into the first sergeant who had originally processed me, and he seemed to be overjoyed to see me. I quickly realized my language training had not gone unnoticed. The division civil affairs officer was on R&R, and they had a problem for which they really needed my language training.

A Vietnamese baby had been killed by a stray anonymous bullet, and several members of its family were in the 1st Division conference room raising hell and seemingly demanding money. They could not speak any English and the Marines at HQ spoke no Vietnamese and were growing very tired of the civilians' presence. The prevailing feeling amongst the Marines was that the family did not really care anything about the baby, but they were simply using the sad event as an opportunity to try to extort money from the Americans. There was no reason to believe the bullet had originated in a Marine's weapon, and it most likely had been one of the numerous rounds flying randomly about from the Viet Cong sniper rifles.

I really did not want to get involved, but I also did not want to alienate this first sergeant, so I begrudgingly opted to try to help. In my estimation, I had not done very well with my Vietnamese training. The language is tonal, and I mostly memorized the language and never was able to actually think in Vietnamese. I always had to translate from and to English which means conversation was slow and laborious. The months of Staging Battalion legal duty at Camp Pendleton had also made me rusty. Fortunately, by this time, I had had sufficient leadership training and exposure to real Marine officer role models to understand that when a Marine takes on a job, he always gives the job his all. It started out with me thinking my job was to satisfy the family that there was no liability on the part of the Marines and to convince them to leave. However, after several hours of one on one conversations, I began to understand why the family had come to the headquarters, and that their intentions had been completely misunderstood by the Marines. The relevant points finally became clear.

These were poor rural farmers with a very tough life. Their religion treats this life as a purgatory. Paradise is in the next life. Truly there was, by our standards, an obvious lack of grief for the loss of the little baby. He had not been with them long enough to develop a personality for them to miss, but there was a strong love and responsibility that wanted this baby to reach paradise. Bypassing this tough life was not necessarily a tragedy.

For the baby to reach paradise, the baby needed a proper funeral, which was relatively elaborate and costly for them. If my memory serves, one of the major expenses was the purchase or construction of a small pagoda.

This family had no money for the funeral. The only way they could finance the funeral was to sell their one and only object of value. Their beloved water buffalo was an integral piece of their survival - growing their rice and producing their milk. Without their buffalo they would be absolutely destitute, BUT, they were still willing to make that sacrifice, if that is what it took for the baby to have his funeral and travel on to paradise.

They did not blame the Marines for the baby's death. They just thought that America and Americans were so rich and powerful, a little money for the funeral would be of no significance to the Marines.

They were very right about the last point. When I explained what I had learned from the family to the admin section, the Marines happily passed a hat around the headquarters as the word went around. The hat produced 700 US dollars. The Vietnamese family was ecstatic and began hugging every Marine they could find and showering them with gratitude that needed no translation.

Although my involvement in this story was instigated for selfish reasons and not necessarily good leadership, I have always used this experience to help myself try to remember that a good leader does not prejudge others before learning the relevant facts. A good leader communicates thoroughly and always gives others the benefit of the doubt. I even was to use this story several years later giving a sermon in place of an absent Episcopal priest whose friendship was originally developed in Viet Nam. In retrospect, I regret my reluctance to get involved, and I am very grateful that I was given the opportunity to facilitate a worthwhile outcome.

Another episode that happened while I was based in the desert area was a temporary assignment with MACV (Military Assistance Command Viet Nam) as an advisor to an ARVN (South Vietnamese) regiment. The Marine officer that had been tagged for the slot was delayed in the states and MACV needed a temporary replacement, which somehow fell to me. I suspected my language training was again the instigator, but my Vietnamese was not necessary as, I think, all the ARVN regimental staff were able to speak English.

The regiment was based in a very old, probably French, compound surrounded by coils of ancient barbed wire. Its location was a few miles back up the road toward Da Nang. After checking in with the Vietnamese colonel and making my demand for private quarters, I was given an old bunker in which to sleep on the southern perimeter of the compound. It was my only privacy option, and due to its condition, I also suspected the ARVN staff was expecting me to turn it down. As I duck walked through the door, I saw movement and realized the bunker was already occupied…, by a large King Cobra that was longer than I was tall. I duck shot out of the bunker backwards, probably much to my hosts' glee, but the ARVNs graciously went in and slew the monster for me. I am pretty sure that after all their many photo ops with the cobra; the Vietnamese probably ate the snake. After reclaiming the bunker, I was mortified by the sounds of many other living things within its structure. I somehow acquired two bottles of industrial strength insecticide bombs which I emptied into the interior. There are no sufficient words to describe the bugs and beasties that crawled out of that bunker on that day accompanied by drizzling sand and sawdust, but the bunker eventually became borderline livable.

I saw no combat while stationed with the ARVN regiment. As far as I knew, no one but the colonel ever left the compound while I was there. Most of my time during the day was spent teaching classes on such topics as the nuances of calling for fire support. I had my own supply of C-rations which I used for breakfast, lunch, and snacks, but I was required to take supper at the officers' mess every evening. I don't remember the cooks ever serving anything but fish heads and rice with nuoc mam (fermented fish sauce). When sated, the Vietnamese officers would simply pick out and eat the eyes from the uneaten fish heads. The saving grace for me was their copious supply of strong Vietnamese "33" beer. After a few of those, I would become the source of entertainment for the staff, but the colonel usually ate somewhere else. I would start feeling frisky due to the alcohol and the drop in evening temperature, and I would think up antics that kept the staff giggling. One night after everyone was inebriated, the quartermaster claimed they had run out of beer. With tongue in cheek, several accused the quartermaster of holding out on us. I told him that if he didn't produce more beer, I was going to throw him over the barbed wire and out of the compound. He just giggled and seemed to love being the focus of attention. Egged on by the staff, this escalated to me holding him over my head like a bar bell (he only weighed about 80 pounds and did not resist), and telling him it was his absolute very last chance. He just kept giggling and the staff kept egging me on. I actually tossed him over the waist high barb wire at the southern end of the compound and landed him in soft sand, but there were a couple things that I had either not known or had just forgotten. The area outside the wire was an old uncleared, probably French, mine field, and nobody ever walked out in that area, At night, the only entrance that was opened into the compound was at the opposite northern end, but thankfully, the quartermaster was somehow able to make it back inside the compound in one piece.

In the morning, I was hung over and morose with remorse. I could not believe what I had done. I was sure that, once my behavior became known by the powers that be, any career I had aspired to in the Marine Corps would be toast. As it turned out, the ARVN regimental commander thought that I was such a morale booster for his staff, he requested that I be assigned to his regiment permanently. He had a lot of clout with MACV, and I had to use every ploy and marker I could think of to keep that assignment from happening. I do not think any of my Marine superior officers ever found out about the quartermaster toss. At least I was never called on the carpet for it.

I had also made a great friend in an Army captain from MACV. His day job was manager of the MACV officers' club in Da Nang. We had both been tasked with temporary assignments on a rough rider to Hu . A "roughrider" was the term for a truck convoy of supplies. This Army captain had been named the commander of the roughrider, and I was picked to provide fire support protection, which I actually had to provide once on the trip to foil an ambush much to the captain's appreciation. As a result, we became very good friends, and on several occasions I enjoyed wonderful, almost back in the Sates, type meals with him whenever I was able to make it to Da Nang. I think he may have been instrumental in getting MACV to stick with their original liaison selection and let me go back home to the 27thMarines.

Later that summer, my battalion was sent back to Go Noi Island to resume Operation Allenbrook. Intelligence sources were telling us that the NVA division that had been kicked out of the island after the Tet offensive was filtering back.

Several memorable occurrences highlighted my tenure in Go Noi. At first, my time there was uneventful. The enemy only seemed to be active at night. For lack of something better to do, we concocted a tactic we called a "Killer Team." I would go out at nautical twilight with my radio operator and two riflemen and set up for the night in a concealed position of observation where I could launch artillery ambushes on moving enemy units – needless to say, without giving away our position.

Most nights yielded no action, but one night, before reaching our planned observation post, we were almost stumbled upon by an estimated squad-size enemy unit. We were camouflaged and hiding in the darkness of the bushes as they trudged within feet of us. Our level of fear was debilitating. I actually wondered if they might be able to hear my heart beat, because I thought I could. I turned off the radio to make sure noises coming from it wouldn't give us away. If we had been compromised, there was no doubt we would have come up shooting, but all we had was my pistol and the two M-16s. I don't remember my radio operator even carrying a weapon other than a big knife. We would have tried to kill them all as quickly as possible, but there were too many of them to reasonably think we would be successful before they would be able to "waste" us.

Thankfully they proceeded in single file right on by us and headed down the hill to the river. I watched them with my binoculars, and initiated a fire mission as soon as they were far enough away to allow me to whisper into the radio's microphone. I saw them pull a large wooden boat out of a thicket along the bank of the river. My fire mission was delayed awaiting clearance for unknown reasons. The VC all got in the boat and started paddling up river. I kept moving my target location as they got closer to the bend in the river which would cause me to lose sight of them. Somewhere along the effort I had asked for VT fuses (Variable Time, which would cause airbursts 20 feet above the boat if they were on target). The fire mission was finally cleared after the boat had rounded the bend and disappeared from sight. I again moved the target location on a guess where they might be, and the mission was finally fired. Apparently I had guessed right. Several minutes later the boat came floating back around the bend much lower in the water as if sinking. We could see motionless arms draped over the gunwales before the boat disappeared downstream heading for the ocean. We had experienced all the excitement we could handle and stayed put until dawn before making our way back to the company. Again I realized that I was one lucky son of a bitch.

One day the company commander asked me to call a fire mission on an automatic weapons position with which I immediately complied. Since we were so close to the ocean, the mission was assigned to an Australian destroyer cruising off the coast whose call sign was "Royal Purple." The adjustment phase went smoothly. After I called for "fire for effect" on the target, big naval gun fire rounds not only landed on the target, but some hit on both our flanks and even behind us. Despite the fact none hit our position, and we suffered no casualties, it was a very scary event to have naval gunfire raining down in every direction. In anger, I told Royal Purple to go back to Australia, and I avoided any further employment of naval gunfire until much later in my tour when the big battleship, USS New Jersey, arrived off the DMZ in October.

My most memorable day in Go Noi was the day the platoon I was moving with had its mission changed to recover the crew and black box of an airplane that had been shot down just over the much smaller southern branch of the river that made the southern border of the island. The river bed had gone completely dry from lack of rain, but had undulating ridges of sand carved into its bed during the previous monsoon season. A four-man fire team started across. I was planning to follow with my radio operator and an E-5 sergeant who was carrying an aviation radio and playing the role of a FAC (forward air controller). We had not seen or heard of any enemy for quite some time, so we were hoping for an easy crossing, but we received fire from the opposite tree line just as I was leaving the river bank. The rest of the platoon behind us immediately responded with suppression fire while those of us exposed dove for cover in low spots of the sand. Nobody was hit, and again I was grateful for the enemy's poor marksmanship and stupidity in not waiting until we had entered a kill zone before opening up.

My first reaction was to call for artillery on the opposing tree line, but there were too many aircraft in the area, probably because of the shoot down, it was impossible to get a clearance. The FAC was talking excitedly into his microphone on my right side and paused to get my attention. He told me he had some Navy A-4 Skyhawks with full loads of ordnance that had to abort their mission due to weather in the interior, and they were looking for a target on which drop their bombs. I told him to tell them to hit the opposing tree line. The first two or three (I'm not sure if there were three or four A-4s) did a magnificent job of placing their 500-pounders just inside the tree line straight across from us, but the last A-4 seemed to have understood the wrong tree line and was diving on us. It is hard to describe how scary it is to see the attack aircraft coming straight for you, and the fins on the bombs deploying as they separated from the wings to slow the bombs down so that the A-4 can get ahead of their blast as it pulled out of the dive. We were frantically trying to dig ourselves further into the sand. I am not sure what happened, but I am guessing the pilot realized his mistake and jerked his stick just as the bombs released, because it threw them out into the river bed no more than 25 yards away, and just the concussions through the sand and the sound of flying metal fragments were extremely frightening.

I grabbed the "hook" from the sergeant and started a stream of epithets against the pilot using every nasty name I could muster. When I finally had to stop to take a breath, an answer came back in a slow southern drawl. "Ah… you must have me confused… with someone who gives a shit…." I could have chewed nails, but the relief of having survived unscathed, and the fact we received no more fire from across the riverbed calmed me down directly.

I was finally able to get some artillery smoke rounds shot into the tree line, and the platoon was able to cross the riverbed and find the crash site unopposed. The downed airplane had hit the ground in a power dive that spread its pieces over a large area. It took the whole platoon to put a perimeter around the wreckage. This left just a few of us to search for the crew and the “black box.” I believe I was the first to spot both bodies. The one I presumed to be the pilot was in the middle of a large thick bush. He was pinned upright with his arms and legs seemingly bent in the wrong directions, but the most notable image was a round hole in the middle of his forehead, which I guessed to be of 50-caliber size. The backseater had ended up careening through covering foliage to the bottom of a gulley. The top of his skull had been removed at the level of his eye brows. His own mother could not have recognized him. At first, I erroneously thought I knew the backseater, but somehow found out he was not who I thought he was. I do not believe that either man had a nametag on his flight suit. I made sure they were covered up and went about looking for the “Black Box,” which I never found. Sadly, I think the VC got it before we arrived.

A few days later, in the same area, one of the troops on the perimeter found the lid to an underground bunker living quarters. The subterranean hooch was obviously not part of a tunnel. There was nothing anywhere nearby for a tunnel to connect to or bypass. I suspected the inhabitants would be embedded NVA liaison from the north. The fact that the lid had been concealed from the outside lead me to believe there was probably no one at home. Of course, a local VC could have camouflaged it after his I&I inhabitant had entered.

I was the senior Marine and the platoon commander was not present, but none of the infantry Marines were really under my command to make me comfortable in ordering any of them down into the void. I decided it was something I would like to say I had done someday, so I tasked myself. I took off all my deuce gear, donned ear plugs, chambered a round in my 45, grabbed an extra magazine and a flash light, clicked off the safety, and lowered myself into the abyss.

The underground bunker had two rooms. One was obviously for sleeping, and the other was for all other things one might do underground. Luckily, it was unoccupied. I quickly realized it was the exclusive quarters of an NVA liaison officer who was from Hanoi. I found no weapons, but I confiscated many of his personal belongings including letters from home and a pearl-handled straight razor which had been made in Eastern Europe. The lieutenant was obviously a young single man, since practically all his letters from home were from his sister. I was struck by the fact that the letters contained sentiments so normal to our own society. Since I could read Vietnamese, I read them all before eventually turning them over to the battalion intelligence officer. I kept the razor and carried the razor in my dop kit for years before it mysteriously disappeared. I even shaved with it a few times.

At some later point in time, I either remembered or was told that Dale Wyrauch, my favorite classmate from The Basic School and Artillery School, was flying around in Marine Corps aircraft as a back seat fire support aerial observer. It occurred to me that the body I had pulled out of the Go Noi gulley could have been Dale. Eventually after our retrograde back to base, I ran into some officers from the air wing, and I asked them if they knew the crew's identities. At first they could not recall the names, so I then asked them if one of them had been Dale Wyrauch. They sadly answered in the affirmative. I was devastated…, but the tragedy was long over and I was busy as hell at the time. Dale was probably already in the ground back in California, so I just pushed it aside to concentrate on present problems. As it turned out, Dale's name had been in their minds, because he had taken a bullet in the leg while flying on another mission and had been medevacked to Japan. For fifty-one years I thought Dale was dead, until I saw his name on the attendance roster for our Basic School reunion in the spring of 2019. I am very grateful to have this great guy back in my life.

In late August of 1968, several things happened that changed my life. It was proving too difficult for the Marine Corps to fill replacement needs for all the units it had in I Corps, so the decision was made to deactivate all the old 5th Division units that had been activated to reinforce the 1st and 3rd Divisions. We had a big party at the desert compound to commemorate the return of the 27th Marines' flag to Camp Pendleton, and also incidentally, my 25th birthday, and my promotion to the rank of captain. The promotion came as a surprise as I thought it was about three months ahead of expectations, but whether the above zone promotion was intended or an administrative faux pas, I didn't care a bit.

All of us with significant time left on their tours were transferred to the 1st and 3rd Divisions. Since the 27thMarines were stood down, I was quickly reassigned as a 3A (assistant operations officer) with the 11th Marines and given the responsibility of assessing a very interesting observation post overlooking the entire city of Da Nang.

Near a place southeast of the city center called Marble Mountain were two huge monoliths rising high above the relatively flat ground similar to the Devil's Tower in Wyoming or the Pus thrusting up between the volcanoes on the big island of Hawaii. Placed on the flat top of the largest monolith were observation posts manned by Marines on the west end and soldiers on the east end. The only practical access to the top was by helicopter. It was possible to climb the almost vertical face of the mountain, and I did it once just to see if I could do it, but I never would have tried it a second time. There were places I would have to push at one side of a crevice with my back and my feet on the other, and I had to use long ropes to rappel back down. From the top, one literally looked down on the city of Da Nang. The purpose of the OP was to try to monitor enemy rocket activity around the outskirts of the city. To aid this mission, there was a huge Xenon searchlight and a big 25-power Naval binoculars on a pedestal. The hope was that enemy rocket launchers might be seen in time to do something about it although that was rarely happening. There were just way too many possible launch sites to watch.

The majority of the city's rocket defense was the reliance on tremendous amounts of H & I fires (Harassment and Interdiction) shot at known potential launch sites by all artillery units within range. I thought this was a huge waste of ammunition. Because of my artillery training, I was able to instigate a system of laying the searchlight and a 12-power BC scope so that they could both be aimed together at any given location around the city. The idea was to pick a possible site then lay the BC scope and the searchlight, and aim and load the artillery pieces to be ready to fire on the same site.

With eyes in the scope, the searchlight would be turned on. If enemy activity was seen, the command to pull the lanyards of the guns would be given. If nothing was seen, everyone would move to the next site and start over saving a great deal of what otherwise would be wasted ammunition, a percentage of which would be duds eventually converted to booby traps.

I was quite proud of my system, but soon after its instigation, I received orders transferring me to the 3rd Marine Division, and I had to get myself up to Dong Ha which was a long way north of Da Nang. But there was one problem. At some time during my life in the desert compound, because of the availability of electricity, I had acquired a waist-high Japanese refrigerator, and I was adamant that I did not want to leave it behind. I cherished my ability to have a cold beer whenever I felt like it. After much searching, I could only find one way of getting my beloved refrigerator to Dong Ha. I had to book passage on a Navy landing craft – it may have been an LST (landing ship tank).

The cruise up the South China Sea along the Vietnamese coast was uneventful until we approached the mouth of the Cua Viet River. An enemy push through the DMZ had made it unsafe for the ship to enter the river. We had to bob around out on the ocean for almost a week before safe passage was restored. It was a week of hell in very close quarters! The only unused bunk was the bottom bunk of a stack of bunks with several smelly sailors straight above me. The cargo hold with my refrigerator was packed solid with gear and supplies. I spent the whole week sitting in the chair of the one and only anti-aircraft gun on the boat in order to stay out of the sailors' way. The only thing that kept me sane was their godsend copious supply of ice cream. I had some for every meal including breakfast.

When I finally reached the division HQ, I was chagrined to find out that I had gone through all that naval trouble for nothing. I was being assigned to 3rd Bn 12th Marines in a place called Ca Lu that had no electricity. I had grown so attached to my refrigerator, I could not abandon it. I had a good friend, Don Odle, who had come up from the 11th Marines ahead of me and landed a 3A job at division HQ. I gave him custody of my cherished refrigerator. During the short time of my stint back with the 11th Marines, Don and I had bonded when he had introduced me to warm Sake, his favorite drink. We had sat on the floor of his tent during a mortar attack sipping the Sake and stupidly electing to stay put rather than run to a nearby bunker.

Ca Lu was far west of Dong Ha out Highway 9 and the last village before the now infamous Khe Sanh. Upon arrival at Ca Lu, I was given a 3A job in the Battalion Fire Direction Center. As a captain now, I knew I might be in line to command a firing battery if a vacancy presented itself. I was a little worried about this prospect, because I had spent all my time as a lieutenant with the infantry doing things other than holding a battery billet. I tried to assuage my worries by telling myself that the battery commander's job was not technical and that Fort Sill had at least taught me what to expect from the other officer billets, and that the actual technicality of putting rounds on the target would be accomplished by others, at least until I could get reoriented in battery gunnery functions.

Ca Lu was 3/12's forward position. The commander was a LtCol Foxworth. The headquarters and battalion Fire Direction Center were in what was once a big old house situated right on Highway 9. This was my residence only for a few days. One afternoon, LtCol Foxworth came charging through the FDC and hollered at me, "Wilkes, get your gear together, you've got a battery. I'll pick you up in thirty minutes." He was obviously upset about something.

I quickly threw everything I owned, except, of course, the refrigerator, into a big green duffel bag and my big wooden foot locker, and was waiting on the porch when Foxworth drove up in a jeep pulling a small trailer. He looked at my stuff and said "You taking all that?"

There was a CH-34 waiting for us at the LZ. It was a short hop to a firebase on a mountain top very close to the DMZ. The helicopter had to land outside the perimeter. LtCol Foxworth shouldered my duffel bag, and I struggled with my foot locker on my shoulder for almost a hundred yards to the center of the 1st Provisional 155 Towed Howitzer Battery. The enemy had recently mustered some sort of attack on the firebase and the smell of dead enemy bodies still uncollected on the reverse northern slope permeated the air.

LtCol Foxworth was angry about something and relieved my predecessor, a senior first lieutenant, on the spot and installed me as the new commander. I was shocked to find out that my predecessor was the only officer present in the battery, and the operations chief was only a corporal. I asked the relieved commander if he would hang around for awhile to help me snap in, but he was rather angry himself and insisted on leaving on the same helicopter that brought me. It was still running and waiting to retrieve LtCol Foxworth. They both left the battery and I never did find out the reason for LtCol Foxworth's anger. (Afternote: Apparently, whatever Foxworth was angry about did not ruin my predecessor's career. I never saw him again, until a fall day in 1996 when he, as a full colonel, was appointed to be in charge of a retirement parade for me at the Marine Reserve Headquarters in Kansas City – what irony!)

At first I felt overwhelmed. The battery's fire direction center was in a bunker with such a low ceiling one had to be seated or duck walk while inside it. The battalion fire direction center had not yet taken over primary gunnery with the new FADAC computer, and the battery was still shooting solely from its own manual gunnery using the charts and sticks.

But once inside the FDC, everything I had been taught at Fort Sill came rushing back to me. I still feel a strong debt of gratitude for the Army's wonderful artillery school. It took me no time at all to fill the responsibilities of the Fire Direction Officer in preparing the quadrant and deflection data for the gun sights, as well as those of the executive officer in issuing orders to the guns. On my first night as commander, we shot fire missions all night often managing two at a time, and never did we put a round in the wrong place.

So it began. For the next six months I would be living amidst the earth shaking concussions of four big howitzers shooting 24/7. That kind of assault on the human ear required the constant use of ear plugs. The problem was the dust, and the dirt, and the smoke, and the sweat made regular ear plugs too nasty too quickly, but I had a solution for that. I took up smoking cigarettes. Being in a land with so many people wanting to kill me made the dangers of smoking seem inconsequential. Sometimes I even smoked World War II green pack Lucky Strikes when they came with my C-rations, but mainly I smoked filtered cigarettes, because every time I finished and field stripped a filtered cigarette, I had a fresh clean new ear plug.

For several weeks I fought the battery alone but with the good help from my corporal ops chief who was a smart kid. I did find out there was a lieutenant who belonged to the battery, but he was recovering from malaria on a hospital ship out in the South China Sea. When this officer did return I was sadly disappointed. He was somebody not cut out for combat and thus, also not cut out to be an officer of Marines. He was more of an obstacle to me than an asset. He spent most of his time trying to manufacture reasons that he needed to go to the battalion's rear area at relatively safe Quang Tri. I suspected that he had acquired the malaria on purpose by failing to take the prophylactic pills that protected all Marines. Finally, I sent him to Quang Tri permanently, and had him reassigned to a non- combatant role outside the artillery.

The first days with the battery took a toll on my well being, because I was also doing the work of a fire direction officer and an executive officer. Sleep was hard to come by since I could not turn down a fire mission just because I was tired. Since a 155 towed battery was not part of the Battalion Table of Organization, I was fortunate in that, technically, I was not an official Battery Commander. I carried the title Officer-in-Charge. This meant I did not have to spend a lot of time doing the normal commander's administrative paperwork duties. Such was handled for me by the commander of the battalion's Headquarters Battery. However, I still had to write fitness reports and do enlisted evaluations, but that also was not yet an issue in the early days of my command.

Finally, LtCol Foxworth must have taken pity on me because I received word that I was getting a first lieutenant fresh out of artillery school. His name was Joseph Ferrari, and he was from New York City with an Italian heritage. He was a mustang officer having been a gunnery sergeant with a logistics background before being selected meritoriously for Officer Candidate School. I couldn't wait to meet him. At the time we were situated at a firebase near the DMZ that was accessible by land transportation, but the route required a river crossing that was made on an old amphibious vehicle called a DUKW which was pronounced "duck." I would have to meet Ferrari and pick him up on our side of the river.

On that day it had been raining and the river was badly swollen with a dangerous current. I spotted Ferrari right away as he boarded the DUKW carrying his duffel bag and wearing a flak jacket and full deuce gear. He was a short stocky man of about 40 years and sported a bushy mustache. When the DUKW was about halfway across the river, the rushing current pushed it out of its intended route and it hit a boulder causing it to roll on its side throwing Ferrari and his duffel bag into the current. It was quickly evident to me that Ferrari was not a swimmer. With all the deuce gear and flack jacket, he was having difficulty keeping his head above water as he was being swept downstream.

As a young man, I had been a competitive swimmer, as well as a life guard, during my college summers. I told my driver to get the rope out of his vehicle and follow me down river. I ran along the bank until I got ahead of Ferrari. The driver caught up. I grabbed one end and told him to hold the other end before I dove into the river and made it to Ferrari just before he was about to slip by. My driver wrapped his end of the rope around a tree trunk to hold the line taut, and the current helped me pull Ferrari to the bank still holding onto his duffel bag!

As a side note, Ferrari wasn't the only thing that came out of that river. At a drier and calmer time some of the troops went fishing with nets and hand grenades to supplement our C-rations.

At Ferrari's unorthodox arrival, I didn't have any idea of what a great asset I had received. 1stLt Joseph Ferrari was not a candidate for the FDO job. He had made it through Fort Sill but his gunnery skills were not up to what I would need. It was understandable since he did not have a mathematical education background. On the other hand, gunnery was a regimen upon which I excelled, so it made sense to make Ferrari the executive officer. Since I had been doing both jobs, the FDC and the "exec pit" had been co-located. I kept it that way so I could hear and correct, if necessary, every command that was given to the guns while I computed the gunnery solutions.

However, it did not take long for Ferrari's real value to become clear. His knowledge of Marine Corps logistics was critical. In a relatively short time, he took the battery from needing everything to having double sets and backup gear for everything. I often referred to him as "the world's absolute best scrounger." His pleasant personality and good humor were also a great help in maintaining troop morale.

I was also soon to get relief in the fire direction center. Another young lieutenant was sent my way in the person of Peter Morosoff, who proved to be smart as hell and an outstanding FDO. I also received a SSgt Geiler to be our new Ops Chief. He also proved to be a gunnery wizard. Once these people were snapped in, I knew I had an FDC that was second to nobody's, and I don't make that assertion lightly. I still took my shifts in computing gun data for firing the howitzers, but it made my life regular and allowed me to get sufficient sleep. I did move the exec pit to co-locate it with my hooch, so I could still hear the commands going to the guns even if I was resting on my cot. I had more time out of the FDC to get acquainted with the troops in the gun sections and especially the section chiefs.

With both our logistics and personnel problems fixed, we became a real asset to the 3rd Division. There were two other towed 155 howitzer batteries in I Corps but the others were incapable of being air lifted into the interior of the country, so we started a long string of operations on remote firebases that would continue for the remainder of my tour in Viet Nam.

We were given a rear position at Ca Lu just about a hundred yards across a little swampy area from out battalion's forward position and FDC, but we would only spend two or three days at a time there while we cleaned up from the last operation and prepped for the next. The 105mm batteries were able to relax and spend time in the rear areas as much as or more than their time out on operations, but 1st Prov was the only source of heavy firepower on a western operation, so we were included on every operation, and we began referring to ourselves as the "Rent-a-Battery."

Since my 1970s house fire burned up all my notes and related documents from Viet Nam, remembering exactly when and in what order things happened is impossible. Consequently, I will first relate occurrences relevant to Ca Lu before getting into the operations.

I was able to take my turn at R&R (rest and relaxation) during a rare time the battery was not on an operation. I elected to meet my beautiful young wife in Hawaii. What a change that was! From the land of mud, dirt, dust, burning shitters, pee tubes, and incoming to the land of high-rise luxury hotels, the Hanalei Plantation, and the Lumahi Beach, and my beautiful wife, was mind boggling. In Honolulu I purchased an old military trumpet. One of my gunners claimed to be able to play a trumpet. When I returned from Hawaii, I gave him custody of the trumpet and told him to aim it at LtCol Foxworth's hooch and play reveille in the morning and taps in the evening when the battery was in Ca Lu. He did taps well, but reveille was terrible. Of course, we did not engage the trumpet out on operations.

Christmas Day of 1968 was a very memorable day at Ca Lu. We were able to grill and eat wonderful steaks sent from "back in the world," as the troops would say. At Ca Lu, my hooch and exec pit was a sandbagged CP (command post) tent. As I returned from a meeting at division HQ, I was astounded and humbled to find a decorated four-foot-high Christmas tree in my hooch. To this day no one ever took credit for placing it there or ever told me from where it had been stolen. There was a makeshift SNCO club of sorts somewhere in the area. I strongly suspected that it was probably where SSgt Geiler had appropriated it, but I never tried to prove it.

Circa that Christmas, I had an experience at Ca Lu that caused me to refuse a direct order from a superior officer. I have not regretted this disobedience because I think it most likely saved the lives of some American soldiers. It happened one night while I was trying to get some sleep and Lt. Ferrari was on the hook to the guns just a few feet away from my cot. Normally, the executive officer gets the gun data from the Fire Direction Center (FDC), transfers it to the guns, then gives the order to fire when all is reported ready. In my view, Ferrari was still a bit on probation to handle this responsibility by himself.

A fire mission came down from the Third Division COC in Dong Ha. It had originated from an Army unit that was getting probed. So, I listened pretending to be asleep. I realized from the deflections and range given to the guns that the soldiers calling for the fire were on the gun target line. I heard the warning "danger close" come from the FDC, and I started to get nervous, but all seemed to be correct with the adjusting process. They were using HE rounds and the gunners were splitting mils for accuracy to bring the rounds in close to the friendly lines. When the mission went to "Fire For Effect," I heard the command "LOAD FIRECRACKER", and I catapulted off the cot, grabbed the hook from the exec, and hollered "CHECK FIRE" loud enough for the guns to hear it without the section chiefs' earphones. I then got the Division on the radio and told them I could not shoot their mission. A voice purportedly from a full colonel who apparently had the watch, gave me a direct order to fire the mission as requested. I politely refused and told him that, no matter how accurate my FDC and gunners were, FIRECRACKER was an area weapon and not all that accurate, and the requested fire for effect was four rounds from each gun and too unreliable to use in a danger close situation with friendly soldiers on the gun/target line.

The big 155 millimeter FIRECRACKER rounds were filled with many little bomblets that were ejected from the rear of the shell by a time fuse, hopefully over the target. They then floated on little wings, subject to wind, until close to the ground to detonate. I told him I could not fire what had been requested unless the Army unit was being overrun, and I understood they were only being probed. The colonel was not fazed and told me that we had to give the Army what they requested. He somehow implied there would be consequences, which I presumed to be relief from command for cause, and maybe even a court martial, if I didn't comply. The argument was more drawn out, but I finally proposed a compromise. We would shoot one Firecracker round to see how it worked. We fired the one round and the result was two friendly WIAs, and the Army quickly ended the mission.

The next day an investigating officer from division came to Ca Lu and took my written statement. It was the last I ever heard of the incident, except that just about every cannon cocker in the 12th Marine Regiment was listening to the argument on the net and wanted to give me kudos. From a leadership standpoint, it was a pure shame that a senior officer, who was obviously not an artilleryman, could not take the advice of a seasoned artillery officer, and overrule his ego and back off his dangerous order.

An incident that is difficult to forget happened one evening while I was in my jeep driving down Highway 9 trying to get back to my battery before sunset after attending a meeting at Division HQ. The road had actually been closed and oiled for the day. They sprayed oil on the road to decrease dust but mainly to make it difficult for the enemy to plant mines during the night that couldn't be easily detected. The clearing team in the morning could easily recognize any disruption in the surface that had been oiled.

The road in this area was built up on a levy 12 to 15 feet high. We saw an ARVN deuce-and-a-half truck speeding toward us in the opposite direction. Suddenly the driver lost control skidding on the oil. As the truck left the road, it started to turn over as it careened down the side of the levy. The driver actually bailed out, kept his feet and stayed ahead of the rolling truck. The passenger was not so lucky. Gravity and momentum pulled him to the driver's side, but he did not make it completely out of the truck before the top of the cab crushed his chest as it came to rest at the bottom of the levy. I ran to the passenger who was still conscious. I started frantically digging dirt from under his shoulders to try to remove the pressure of the truck on him, but blood started running out of his mouth, and he died with his head between my knees. I remember that after finally giving up trying to save him, I noticed the driver calmly sitting on a stump and smoking a cigarette. He had never even tried to help me with his passenger. I was disgusted at the time. He seemed totally unmoved by what happened.

From November of 1968 through to the next January, our battery went on one operation after another with the 9th Marines. These operations run together in my memory, but I know we were part of operations Scotland II and Kentucky. We were OpCon (under operational control) to 2nd Battalion, 12th Marines, the artillery direct support battalion of the 9th Marines. I believe the reason for this was that the other firing batteries of 3rd Battalion were embedded along the DMZ along with plenty of heavy artillery such as the self-propelled eight-inch howitzers and 155mm and 175mm guns, as well as the 155 self-propelled howitzers of the 4th Battalion. The 9th Marines AO (area of operation) was the mountainous area of the northwestern corner of I Corps along the Laotian border. Any fire-bases in this area would only be accessible by helicopter. The heaviest artillery that could be moved by helicopter was our 155mm towed howitzers, and our battery, thanks to Lt. Ferrari, was the only 155 towed battery that had the logistic wherewithal and sufficient personnel to participate in these aerial assaults. As it was, our big howitzers could only safely be moved by an Army CH-54 Sky Crane, the largest most powerful helicopter in the world at that time.

The first three months or so of operations were relatively uneventful. The area had been flooded with NVA soldiers earlier in the year during the siege of Khe Sanh, but now the NVA were obviously still recovering and not ready to make a stand.

Even though these operations produced sparse hunting of NVA game, they generated a great deal of work for everyone in the battery. The physical labor required just by the movements to and from the firebases was immense. There were always large tasks that absolutely had to be accomplished by Marine muscle and sweat. Just hauling ammo from wherever the nets were dropped to the ammo bunkers in the gun pits was a constant requirement. 155 rounds weigh approximately 100 pounds each and came with eye bolts screwed into the nose of the round where the fuses attach. There was an extra measure of respect given to Marines who were able to carry two rounds after simultaneously lifting one in each hand, performing a weight lifter drop, and swinging them onto their shoulders. The act required great strength and coordination. Most of the smaller guys and even some of the larger guys were just not able to perform the maneuver without wrenching some body part or banging their head with one of the rounds.

Now and then, I wanted to chip in with the repositioning of artillery rounds for the sheer exercise it provided, and I wanted the troops to know that I was capable of hard physical labor myself, but I did not want to be seen as one of the guys who could only carry one round at a time. Unsure of whether I could do it myself, I went to the ammo dump alone to learn and practice the two round hoist maneuver. Thankfully I got the hang of it right away.

Because of all the difficult tasks requiring working parties, the battery gunnery sergeant is a crucial player in a successful battery. He is charged with making sure the work gets accomplished like a foreman of a construction crew. For a while I had a worrisome problem in that position. The billet initially was filled by an E-6 staff sergeant who was an incredibly good person and dedicated Marine. He was one of twelve persons holding the highest level black belt of a karate sub group from Okinawa. One of their signature demonstrations was catching an arrow shot at their torso with their hand.

My best memory of this staff sergeant was his volunteering to cook a bacon and egg breakfast for the battery on one of the firebases. Our mustang XO had secured some bacon from who knew where, and we somehow had some large cans of B-ration powdered eggs. Our breakfast plan was initially dashed when we found that the powdered eggs tasted terrible. We also had some big cans of powdered cheese, which also tasted awful. Not wanting to give up, I suggested he try mixing the eggs and cheese. To our amazement the result was actually delicious, and the breakfast was a big hit.

Sadly, the staff sergeant was just too nice a guy to fill the requirements of his job. Consequently, many important tasks were not being accomplished. There was more than one occasion that, after I had identified and assigned to him an important new task, I would find him trying to accomplish the task all by himself. He just had too much empathy for the troops, and it was difficult for him to give unpleasant orders to tired troops. I decided I needed to replace him, and I was able to get him a good job elsewhere in the regiment for which he was much better suited.

The replacement I had requested turned out to be perfect for the job. I first saw GySgt Newman waiting for me to collect him at the landing zone of Vandegrift Combat Base. He was a salty and crusty big man with a considerable beer belly and a constant cigar stub in his mouth. He proved to be outstanding at the handling and manipulation of troops. Gunny Newman had a knack of making a young Marine double his work production and laugh at the same time. He never lifted a finger for himself, but the troops were his own personal servants, and they loved it. Newman always made sure that what needed doing was done. The troops both feared him and loved him.

At some point during this period I had another significant personnel problem that required my attention. On one of the occasions when we were back in Ca Lu and had just returned from one fire base and prepping for another, SSgt Geiler wanted to go to the erstwhile SNCO club that had been established in a bunker somewhere nearby to mingle with some of his contemporaries from other units. I let him go on the promise he would return sober and in time to take the evening shift in the FDC.

That night we were extremely busy with fire missions, and Geiler was UA (unauthorized absence). I stayed and stood his watch for him cursing him in my mind, but at the same time telling everyone I had given Geiler the night off. Around 0200 hours the calls for fire finally ceased, and I left the FDC to find the pee tube. Going from bright light to dark, I was stepping slowly for lack of night vision when my feet stumbled onto a limp body on the ground. It was SSgt Geiler, drunk as a skunk and passed out. I had to make a quick decision. If any of the others found out about Geiler's conduct, I would be obliged to initiate disciplinary action. If I did that, it would stymie his career, and I might lose him. He had a great brain for gunnery. I trusted his ability and really did not want to lose him.

With great difficulty, I was able to get him to his feet. Then I half carried him the twenty yards or so to my hooch. I made a pad for him on the ground between the tent side and my cot, which actually pinned him in where he couldn't move.

Geiler had previously been in some trouble while trying to scrounge gear back at 3/12's base in Quang Tri. I had called in some favors and fixed that misjudgment for him, so I told him that this error in judgment was strike two, and I would never bail him out again if there ever should be a strike three. I don't know if I made the correct decision, but it did seem to work well for me. A remorseful Geiler never again caused me the tiniest bit of trouble. He was, from that time on, a loyal and reliable asset to my command.

On a later firebase, Geiler came to see me one day to tell me confidentially that "We have a problem." In the middle of our new battery location was a full grown marijuana bush. We recently had been through one minor marijuana problem with one of the young black Marines who had smuggled some pot into the battery and tried to smoke some of it under his poncho liner. The pot smoke had become common knowledge, and another conscientious young Marine had blown the whistle on him. I made the young transgressor think I was very close to transferring him to the infantry, and I never had any more trouble out of him. After that incident, I had informed the entire battery that marijuana use or possession would automatically result in disciplinary action and a transfer to the infantry. The latter threat was a scary thing to a cannon cocker.

Geiler pointed out the bush to me and asked me if I would like him to cut it down and burn it. I told him not to touch it. I wanted to see how well I could trust my Marines. I stared at the bush for a long time and consigned it to memory and made notes on its number of branches. I am proud to say that no part of that bush ever went missing even though the word had gone throughout the battery that the marijuana bush was there.

One reason the threat of a transfer to another unit was so effective was my policy regarding beer. On most days we were able to issue two cans of beer to each Marine per day. One was issued at noon and one in the evening and often iced down cold. There were strict rules that the troops had to honor to keep the beer flowing. If a Marine accepted a can he had to drink it with that meal or return it, no hoarding or giving it to their buddy, and he had to return the empty can to get the next issue.

The beer draw was unique to 1st Prov. Because we were the only 155 battery out on the firebases, and it was certain that every resupply net loaded with 155 ammunition had to be coming straight to us. So it was safe for our rep at VCB (Vandegrift Combat Base), where all the aerial resupply originated, to add cases of beer to our ammo nets just before the 155 nets were lifted off. No one else had that luxury. There were always several 105 batteries out on the firebases. 105mm ammo and anything else, other than 155 ammo, could be going to any number of other units. Beer was just too precious a commodity to be given away to other units.

Another commodity that went well with the beer for me was smoked oysters. I developed a craving for them as a distraction from three-meals-a-day C-rations but, of course, I was dependent upon my wife and mother for my oyster resupply. At the height of my craving I was not receiving any oysters. I kept asking more forcefully in my letters home for more oysters, but they didn't come. My irritation grew into anger for what seemed to be my ignored requests. In fact, every time my wife and mother received my escalated demands, they would double the amount of oysters they put in the mail. Unknown to me, all package mail was being held back and only letter mail was allowed to reach us. Finally, the packages were delivered all at once, and I was inundated with tons of oysters. For a couple of days the whole battery dined on oysters.

Even during our draught of enemy to shoot at, several interesting incidents occurred that are worthy of reciting. One evening on a firebase on top of a mountain along the Laotian border we experienced a cold front blow through, the likes of which I never felt before or after in Viet Nam. In order to build the firebase, the triple-canopy jungle had been stripped away giving us full access to the cool breeze. I had had a particularly hard day and had fallen asleep on my cot as the sun was going down but, soon after that, Lt Ferrari shook me awake. I had let my left hand dangle down to the floor, and we were being invaded by a huge herd of rats that Ferrari thought might try to eat my hand. The first thing I saw was that the floor was covered with rats. We chased them out of the hooch as best we could and, to our great relief, they did not stay very long. Very quickly they were all gone like they were on some kind of mass migration. I still have never heard anything that would explain this phenomenon.

On another firebase closer to the coast on much lower ground, we were almost assaulted by a herd of wild elephants. Something must have spooked them and they were moving through the jungle rather quickly right toward our position. They were making a lot of noise breaking tree branches and trumpeting like they were mad about something. Having a bunch of elephants trample through our gun pits would have been disastrous, so I ordered one of the howitzers to fire over their heads. Thankfully, the howitzer turned them almost ninety degrees, and we were relieved as we listened to them trumpet off into the distance.

I, myself, never saw a tiger, but we had regular sightings by Marines on the perimeters. It was always a little perplexing to me that a report of NVA soldiers probing the lines would generate very little concern from the troops, but telling them there was a tiger out there would always generate a flurry of adrenalin-powered action.

One night while driving on a road after it had been closed for the day, and after attending a long winded meeting, I was riding in the passenger seat of a jeep carrying an M-79 grenade launcher with the big ball bearing shells in my lap to counter any ambush attempt. We rounded a curve and, standing fully erect in the road, was the most beautiful big stag sporting a huge wrack of antlers. I did not know such magnificent creatures lived in Viet Nam. We watched him walk calmly away and were again relieved to know there was probably no ambush awaiting us ahead.

Another incident that really needs to be told has to do with another danger of Viet Nam - malaria. I was on a reconnaissance of a new firebase, which I believe was turned into the famous LZ Cunningham during Operation Dewey Canyon, with a small team from the battery. We had been inserted on top of the new mountain. There may have been some infantry protection for us, but my memory has us there alone. I know we were trying to keep a low profile so as not to tip off the enemy that an operation would be forthcoming. Clouds had rolled in and engulfed the mountain. In the middle of a dark night, one of the Marines came down sick with a temperature of 105 degrees. We knew it was malaria, and that the fever of an initial bout could kill him without treatment. I called for a medevac not believing that I would see one until morning. We were a long distance away from where the helicopters were based. To my surprise, a Marine Huey responded quickly, but getting the sick Marine aboard would be problematic. It was a dark night, and we were ensconced in a cloud. There was as yet no flat place on top of the mountain for a helicopter to land.

For some reason that escapes me now, I had acquired a hand-held strobe light with a bulb about the size of my thumb on a battery package the size of a pack of cigarettes. As the Huey circled above the cloud, I stood on the highest point of the mountain. The top was bereft of trees, but not far down the slopes, the triple canopy rose to right about my level. I held up the strobe light and the Huey crew could see the flashes pulsing through the cloud. They slowly lowered the Huey through the cloud and right to me and then hovered a couple of feet above the ground as we loaded the sick Marine aboard. Thank God, the Marine lived to fight another day.

I thought the bravery and skill of the Huey crew were exemplary and needed to be acknowledged by a write up for a medal, but it was weeks before I had a chance to follow up. Finally, when I was able to glean some free time trying to find out the names of the brave crew, but all I encountered were people too busy to help me. There just seemed to be no record of the mission. I have always regretted my failure to find the crew.

Another personal incident comes to mind that is notable for its coincidence. I was waiting at VCB one afternoon to catch a helicopter back to my battery along with a recon Marine and his German shepherd. He had just returned from checking out an old fire- base that had not been occupied for a while. For conversation, I told the Marine that I had been there and mentioned my worst memory of the place, which was the loss of a Swiss Army knife that my father-in-law had given me the last time I had seen him. The recon Marine reached in his pocket and pulled out a Swiss Army knife and asked, “Is this it?” The “JBW” carved in the handle sealed the deal, and the recon Marine insisted I take it back. I still have it.

One of the most memorable days of my life, if not one of the most stressful, came when 1stProv was selected to be inspected by the Commandant of the Marine Corps, General Leonard Chapman. I would like to think we were selected for our reputation, but I realize it was probably because one of our next door neighbors on the firebase was a 105 battery commanded by Capt. Harvey Barnum, the recipient of the Congressional Medal of Honor for his bravery during his first tour in Viet Nam as a forward observer. But when the helicopter with all the stars landed, they all came straight to me first. Gen. Chapman, of course, had four stars; LtGen Cushman, the I Corps commander, and the Army’s LtGen Stilwell each had three. MajGen Davis, the Third Division commander, had two and BGen Garrottson, the task force commander, had one for a total of thirteen.

We had plenty of warning, so we were ready for inspection beyond anyone’s expectations. Lt Ferrari had gone to Quang Tri and done his magic. He brought back fresh clean utilities for the troops, diesel fuel to clean the howitzers, black shoe polish for the howitzers’ tires, new green plastic sandbags to line the gun pits, and much more, including a new serialized piece of gear that cost thousands of dollars and was certainly the property of the U.S. Army and not the U.S. Marine Corps.

I had been very upset with how the engineers had built one of our gun pits. The howitzer that sat in this particular pit could not be used because of the steepness of the adjacent drop off. Howitzers are aimed by moving the sight to the commanded deflection, then swinging the gun barrel to line up a reticule in the sight with two aiming stakes outside the gun pit at set distances. From this particular gun pit, the sight could not be depressed low enough to see the stakes, so we were a three-gun battery instead of four. I was furious. Having a useless gun is an artilleryman’s worst sin.

Ferrari somehow brought me back a brand new, never used collimator. It looked like a fat telescope on a tripod. The gunner can aim his sight by looking through it into the collimator perched on the edge of the gun pit. It was such a new item, the Marine Corps did not own a single collimator as yet. The Army has always been the country’s bastion for artillery. Ferrari would not tell me how he acquired such a thing, wanting to protect me if things went south.

I was very happy to have my fourth gun back in action, but now the Commandant was coming and, wouldn’t you know it, Gen. Chapman was an artilleryman! He would surely notice the collimator and probably recognize what it was. I agonized about taking it down and hiding it, but then he might ask me how in the hell I could shoot the gun. After several changes of mind, I opted to stay operational and hoped he would not inspect that particular gun pit. The mission always comes first.

When the thirteen stars piled out of the stretch Huey, Gen Chapman led them straight to me waiting at the entrance to our position. I saluted and bid him welcome. He said, “Let’s go see your battery,” and immediately struck out at a fast walk toward the pit that had the collimator! My heart almost stopped, and my knees felt like water as I struggled to keep up. He was a tall man with a long stride, and I was in full battle gear.

As we approached the gun pit, I am sure he was in awe of what he saw. I doubt anybody had ever seen such spit and polish in Viet Nam before. The ground was lined with shiny green sand bags. He looked for a long time before focusing on the collimator. The conversation went like this. “Collimator, huh?” asked the general.

“Yes, sir.” I was about to faint. I think he knew how stressed I was.

“Show me how it works,” ordered the general.

My response was to the gunner standing at attention by the sight. “Corporal Lowe, show the general how to aim your piece.”

The General looked at me, and I swear he winked when he said, “I’d like you to show me.”

Luckily, when we had first set up the collimator, I had taught myself and the gunner how to use it from the directions in the box it came in, and I was able to somehow make it through the syllabus by almost rubbing cheeks with the general as we took turns looking through the aperture of the gunsight.

The rest of the inspection went well and I had almost returned to normal health by the time the general left to go inspect my friend Harvey, and I never heard another word about the collimator.

One of the first operations in 1969 took place right along the Laotian border just west of Khe Sanh. We set up a firebase directly in front of an impressive vertical-faced mountain that actually is in Laos called Co Roc. The mountain was full of tunnels and cave openings facing east into Viet Nam. During the siege, Khe Sanh was shelled mercilessly by enemy artillery from those caves. The caves had made them virtually immune to attack from the air.

As far as finding enemy to kill, the operation was a complete disappointment. We had suspected a lot of resistance and maybe even hot landing zones. The only dangerous thing that happened to me happened upon our arrival. I was in the back of the CH-46, so I was one of the first Marines off the chopper. Because of the noise made by the 46, I had no idea whether we were taking fire and immediately looked for cover. On the possibility of a hot landing zone, I had decided to arm myself with an M-16. I spotted an old fox hole and jumped into it and pointed my M-16 outboard with my back toward the chopper as I waited for it to empty. As usual, the downdraft was horrendous but suddenly I felt one of the rear wheels hit the back of my helmet. For some reason the chopper had not settled on the ground. The crew had tried to hold it in a slight hover just above the ground while the Marines disembarked but apparently had not been able to keep it in one place. It may have been because they thought the ground was not flat enough or a hover might offer a quicker getaway if they were fired upon. I hunkered down into the hole until the 46 lifted off hoping it wouldn’t get any lower.

Because we had so few targets to shoot at, somebody up the chain asked if we could do anything about the cave openings that had housed the NVA artillery. I responded with a resounding affirmative. We had plenty of concrete piercing delay fuses, and 1st Prov was the most accurate artillery battery on the planet. I asked for and received one of those big 25-power naval binoculars that sit on a pedestal. I spent an entire week closing the cave openings, dropping the cave ceilings, and causing rockslides to cover the openings. I sat in a folding chair with the big binoculars right next to the howitzer that did all the precise shooting. In spite of the distance, we were mainly shooting direct fire, so the FDC was minimally involved. The gunner on the howitzer was only a few feet away from me. I would give him tiny split-mil corrections in quadrant and deflection. It was a great source of satisfaction to me. I was sure the NVA would never be able to mount an engineering feat that could remake Co Roc into their firebase again.

On that same operation, which I believe was Dawson River West, I discovered that our position was north of a little village called Lang Vei. The word came back from the infantry sweeping the area that there were a few American Green Berets in Lang Vei with the ARVNs. I was bored and wanted to see what they were doing there, so I decided to visit. When I got there, I was blown away! The Green Beret first lieutenant in charge was an old friend of mine from my college days. As freshmen at Vanderbilt we had almost become best friends before his inability to study caused him to have to finish his college degree in another little college up in Kentucky. His name was William Glendenning but everyone called him "Cachi." He was a handsome Latino because of his Venezuelan mother. His father was a rich Lake Maracaibo oil tycoon originally from Indiana. Back in circa 1961 or `62, as 18- or 19-year-olds, Cachi told me he was going to be president of Venezuela some day, and he was going to make me Secretary of State. I can still hear him saying in his Latino baritone, "Johnny, the Argentine woman is the best."

We had a good time updating each other but I had to get back to my battery and, sadly, that would be the last time I would ever see Cachi. After the war he worked for the CIA in Caracas, and he was murdered by poison under circumstances that are still highly classified.

My last operation in country was the one I could never forget – Operation Dewey Canyon. The Ho Chi Minh trail, by which the North sent its supplies and reinforcement, cut back into Viet Nam from Laos near the A Shau Valley. Intelligence reports indicated there was a large NVA presence in the A Shau and a Krông Valleys. The A Shau was just ten km east of and parallel to the Laotian border and some 35 km long, The area was promising to be target rich, and our generals, as well as the troops, were tired of letting the NVA units slip away from our previous operations. Dewey Canyon was actually an Army operation commanded by LtGen Richard G. Stilwell. The 101st Army airborne division was supposed to assault and occupy the southern end of the valley while the 9th Marines were assigned the northern end. Due to some brilliant tactics, we Marines made muster, but the Army was held back by the beginning of the monsoon season. We Marines slipped in by pretending to be starting another unproductive operation using old firebases about halfway from Ca Lu to the A Shau. When the helicopters dropped us on the old firebases, we did not unpack. We left everything in the nets ready for a quick movement to a long mountain called Co Ca Va at the north end of the A Shau. If I remember correctly, 1st Prov was first dropped at old firebase Shiloh to await the fast dash to Co Ca Va.

In the beginning, the feint was named Operation Dawson River South. During this time I had the privilege of being on the recon to construct the firebase on Co Ca Va, later named LZ Cunningham. I was able to supervise the frenzied clearing and construction of the battery area in order to receive the battery before the enemy could react. A huge amount of explosives, all connected by detonating cord, were used to bring down the triple-canopy trees along the top of the ridge line in one colossal explosion and conflagration. The gun pits and the FDC were dug using a small D7 bulldozer. I had designed and developed a system and technique for quickly constructing a hardened

FDC bunker in a very short time. It required the dozer to dig a blade-wide ditch about eight feet deep. It was then covered by a roof of interlocking runway aluminum air mat and then covered with multiple layers of sand bags.

On January 22, with a company of infantry for security, we went to Co Ca Va leapfrogging all the batteries, the FDC of 2nd Battalion 12th Marines, as well as the COC of the 9th Marines commanded by future Commandant Col. Robert Barrow, and the op's name was changed to Dewey Canyon. The enemy had little time to react with the infantry spread around the north end of the valley. We were able to get every unit in place and covered on the ridge before taking a single round of enemy incoming.

Soon after we became fully operational, I had the distinct honor of being visited by the commanding general of the whole operation, LtGen Richard Stilwell. He actually had his helicopter shut down, then walked down the ridge to the battery and talked to me, one on one, for about an hour. He was quite chagrined that the airborne had been held up. Actually, I don't think the Army ever showed up.

But once we Marines were all in, things went downhill in a hurry. The monsoon season set in causing us to live inside perpetual clouds that engulfed the mountain and restricted our aerial resupply. The area was replete with NVA, and the infantry was sending us plenty of requests for fire missions to use up our ammunition. Within less than two weeks, we were down to emergency ammo and being able to issue only one C-ration a day per person. In spite of the constant clouds, it rained on top of the mountain relatively little, and we had no adequate way to collect rain water when it did rain. Consequently, we ran out of potable water. I tried to send a patrol down the mountain burdened with empty jugs and containers to fill at the first stream source, but the patrol ran into NVA soldiers and had to abort empty-handed. Luckily, all returned unscathed.

The other development was even worse. The enemy had finally "gotten their feces cohesive" and started shelling us from their Laotian gun positions. As we were to discover later, they had the equivalent of two batteries (12 guns) of Russian made 122mm field guns ensconced in about six hidden locations and operated by Russian mercenaries (a stunning fact that was highly classified for many years). Because 1st Prov's howitzers were the only threat to the enemy's artillery due to their range, the enemy rounds were usually directed at our battery. They could fire at will because the monsoon clouds protected them from being seen by our air assets.

The barrage started the evening of February 2, 1969, while my battery was involved in a high-angle fire mission. I was standing on the left side of a howitzer admiring the efficiency of the cannon crew as they loaded, fired, and reloaded their weapon. With no warning sounds, an explosion occurred a couple hundred yards west of us down the slope. I wasn't sure what caused it. At first, I thought it was something our infantry had done, like maybe blowing up a dud round. After thinking about it for too many moments, I realized it was probably incoming and maybe an adjusting round at that. The next one could be right on us. I gave an order for everyone to take cover and turned to follow the section chief out of the gun pit. I had not even crossed the trail pit when a 122 round impacted immediately behind me. It blew me right out of the gun pit. When I regained my senses, I was prone on the ground just outside the pit with the unconscious section chief in front of me, and I was looking at a new gaping wound in his backside. I pulled off his headset and donned it myself trying to call the FDC to send the corpsman, but no one was answering. I was starting to get angry until I pulled on the cord, and the severed end popped out from under the section chief.

One of the cannoneers ran up, squatted down beside me, and asked me if I was all right. I think I said "Yes." He then asked me if it was all right if he went back into the pit and pulled the lanyard on the howitzer. The howitzer had been fully loaded and the A-gunner had been waiting for the command from the exec pit to fire when the incoming round had hit. It took me a significant amount of time to get my senses back. Thankfully, we took no more casualties that evening, but when Lt. Ferrari assured himself that I was not a casualty needing evacuation, he broke the sad news to me that the same 122 round had killed three of our wonderful nineteen-year-olds: Pfc. Raymond Nito Rivera from Texas, Pfc. Dennis W. Schonberg from Missouri, and Pfc. Dale W. Schaefer from Wisconsin. As I write this over fifty years later, knowing that, if I had been quicker to realize we were being attacked, the boys may have been able to reach cover in time. Again, tears are running down my face, as I remember those wonderful young men.

There can be no reasonable explanation as to why no fragmentation struck my body. I was between the impact and the section chief, and he received two serious wounds. I estimated that I was only seven feet from where the 122 fuse had penetrated the ground, and I should have been in the worst part of the burst pattern, I was black and blue all over the back side of my body, and it was painful to move any part of it for a long time, but from nowhere did I lose a single drop of blood. There was certainly no remaining doubt that I was the luckiest man alive.

The loss of our young men, the constant threat of incoming from Laos, and our dwindling ammo, food, and water, made the first half of February probably the worst two weeks of my entire life. When the Russian mercenaries over in Laos fired their guns, their rounds started out speedier than sound, but as the trajectory slowed the tube noise would catch up and pass the rounds giving us about three whole seconds of warning to find cover. We tried to keep the noise in the battery down as much as possible in order to hear those distant tube noises. Thankfully, the Russian gunners had a difficult time with accurately placing the rounds inside our battery area. I suspect that they did not have some of the nuances that give professional artillery accuracy, such as weather information and ammunition lot variances.

The eastern side of the ridge right behind us was almost a vertical drop, and many of the rounds barely missed us over the edge and continued down into the valley where a fully equipped abandoned NVA hospital was later found. One day I was in a gun pit when I heard the telltale "thumps" in the distance. I dropped myself into a trail pit facing east and actually saw the rounds fly right over us and sail into the valley below. I have often used that experience to claim to be one of the few people in the world to have actually seen incoming artillery.

The psychological stress caused by having to listen for, then survive, the random incoming 122 rounds was devastating to many of our folks. One of our cannoneers was a big strong boy who had played football for Ohio State. As he was carrying the rear end of a stretcher up to the landing pad, he passed through the neighbor 105 howitzer battery unaware that a fire mission was in the works. He was very close to a howitzer when it was unexpectedly fired. Our boy medevac himself, never to return to the battery. Several weeks later, I was processing to go home at 3/12's rear in Quang Tri. Our Ohio boy had been working there trying to recover on light duty, but that night he went off the rails again. He had a berserk episode and was acting as though he might hurt himself. Because he was so fit and strong, it took several Marines to help me catch him and hold him down. During his ranting and raving, one of pleas that cemented itself in my brain forever was "Tell Captain Wilkes I am not a coward." I tried to tell him several times that I never thought of him as a coward, but he didn't even realize who was talking to him even though our faces were only a foot or two apart. It was very heart breaking.

On another day I was running through the middle of the battery area when I heard the ominous tube noises come from the direction of Laos. I immediately spotted a hole large enough for my body just a few yards in front of me. I made a broad-jump-type leap that landed me on my back inside the hole. The landing was very soft because the hole was the battery's temporary repository for excess powder bags! I should have remembered its location. As the 122 rounds detonated outside, I was struck with the realization that I could be a crispy critter in the span of a nanosecond if any hot metal or flaming material fell into the hole and ignited just one of those bags. Again, my luck held and I skated.

A distraction we had during this period was listening to Hanoi Hannah on the radio trying to entice us into changing sides. One of my fellow battery commanders had absent mindedly used my name in a radio transmission. Consequently, there were a couple of days that Hanoi Hannah talked directly to me by name and the troops of 1st Prov. The troops got a big kick out of it, and she actually boosted their sagging morale.

The aggravating part of these dark times was the fact that the NVA/Russian 122 gunners knew our exact location, but we had no reliable information on their locations. Every time we had rounds land in or near the battery area, I would run out to dig up the fuses to measure their angle into the ground and obtain a back azimuth from whence they came. With this information and what we thought we knew about Russian 122mm trajectories, I would go to the map and try to guess their locations. We would then fire multiple 155 rounds at these map spots. Sometimes we could detect secondary explosions over in Laos but, with no eyes on the targets, we had no idea how successful we were. The only good news was the fact that we had virtually unlimited ammo as long as we could get resupplied, and they did not have that luxury.

After two weeks of bad weather, however, the lack of supplies had become so dire, the infantry perimeter was even out of small arms ammunition. Once I walked down to the fox hole in front of our battery and asked the grunt how many rounds he had. He looked at a big pile of fist sized rocks he had assembled next to his foxhole and said "I think I've got about 20 rounds there, sir!"

Finally, circa February 17, we received an afternoon of blue sky and sunshine. The aerial resupply effort resembled a swarm of bees. Nets full of artillery rounds, C-rations, as well as water bulls, were being dropped everywhere. One had to be careful he wasn't near one of the nets when it was released. All hands were rushing to redistribute everything to where it belonged. The weather break was certainly fortuitous because, by my memory, that night was the night of the infamous NVA suicide sapper attack on LZ Cunningham. As it was, a band of about fifty NVA sappers, high on drugs and armed with satchel charges and RPGs, was able to penetrate the center of the mountain's defenses and blow up 2/12's FDC and make it within 50 feet of Col. Barrow, the regimental commander and a future Commandant. If we had not been resupplied, we could have easily lost the whole headquarters and one company of the 9th Marines, as well as all the units of the 2nd Battalion, 12th Marines – a disaster of unimaginable consequences.

The main trust of the attack was to the center of the mountain and the regimental and artillery battalion headquarters, but one of the suicide sappers actually made it into one of 1st Prov's gun pits and detonated himself as a human bomb. The result harmed nothing, except to cause a nasty mess that needed to be cleaned up. The howitzer stayed completely functional.

With the battalion FDC and its FADAC computer gone, we had to revert to shooting off the manual gunnery charts and sticks. This was not really a problem for us because we had been doing full manual solutions on every fire mission as a check to the FADAC all along.

Soon thereafter the weather patterns changed for the better and Col. Barrow was able to persuade his bosses that we needed to send the infantry into Laos, which was a huge development of global significance. For a while we had the belief that we were safe from 122 incoming as long as the clouds were gone and the airplanes were up. On or about February 15, we received credit for destroying one of the 122mm guns and Marine air had destroyed a second gun. For a while the enemy gunners had lain low, and blue skies were like periods of R&R, but the successes of the Marine infantry finally forced them back into action. One day as I was leaving to walk down the ridge to a meeting at regiment, one of our radio operators, a blond-haired corporal, who looked like he ought to be on a surf board, was taking a break and preparing to sunbathe outside the FDC on his rubber air mattress (commonly called a "rubber lady"). With the sun shining brightly out of a blue sky, he was sure he had no worries.

When I returned a good hour later, he was still on his rubber lady. I told him he had been on break long enough and to get his butt back into the FDC. He "rogered" that and got up to follow me into the FDC. The FDC door had a protective wall constructed with wooden 105 ammo boxes packed with dirt. As we were entering the FDC, we were kicked through the door by a massive explosion on the other side of the wall. A 122 round for which we had heard no tube noise had actually impacted the rubber lady. The fuse was in the ground exactly where the surfer Marine had been sunbathing, and there were little pieces of rubber all over the general area.

One night, the Russian 122 gunners scored a lucky direct hit through the door of one of our gun pit's powder bunkers. For obvious reasons, we kept powder canisters and artillery rounds in separate bunkers. The ensuing fire resulted in exploding powder canisters exiting the bunker and burning all around the gun pit. We had just been involved in several fire missions, and there were many rounds of different types sitting around the pit, outside of the projectile bunker, and in danger of exploding from the heat of fire. This gun pit was also very close to the next-door ammo dump for the entire fire- base. I ordered everybody anywhere near the gun pit to evacuate and get far enough away in case we had exploding rounds, but Cpl. Hickey, the section chief, knew there were several high explosive, white phosphorus, and firecracker rounds vulnerable to all the flaming powder bags raining down on the gun pit. The possible specter and the gravity of these rounds cooking off was an unknown, but it certainly could have been catastrophic. Despite my order, Cpl. Hickey, after making sure his troops had evacuated, risked his life over and over by running back into the inferno to retrieve the exposed rounds and roll them away from the fire. The last exposed round was a Firecracker round that cooked off as Hickey was trying to retrieve it. Several of its little bomblets detonated causing many fragmentation wounds on Cpl. Hickey's body. Eventually, I nominated Hickey for a Navy Cross, but it was downgraded to a Silver Star.

The fire had melted the howitzer's sight and destroyed its tires. The latter, of course, had little function on the mountain. With the installation of a Ferrari-scrounged backup sight, the howitzer was back in action in nothing flat.

But the tide of battle had definitely changed in favor of the Marines. Now with the full help of supporting arms the infantry began engaging and whipping the enemy. The battery was now shooting at real high-value targets, and the BDA board was expanding exponentially. Even though the monsoon weather was no longer a problem, the tide of battle changed so much, I think the powers that be decided the airborne was not necessary and kept them home.

A couple of memorable melodramatic moments on the mountain occurred when two large helicopters tried to auto rotate onto the landing pad after taking fire. Both spewed fuel on us from bullet-ruptured fuel tanks as they circled over the battery on their way down to the landing pad, which had been built on the very edge of the ridge top. The first was a Marine Ch-46 Sea Knight, and it was able to make a successful landing on the pad. The second was a huge Army CH-47 Chinook that only slightly overshot the pad. Its rear wheels touched down on the pad, but the center of gravity and forward momentum sent the Chinook nose-first down the cliff where it burst into flames and, sadly, all aboard perished.

By the waning days of February, everything was going our way. The regiment was destroying enemy bunkers right and left, uncovering huge unprecedented caches of arms and supplies, and drastically interdicting the North's supply lines. 1st Prov even shot missions against and was credited with destroying enemy road graders.

The generals decided they needed to expand our heavy artillery coverage to the south and west. 1st Prov needed to move. I assembled our recon team and was flown to about five clicks south/southwest to LZ Erskine to create us a new firing position leaving Lt. Ferrari in charge of the battery. This was difficult for me even though I was getting very short, and I knew Ferrari would succeed me soon, but I was still the commander and responsible for everything the battery did or did not do. Erskine was already cleared and functioning as a firebase, so it did not take us very long to dig the gun pits and build a new FDC, but we ran into several days of delays in being able to move the battery. I think the problem was the availability of the CH-54 Sky Crane. I spent the time glued to the radio trying to keep abreast of everything that was happening back on Cunningham, but I felt completely out of control and frustrated.

Erskine did have a few memorial moments during my wait for the battery. The mountain sides were steep, but the NVA were constantly trying to get in position to conduct a night attack. For that reason, noise discipline was at a premium. We had built an FDC bunker that was connected by a short trench to my hooch and potential exec pit. I had a speaker of sorts next to my cot so I could hear everything that transpired in the FDC.

One night I was trying to catch some sleep when I was disturbed by a loud racket in the FDC that almost sounded like a fight. In an ugly mood, I busted into the FDC ready to chew some butt, only to find three big Marines with their backs against the far wall and pointing to the ground in front of my feet. Amidst a pile of rubble projectiles was a small wounded snake. I immediately belittled the Marines for being scared of such a “harmless little snake.” I even touched the little guy with my boot. The word had reached a nearby corpsman. All corpsman were required to have training and extensive knowledge of all indigenous snakes. As soon as the corpsman saw the little snake his sleepy eyes burst wide open. He said the snake was a banded krait, one of the deadliest snakes in the whole world.

While I was waiting for the battery to arrive, the infantry security kept telling us the NVA were trying to mount an attack on the mountain. There was growing contact and sightings of the enemy in the lower portions of the mountain. Finally, we were told to brace for a certain attack during the coming night. That afternoon two A-6 Intruders were dispatched to bomb the obvious approaches on what I understood was a TPQ-10 radar-controlled bomb run. I do not remember whether the aircraft were Navy or Marine, but they dropped their bombs precisely where the enemy was believed to be assembling. However, the most notable aspect of their bomb run to me was the indescribable noise these loud jet aircraft made as they streaked through the granite walled canyon. It sounded as though the whole world was coming apart. The next report we received was that all traces of the NVA had vanished. I think the incredible noise had as much to do with scaring them off as the bombs.

The battery finally arrived, and I just had time to get it settled in and conduct continuous fire missions on the plethora of targets the infantry was identifying, when I got word that my active duty contract period had expired and a helicopter was being sent for me. The news was bittersweet. I really hated the idea of leaving the battery in the middle of an operation, particularly since I was a couple of months short of a complete thirteen month tour of duty. But on the other hand, the enemy had been beaten, we were just mopping up, and I really wanted to go home and be with my family. I had inquired about the possibility of a short extension, but I had been told the only way I could legally spend more time in country was to sign up for three more years of active duty.

As directed, I said my goodbyes to all and made my way to the LZ to meet my helicopter. As the CH-46 was making its approach, a few enemy mortar rounds fell around the LZ, and I had to jump into a fox hole fearing the irony of taking a fatal hit during my last moments in the combat zone. The CH-46 hung off several minutes while the mortar fire was suppressed before coming back to land. I wrestled myself and my gear aboard. As it lifted off, I threw all my remaining cigarettes to the troops on the ground. After months of promising myself I would quit smoking when I left the combat zone, I kept my promise and quit cold turkey. After all, I no longer had a need for ear plugs.

Against my reluctance to leave, there was some relief in the knowledge that during my entire tenure as commander of 1st Prov, we never put a single round in the wrong place or made a mistake that killed or wounded a friendly combatant. I would be surprised if there was ever another battery commander who could make such a claim, as we were constantly hearing about other batteries' friendly fire mistakes.

Dewey Canyon was a tactical success and probably the last significant operation of the war, but it did not stop the overall flow of North Vietnamese men and materiel into South Vietnam. The personnel of the 9th Marine Regiment and attached units like 1st Prov were awarded the Army Presidential Unit Citation even though it was virtually an all-Marine endeavor.

As I was processing to return to the States back in the battalion's rear at Quang Tri, I was still smarting about the fact that I had gone through all the trouble of bringing the refrigerator north and not ever being able to use it, while Don Odle and others had complete and free use of it. I had a little time to kill, so I decided to do something about it. I secured a jeep and a driver and drove up to Dong Ha. I was able to get Don to pay me $75 to keep the refrigerator. One the way back, on what was supposed to be a secure road, I fell asleep in the passenger seat. I was awakened by the noise and vibration of the jeep moving at above redline speed along the elevated road. Dirt was flying up from the bank next to the jeep as an enemy gunner was trying to lead us with an automatic weapon from a long way off. If he had elevated his barrel just a smidgen, he would have nailed us. It still bothers me that I almost lost my life, as well as my driver's life, on my last day in Viet Nam, because of my silly behavior over that damned refrigerator…, but my luck still held.

Once I was on my way home, I did not want any distractions, I had collected a few souvenirs that really were against regulations to bring back to the States. I expected U.S. Customs would go through my gear, so I decided to give away some of my acquisitions from the enemy including an M-1 carbine, and a huge switch blade knife that I called a switch sword. My emasculated grenade had somehow disappeared from my luggage stored back at Quang Tri. When my plane landed at Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay, I, as the only officer on board, was led through a different departure route than all the troops, and nobody ever looked at any of my baggage. I could have brought anything back with me.

On the other hand, I was never insulted or mistreated by anyone from the anti war movement. Everyone in my world seemed to appreciate my service in Viet Nam, including my father, who was most important to me. Several months later, while a student at Vanderbilt Law School, a Bronze Star with combat "V" caught up with me, and I have no idea who wrote the citation. There is no doubt that I came home from Viet Nam a much different person than before I arrived there.

EPILOGUE

After being released from active duty in late spring of 1969, I made it straight home to Grand Rapids, Michigan, and joined the local Marine reserve unit eliminating any dead time in career. The unit was a military police company in transition to become a rifle company of the 24th Marines. Since the company commander was a major, I was given the billet of executive officer. I knew my time with the unit would be short lived as I had been selected for admittance to Vanderbilt Law School in September, and I would have to seek another reserve billet with the Nashville, Tennessee, reserve company.

I also immediately sought a summer job, which would preferably be outdoors for the Michigan summer. I interviewed with the foreman of a paving project widening one of the main arteries of Grand Rapids. I was summarily rejected by the foreman when he realized I had a college degree. The chief engineer overheard him tell me that he “did not want no college boys on his crew.” The engineer called me into his office and hired me as an inspector to judge some of the aspects of the foreman’s performance.

Since I left Viet Nam, I was following the prescribed regimen of slowly reducing my ingestion of the malaria prophylactic medicine. As I tapered off the pills, I started getting short bouts of chills and fever, usually while on the job. By the time I got home, I was completely back to normal and could only tell my physician father what I experienced. In the normal onset of malaria, the first attacks are usually devastating and life threatening. My father suspected malaria in spite of the fact that my attacks were very mild and short. In order to make an accurate diagnosis, blood needs to be drawn during an attack, which we were never able to do. My father took me to a tropical disease expert lab tech from Panama at one of the local hospitals, and she was finally able to diagnose the malaria about the time I was getting seriously sick. I spent two weeks in treatment, including heavy doses of quinine that completely blocked my sense of balance. For most of the rest of my adult life, I would be plagued with intermittent mysterious night sweats probably caused by a malaria residual.

In the mid-seventies, while practicing as a young lawyer in Nashville, and my wife and I were out of town, our house was burned almost to the ground. All my records and mementos of Viet Nam were lost in the blaze. Since I could not replace them, I decided it was best not to dwell on that part of my life anyway. The loss of my three nineteen-year-old Marines was still heavy on my mind and overshadowed the adventures of that year. Even though I maintained an active reserve career, I lost track of most of the friends I had made in Viet Nam, except for two of my wonderful troops, Steve Biesiot of North Dakota, and Virgil Hoffman of North Carolina.

In 1989, I was living and working in western Ireland as the Executive VP and COO of an international airplane leasing company. One day, while visiting an Irish pub with some of my Irish workers, I was accosted by a radical individual whom the Irish folks knew as an IRA terrorist. The man was inebriated and extremely obnoxious with his radical views. When he called me a terrorist for fighting in Viet Nam, the fight started. Luckily, my team physically intervened before any serious injuries were delivered and pulled us apart.

In 1996, I retired from the Marine Corps with 31 years longevity. The good folks at the Marine Reserve Headquarters in Kansas City gave me a retirement parade at the Richards/Gebaur Air Base. The officer that was put in charge of the parade and who pinned on my meritorious service medal, was a full colonel whom I had only met once before in my entire life. Somehow we had never crossed paths during our reserve careers. He was the very same officer I had relieved in 1968 as the commander of the 1st Provisional 155 howitzer battery.

In May of 2019, my Basic School class of 2-67, held a 52-year reunion in the Quantico area. The chairman of the reunion committee was an outstanding recon officer and Naval Academy graduate named Bill McBride. As a result of the reunion, we have become close friends. Bill encouraged me to write these memoirs. Bill has become a true scholar of the Viet Nam war and has recently completed his second return trip to the country. After reading my memoirs, including my Dewey canyon experiences, Bill somehow acquired similar memoirs written by a Green Beret first lieutenant named Rod Burns, who commanded a Nung platoon in Dewey Canyon. Nungs were one of the two indigenous peoples who lived in the mountains along the Laotian border. Burns' platoon had been inserted into an NVA-controlled area across the border in Laos before monsoon weather had canceled the insertion of the rest of the company. For almost two weeks the isolated platoon struggled to avoid annihilation by staying ahead of the NVA with little resupply of food, ammo, or water. Time after time, they were able to stave off the outnumbering enemy and get away under the shield of 155mm artillery fire called through their liaison officer and coming from LZ Cunningham. Bill sent Burns' memoirs to me with Burns' contact information, because he realized that all that artillery support that saved the platoon had to have come from my battery. Not only were the 155s the only guns with enough range to get into Laos, my 155s were the only ones in the operation or even near that part of the world at that time.

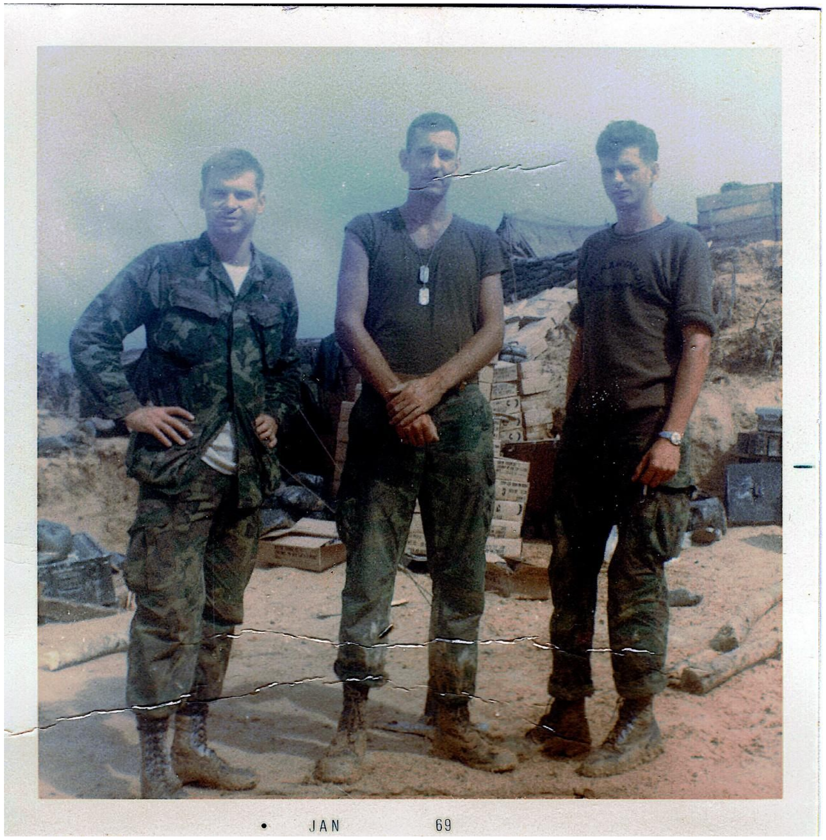
I was able to talk on the phone to the still grateful Rod Burns at his retirement home in Florida. I found out he was from rural Michigan less than 60 miles from my original home.

JOHN BURWELL WILKES Colonel USMCR (Ret)

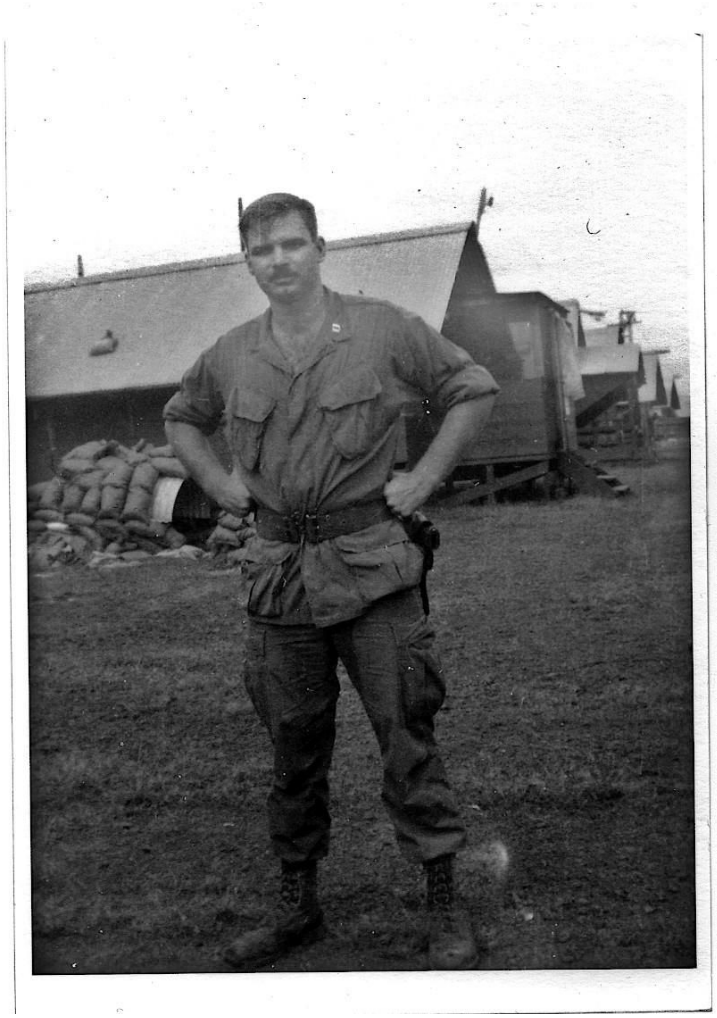
Col. John Burwell Wilkes at retirement

John Burwell Wilkes

Capt. Wilkes with his M79 Ambush Suppressor



Capt. Wilkes, 1stLt Morosoff, SSgt Geiler



Officer-in-Charge, 1st Provisional 155 Howitzer Battery

Executive Officer. 1st Provisional 155 Howitzer Battery

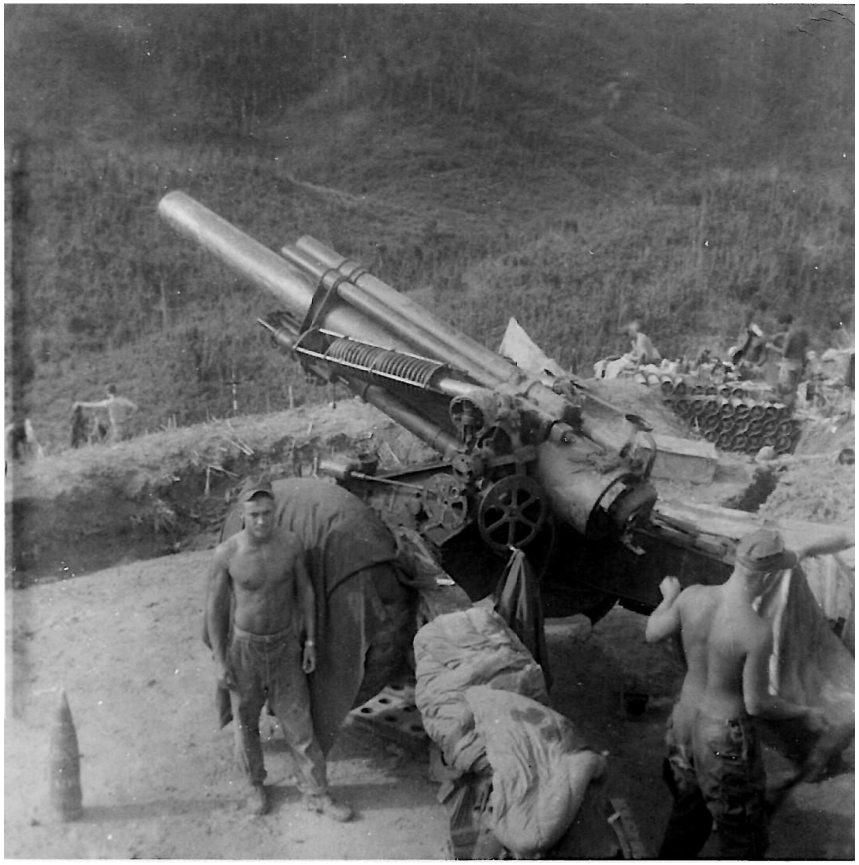
Black Label
CARLING
Black Label
CARLING
Black Label

Mysterious Xmas tree in the Commander's tent with beer depository

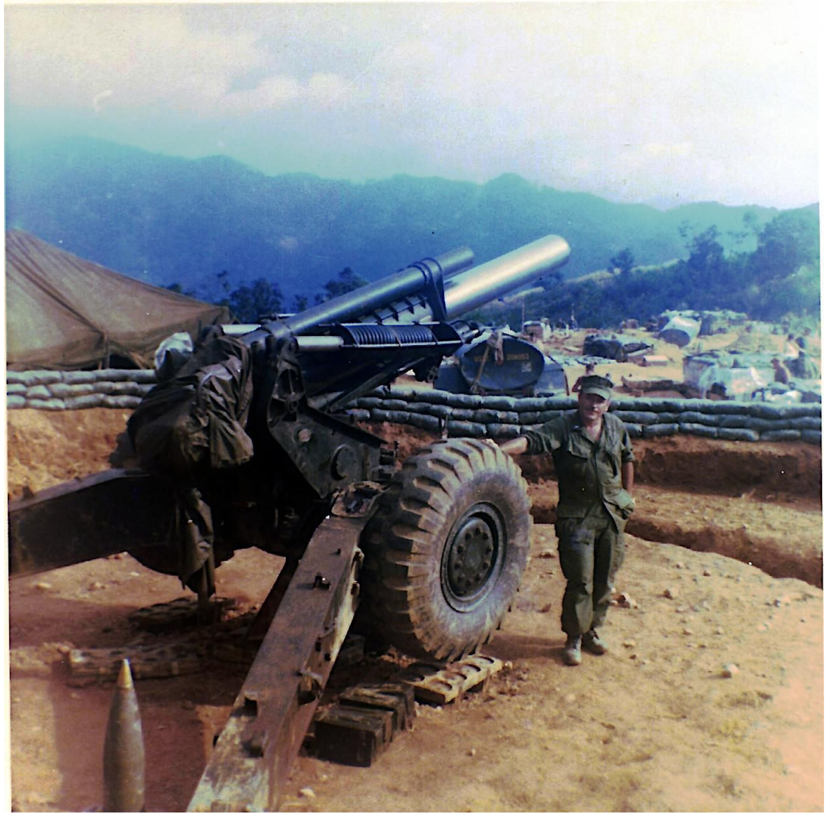
The Commander after a session of hauling 155 ammo

The Commander closing caves on the infamous Co Roc

1st Lts. John Wilkes and Dale Wyrauch, new in country.



Cpl. Hickey standing by his howitzer



1stLt Joseph G. Ferrari, the Miraculous Mustang

A Happy Reunion: John Wilkes, Marie and Dale Wyrauch

CHARLIE COMPANY •
MARINE OFFICER BASIC CLASS 2-67 •

BACK TO INDEX

Command and Communications

This section contains information on Usage, Points of Contact, Links to the TBS 2-67 Website, and other Coordinating Instructions

SMEAC

End Notes, Addendum, Afterthoughts, Stragglers

Version:

This is the First Edition. No future additions are planned at this time. The "publishing" date is 15 August 2020. Updated 28 Sept 20

Email Contact:

Your TBS Cruisebook Team can be reached at: tbscharlie1966@gmail.com If you have questions or suggestions, drop us a note and well get back to you. It may take repeat emails.

TBS 2-67 Website:

Check out your website at http://www.tbscharliecompany2-67.com It has much of the source materials used in this book. It also has links where you can download the individual .pdf files for each of the individual sections that make up this book. We plan to continue running it for a year or two.

Caveats:

As the material in the bios and many of the photos were submitted by each individual classmate we take no responsiblity for the veracity, grammar, spelling, accuracy, etc. If you have problems with the way things are written and events described, send us a note using the email link above. We did a lot of formatting, but no serious editing of any of the content. We also ran a spell-checker over most of it (with varying degees of success). In many cases attempts were made to "retouch" the copies of the pictures you provided (i.e. cropped, brightened, sharpened, etc), however most of "improvements" to the Vietnam-era images were mediocre at best.

Regarding Personal Information in this book: The Bios you submitted, and which are included herein, often contained personal information such as family member's names, home address, email addresses, etc. If you would like any of this removed or changed, it can be done, but will take a while. Realistically, all of your personal information, and more can be found by anyone using "Google" and the many search engines, whitepages, etc. out there. To our knowledge no SSNs or Credit Card numbers slipped by our rigourous editing and vetting process.

Viewing and "Printing":

The distribution and viewing method for this book uses our TBS 2-67 website as well as commercial websites that provide "flip book" or e-book services. For the initial "distribution" to our class, we have selected one of the popular ones, **ISSUU**, which offers a good "free version". As nothing these days is really "free", we (and you) have to put up with advertising and fewer bells and whistles than are offered in the paid versions. We have a couple of other options available, and will update you if/when we offer any alternatives.

This book is modular in the sense that all the basic sections are separate, standalone files...one for the Memorial Section, One for each of the Four Platoons, etc. The file format is .PDF...a universal (almost) standard that supports viewing by all the popular browsers (Chrome, Firefox, Safari, etc.). We've merged them together into a single (large) file, however you can view or download any/all the separate pieces and mix and match on your own. The Issuu.com site has all the separate sections, as well as the whole book (minus the Wilkes story). We'll put the instructions and links on the TBS 2-67 website (see above) in the near future.

"Printing" is in quotes for a reason. While it is possible to print a hardcopy issue of this book, it will be large, expensive, and may not live up to your expectations---primarily due to the quality and resolution of many the embedded

pictures. What looks fine on a computer screen, may not look so sharp in printed form. We have not tried to print this book, so you are pretty much on your own. You will need to download the .pdf files onto a thumb drive. Any of the thousand or more internet or "kinkos" print shops will be glad to get your business...for a price. If any of you go this route, let us know how it turned out.
That said, you should be able to do draft-quality prints of any of the pages on your home color printer. We are not sure how the colors will turn out when viewed on a black-white print.

The Pit Crew:

This was a team effort. You classmates furnished the raw materials; Ed McMenamy and Pete Oatis did the initial edits and made plenty of suggestions. Kenny Moore and Tom Gay supplied encouragement, recommendations, liasion with Semper Fi Organization and other outfits. Hugh did the heavy lifting on the Memorials, Invitation Letters, Certificates, and graphic design, Ty and his webmaster set up the TBS website and landing zone for access to the cruisebook files. Bob Lewis provided consulting services on Linux and Scribus in addition to writing about Company C, Bill McBride did the formatting, final assembly, and hand-off to the viewing engine.

Tech. Stuff:

On the advice and recommendation of Andy Vaart (TBS 1-67) the layout was done using a desktop publishing program. The one chosen for our book was "SCRIBUS", which is powerful, free, runs on Windows, Apple, Linux, and is in the public domain. Scribus version 1.5.5 was used. We also made extensive use of the suite of Google Document tools, and the public domain "Office" collection, primarily Libre Writer. A few other software tools were used to edit, compile, and merge the .pdf output from Scribus. Test runs of the various sections were done using ISSUU and other .pdf viewers. We chose a larger, bold typeface for most of the printed sections to make it easier for our old and tired eyes to read.

Never Forget
All Gave Some - Some Gave All
ONARD G MARCUM
Y G SALISBERRY · DAVID SANC
· ALBERT F WRIGHT Jr · BORIS R B BE
N · CLARENCE H BROOKS · RONALD L B
HOMAS A GOPP · ARTHUR H GREEN ·
acGLASHAN · JAMES P McGRATH · JOHN B NA
LIFFE · HOWARD J SCHNABOLK · WENDELL W STE
D L WIGHTMAN III · JOHN D WILEY · JACK WOLPE
· PATRICK R DONER · DAVID A ECHOLS ·
· DWIGHT D WOOLF · LAWRENCE R KIMBLER ·
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PP · HARRY B McFADDEN · PHILIP G ONKALO ·
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EFFORD · FRANCIS M MICHINOK · DARYL L
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O · FREDERICK D WOOD · JOHN R
ILLIAM C FITZGERALD · FRAN
· JOHN P MARLOW

Inside Rear Cover
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SMEAC

Goodnight Chesty, Wherever You Are

Semper Fidelis

TBS Class 2-67